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# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY



BEAUTY IN GREEK TRAGEDY .....	T Callander
EVOLUTION IN THE REALM OF GEOLOGY.....	M. B. Baker
EVOLUTION IN RELIGION .....	W. Morgan
THE DEMOCRAT OF PAINTERS—HOGARTH.....	A. Ermatinger Fraser
CANADIAN HISTORY IN THE FRENCH-CANADIAN NOVEL	Marjorie McKenzie
THE BISON AND THE FUR TRADE.....	R. O. Merriman
"MORE WAS LOST AT MOHACS FIELD" .....	A. E. Prince
POETRY .....	D. D. Calvin; Dr. A. J. Campbell; Ian Robertson
BOOK REVIEWS .....	W. G. J.; W. M. C.
NOTES AND COMMENTS .....	J. M.; W. M. C.; D. McA.
NEWS NOTES OF QUEEN'S .....	

**JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, 1926**







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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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*Quarterly* readers will be glad to hear that Professor Callander promises to return to his entrancing topic in the near future.

The Evolution Series, to which Dr. Morgan and Professor Manley Baker contribute here, will be carried a stage further in the following number.

In Mr. A. E. Fraser, who writes a stimulating article on Hogarth's Portraits, we welcome still another contributor from British Columbia.

Miss McKenzie's article on the French Canadian Novel is based on research work in the French Department at Queen's.

Mr. R. O. Merriman, who surely must be *the* authority on Pemmican, is attached to the Department of Economics, of which this article constitutes the Bulletin.

Since Gallipoli, Professor Prince has had his eye continuously on the Turk: one of his Turkish studies appeared recently in the Yale Review.

The Reviews and Notes and Comments are by different members of the Editorial Staff.



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John Gray, who contributes this *Excursion*, which is also a Yarrow Revisited, appears in Anthologies so wide apart as *The Oxford Book of Mystic Verse* and Masfield's *A Sailor's Garland*.

*What is Literature?* is from the pen of George Herbert Clarke, late Editor of the *Sewanee Review*, now Professor of English at Queen's.

The article on *Robert Gourlay* is by Wm. Smith of the Canadian Archives, who has already contributed to the *Quarterly*.

*Organic Evolution and the Individual* is by Dr. R. O. Earl of the Biological Department at Queen's.

*The Earth*, by Alexander Macphail, who needs no introduction to *Quarterly* readers.

*Is There an American Language?* by H. Alexander. This article is in part a reproduction of an Extension lecture given in Kingston.

The lively rimes of R. K. Hicks of the French Department at Queen's, aptly reproduce a 17th century *jeu d'esprit*.

Notes and Comments on Political Affairs are by Queen's Professors of Economics and History.



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*Mr. Lee* is a Harvard graduate, who here speaks for his country. The general statements of his article are supplemented by *Mr. F. A. Knox*, of the Economics Department.

*Dean Clark and Dr. Dyde* need no introduction to *Quarterly* readers.

*Mr. G. B. Reed* is Professor of Bacteriology at Queen's.

*Mr. Lloyd* is one of Queen's alumni. His *in memoriam* verses on Marjorie Pickthall were widely quoted in the Canadian Press.

*Mr. R. Cumberland* is a Queen's graduate, who recently published a volume of verse.



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## OUR CONTRIBUTORS

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The Doctor who looks at religion is Dr. T. G. Heaton of the staff of the Toronto General Hospital.

W. A. Mackintosh is Professor in the Economics Department at Queen's.

Michel Poirier of Toronto University, in the Animal Story in Canadian Literature, gives a French view of a British form of Literature.

A. W. Crawford, who writes on Browning's 'Saul', is Professor of English at the University of Manitoba.

Mr. C. F. Lloyd, another Manitoban, a Queen's alumnus, contributes the Browningsque "Cardinal's Hat."

Mr. Pratt is in the English Department at Victoria. He is of Newfoundland origin.

J. S. Cornett, of the University of Minnesota, an old Queen's man, contributes one of his scholarly theological studies.

Other contributions are by the *Quarterly* Editorial staff.

Our Discussions and Opinions on Dominion Autonomy have of necessity been held over.



# Queen's Quarterly.

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No. 1

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## BEAUTY IN GREEK TRAGEDY

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### I

THE object of this paper is to examine Greek tragedy, or rather a small bit of Greek tragedy, with the object of bringing into view the special contribution which Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides made to the world's treasure of beauty.

What we possess is a mere fraction of the original contribution. If we accept the Rhesus as a genuine work of Euripides (and Ridgeway has just adduced fresh arguments in its favour), we have in all 32 tragedies (and one satyr-play), apart from fragments, out of about 300 written by the Big Three: and out of hundreds more composed by rival poets during that fertile fifth century not one remains. Only seven are from the hand of Aeschylus, and seven from Sophocles.

Not all plays are written to be acted: but these were. Many of us have never seen a Greek play acted. But there is nothing to prevent us from gaining a fair notion of the essentials of production and setting from books, magazines and newspapers. As to the future outlook, if the recent enterprise launched by Sybil Thorndike and a strong committee proves a success, we may have a new and more accurate view of the Attic stage. I refer to the Greek Play Society which proposes to produce three plays every year at the Scala Theatre in London, and these are to be done in a manner approximating as nearly as possible to the original methods. One cannot tell what the artistic effect of using masks and other conventions will be: we must wait and see.

The festivals at which these tragic shows were given were national and religious functions. Being functions of state, tragic exhibitions were stately and impressive; and on the

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religious side the tragic idea is rooted in the worship of a deity. In the centre of the front row of orchestra stalls sat the Priest of Dionysus and properly so, since tragedy sprang from the worship of that god. So Aristotle informs us, and nothing that has been learned of other popular cults, cults of heroes and magical manipulations of the vegetation-spirit, no researches into animism and ancestor-worship have refuted the assertion of the philosopher that tragedy evolved from the dithyrambs chanted by a chorus of satyrs in commemoration of the sufferings and final glorification of Dionysus. The name tragedy, 'Goat-song', recalls the goat-skin rustic dress of the primitive chorus: and the word dithyramb has at last received a reasonable explanation as an old Phrygian word, *δθ πα—ιαμβος*, i.e., 'grave-song' or dirge. From which it may be safely inferred that the strong tradition which brought Dionysus from Phrygia and Lydia was correct and that when he arrived in Greece the 'dirges' or sacred hymns which were already a feature of his worship in Asia flourished exceedingly in their new home and indeed blossomed as never before. One reason for the welcome accorded to the Asiatic 'dirge' in Greece is that the germinal idea, tribulation and defeat of a divinity followed by death and final resurrection and victory, was no novelty in Hellas. Plant life, animal life and human life in every shape and form readily manifest to any intelligent observer the one principle of growth and decay, death and re-birth, and that principle had been for centuries in Greek lands the mainspring of a powerful religious conviction. One half of the piety of the Hellenic folk hinged on the belief that by linking up the fleeting, troubled existence of earthly creatures with the fortunes of a god the worshippers might share in the divine triumph: and here from Phrygia came a god who attracted to himself a large share of that interest and devotion. What more natural than that the festivals which arose to proclaim his glory should borrow from hero-worship, ancestor-worship and kindred cults whatever fitted the dominant idea?

So long as it remained true to type the art which evolved from the dithyramb was bound to have, as its key-note, sorrow and disaster. From an early date, however, Athenian play-



## BEAUTY IN GREEK TRAGEDY

wrights travelled far beyond the story of Dionysus in search of themes. In fact, of the 32 extant plays only one makes the god a leading figure. There were too many other attractive subjects. In national legend and myth, in tales of the heroes and demigods, in tales of gods and goddesses there was to hand a mine of fascinating material which the playwrights of the fifth century failed to exhaust.

Picture an open-air theatre, like the end of a football 'bowl', filled for three days running at the end of March with an audience of 20,000 people, who sit facing a high painted partition or scene, later a proscenium representing very often a temple or palace front. Between this and the audience is a circular orchestra (about 65 feet in diameter at Athens) on which a chorus of 15 men (never women) dance and sing, while actors (not more than three speaking) have their exits and their entrances through three doors in the proscenium, as the play demands. The chorus with music and dancing give to the play something of the nature of opera, something of ballet, and is out of keeping with our conception of strict drama. Its retention throughout the fifth century is not due simply to the fact that it was a legacy from the dithyramb. Sophocles and Euripides certainly would be as sensitive as a modern critic to the embarrassment caused by the presence of a conspicuous group of persons who frequently are little more than spectators, an audience within an audience. But there is no sign of a real desire on their part to eliminate the chorus. There were compensating advantages to offset the drawbacks. Even for working out a plot, where a curtain was impracticable and the art of scene-shifting was in embryo only, the chorus could be used to fill in breaks and gaps in the plot; and for general aesthetic and emotional effect the support of trained singers and dancers was too precious to be lightly abandoned.

How far the musical and dancing accompaniments enhanced the beauty of a tragic display can only be guessed at. We have nothing of the original music, no dance scheme to judge by. But we know that ordinary Greeks based their education on music and were highly susceptible to its appeal. As for dancing, the talent for calisthenics, gesticulation, mim-

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ing in all its forms was both instinctive and assiduously cultivated. Countless vase-paintings bear witness to the Hellenic sense of significant gesture and attitude. So do sculpture and the other arts. Choral dancing was statuesque, necessarily, and its technique must be pure guesswork to us; but as an exponent of mass emotion and a vehicle of atmosphere choral dance and song must have had great expressive value.

"I can deeply sympathize in imagination with the Greeks," says Coleridge, "in this favourite part of their theatrical exhibitions when I call to mind the pleasure I felt in beholding the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii most exquisitely danced in Italy to the music of Cimarosa." English-speaking peoples are at sea when it comes to pantomime and all its works.

It is not uncommon to speak of poetry and the drama, as if these were two distinct species; and the modern practice of employing prose in the theatre is a sign that the distinction for our time is valid. The Greek tragedians on the other hand are pre-eminently poets, both in substance and in form, and this decisively marks them off from the fashionable playwrights of to-day. In this matter as in much else the true spiritual and artistic kinsman of the Athenian Three in English is Shakespeare (although he of course uses prose too). No doubt the prevailing use by modern dramatists of a prose medium is dictated partly by a shift in the central interest, a shift away from the lofty themes of 'ideal' art towards 'realism' in its many forms. Modern drama has much in common with the novel, the leading organ of present-day imagination: the themes are much the same, only the action is by the dramatist not merely described but is partly made visible and audible to fit the stage.

Putting the chorus aside, then, the medium in which the Greek worked is what we are familiar with in Shakespeare. The Athenian playwright represents in musical language, spoken by gifted actors, a portion of life drawn from a past historical in form but mythical in substance. Of the beauty inherent in the medium a good deal might be said. The Greek language, as someone has remarked, is the first and greatest work of art accomplished by that people. In Homer it is already perfect as a medium for spacious narrative and ro-



## BEAUTY IN GREEK TRAGEDY

mance; and now in the Attic theatre it abandons its fluent, running style and emerges as a compact idiom with an immense range of expressive capacity. Without attempting to dissect that language in an effort to exhibit its beauty, it may be worth while to compare Greek with English in just one detail. Take the first line of Milton's "Paradise Lost":

"Of man's first disobedience and the fruit—"

the words *of, first, and, fruit* all end in stopped or mute consonants, so called because when sounding them the breath passage is momentarily closed altogether. No Greek word, on the other hand, ever ends in a mute. Take the first line of the Iliad,

"Μῆνιν ἄειδε, θεά, Πηληϊάδεω Ἀχιλλῆος"

the commonest endings are vowels, and only *ν* and *ς* among the consonants are allowed to end a word. Singers know the value of that sonant or resonant quality of words in attaining tone, and clearly it was a people of strong aesthetic sense that obeyed such a rule in creating a language. In the matter of musical effect too we have difficulty in comparing modern verse governed by stress accent with classical verse based on quantity, a point which must be noted, without disparaging the "native woodnotes wild" and "organ-voices" of English poetry.

How responsive the Athenian ear was to the emotional value of rhythm in language appears, the moment we look at the metres of Attic drama. Tragic versification employs mainly the iambic trimeter

σιδηρόφρων γὰρ θυμὸς ἀνδρείᾳ φλέγων

—you are not far removed here from common every-day speech. Observe the flowing movement of Homer by comparison:

μήκων δ' ὥς ἔτερωσε κάρη βάλεν ἥτ' ἐνὶ κηπῷ  
κάρπῳ βριθομένη νοτίησι τε εἰαρίνησι,  
ὥς ἔτέρωσ' ἤμυσσε κάρη πῆληκι βαρυνθέν

—in these three lines you are carried clean out of the daily prosaic world. The iambic trimeter is the nearest thing to prose rhythms permitted in the drama; and it corresponds roughly to English blank verse. The Greek tragedian how-

## QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

ever employed numerous other metres, which arrange themselves on an ascending scale away from the language of everyday life. Even more suggestive is the way in which tragedy and comedy, while employing largely the iambic trimeter, yet allow certain relaxations in comedy which make it pretty easy to identify almost any couple of verses from Aristophanes as a comic not a tragic rhythm. There is just the slight deviation from the stricter tragic norm which indicates metrically that you are in another atmosphere. That entire phase of poetic expression is lost in prose drama. Freedom is gained, but at a price, since the power of the instruments of poetry—metrical form as well as a distinctive diction—to lift a composition to the higher regions of the imaginative world remains unimpaired.

Here we reproduce four lines of a *prose* translation of a passage from the Ajax of Sophocles, the best available version, so that we may compare its effect with a fine *verse* rendering. It is the passage which begins—

ἅπανθ, ὁ μακρὸς κἀναρίθμητος χρόνος . . .

“All things the long and countless years first draw from darkness,  
then bury from light; and there is nothing for which man may not  
look; the dread oath is vanquished, and the stubborn will.”

Now take the same matter, adapt the diction slightly, and versify: this is what you get—

“All strangest things the multitudinous years  
Bring forth, and shadow from us all we know.  
Falter alike great oath and steeled resolve,  
And none shall say of aught ‘This may not be.’”

It is easier to model in clay than to carve a block of marble and wonders may be done with very simple materials. Still there are limitations to every art medium, and prose cannot compete with verse in the important, the vital, matter, of poetic expression, the achievement of the beautiful in melodious speech.

We come now, leaving the question of medium, to what is relatively the substance or stuff of the tragic art. In the complex work of art, which a Greek play is, we note next two allied but yet distinct elements or interests, those, namely, of plot and of character.



## BEAUTY IN GREEK TRAGEDY

That a play depends, in some degree, on skilful construction nobody will deny. Aristotle lays stress on this phase of the tragic art and perhaps over-states its importance. His requirements are that the play shall be a unit, present an appearance of wholeness, and that there shall be a beginning, a middle and an end (a caution which is not so simple-minded as it looks!) On similar lines it has been fashionable to make much of the dramatic unities of space and time, as well as action, with, sometimes, little discrimination and deplorable results.

The anatomy of a Greek tragic piece would generally reveal a firm grasp of these principles, with considerable variation from the standard in minor ways. On the one hand the *Oedipus Tyrannus* is a masterpiece from the structural point of view. The theme is the discovery by a supremely fortunate and able King of his own appalling past. Quite innocently he has blundered into the very course of hideous atrocity which he had dreaded and which for twenty years of a beneficent, happy reign he congratulated himself on escaping. The agitation aroused by his opening words kindle as his hunt waxes keener and step by step he remorselessly tracks down the hidden facts, until at last he learns that he is a parricide and worse and passes from our ken in an agony of shame, self-blinded and an outcast. There is no fluctuation in the curve which represents the ascending emotion of the play; no break or division, nothing but perfect artistry of construction.

Moreover, the *Oedipus Tyrannus*, although accepted since Aristotle as a model, does not stand alone. The *Ajax* has been thought to flag after the death of the hero; but Jebb is surely right in holding that the fate of the hero's body is just as thrilling an issue to the audience (and that is the fair test) as the suicide. The question in the second half is the absorbing problem of the hero's happiness in the hereafter—the destiny of his immortal soul—combined with his canonization by Athens. We are reminded of Bernard Shaw, who insists on gratifying his speculative interest in Joan after her death, after burning her body (all but the heart, he is careful to add): although his Epilogue is prompted less by his concern with his heroine's canonization, or salvation or damnation,

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than with his peculiar polemic against intolerance as he sees it. Structural flaws are negligible in Sophocles. With Aeschylus it is different. Even in the last play of the trilogy, in the *Eumenides* he has been drawn away by an ephemeral political purpose to distort the picture by an inconsequent ending. Euripides steers an erratic course in working out his plots, not once but frequently. His prologues are written sometimes to save trouble in making the play disclose its opening situation naturally. The *deus ex machina* comes in to cut the knot which should unravel itself. Yet when all is said and done even Euripides is very much a Greek in the cultured ease with which he stamps his art products with a general character of harmony, proportion and unity.

One gets the impression, in studying the arguments for and against a thrilling finale with the catastrophe at the end, that theory does not settle the question. Where a sequel to the catastrophe holds an audience that sequel is a proper part of the evolution of the play. There is no reason why the sequel should detract from the impressiveness of the culminating incident. The impression left by the death-scene in the *Ajax* is deepened by the strife that arises out of the act of suicide.

More important again is the creative faculty which evolved out of Hellenic experience and imagination, the beautiful conceptions on which tragic plots turn. When Aeschylus spoke (if he did) of serving up slices from the great banquets of Homer he was not really and finally estimating his debt to another. The plot of the *Agamemnon* is in a sense borrowed from Homer, who relates how Agamemnon was murdered by his cousin Aegisthus. Agamemnon went to the war, while Aegisthus lurked at home, corrupted his wife and stole his throne. Then after ten years at the front Agamemnon came back to his native land, was tricked and murdered. The assassin is Aegisthus, with the connivance of Clytemestra. By a stroke of genius Aeschylus makes Clytemestra the assassin, and Aegisthus the confederate. How splendid the idea was, however, nobody knew till Aeschylus placed the wife of Agamemnon, the mother of his children and his murderess, on the stage. And here we are led to see that excellence of plot, or a strong or fine plot, is indeed partly a matter of incident,



## BEAUTY IN GREEK TRAGEDY

depending on intuition, invention and originality; but this is inextricably bound up with something deeper and more vital. What sort of woman could Clytemestra the assassin have been? The action of a play to possess beauty must emanate from character vitally conceived and adequately rendered—here is the supreme test of dramatic art, here is the supreme obligation and the supreme opportunity.

What a thing of beauty the Agamemnon is, will demonstrate itself if we attend to the main achievement. The problem which Aeschylus had to confront was to realize for Athenian eyes and ears the vision of heroic action and passion as it took shape for his bold and glowing imagination when contemplating the fates of Agamemnon and Clytemestra.

Although the tale of Clytemestra's crime, as set forth in the first play of the trilogy, is plain and straightforward, acute critics have created a deal of mystification. Happily this need not detain us now, nor will it detain us long. After the story is outlined a few remarks will suffice.

The opening lines are spoken by a watchman who for a year has been posted on the roof of Agamemnon's palace to look out for a signal. Somehow the feeling is abroad that Troy is on the eve of being taken, and the Queen has ordered the watchman to report to her the moment the message is flashed by a beacon to Argos. The signal flames up, the watchman excitedly sends on the message with a rousing cheer, and as he is dancing a *pas seul* the chorus march in, fifteen elders of the city summoned by Clytemestra. When they enter the watchman has vanished.

In a long ode the chorus gives utterance to the general expectancy: in the tenth year of the war they long for victory and peace.

The Queen enters and informs the elders that Troy has just been captured, and that the welcome tidings have reached her by fire—signals passed along from beacon to beacon all the way from Troy. Hardly has the colloquy ended when a herald arrives, all dusty and travel-stained, to say that Agamemnon and his soldier-sailors have landed and will soon be

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on the spot. The Queen professes thankfulness that the beacon-message is thus confirmed and retires to the palace, leaving the chorus and the herald to give vent to their mingled joy and regret and anxiety. They are thus busy with question and answer when Agamemnon rides up in his chariot and, after an invocation to his country's gods, confronts the Queen. The tension waxes more acute than ever. Agamemnon is not insensible to the mischief past and present, but nowhere does he betray any suspicion of the deadly purpose cherished by Clytemestra. One false step on her part and the game is up of course: but to the plain hints of her husband that a day of reckoning is at hand she makes no response save to embarrass him by an excessive show of submission and respect. The King ungraciously yields to his wife's importunity and, descending from the chariot treads the carpeted pathway into the palace followed by the Queen; just before she sends him to his doom she hastily emerges for a moment to rail at the captive princess Cassandra, the peerless prize of Agamemnon's spear, whose pitiful plight now engages our attention. Seeing the yawning abyss into which she is shortly to be hurled along with Agamemnon, but by Apollo rendered worse than blind—what she foresees, no one will believe—she makes a heart-rending appeal to the elders to take warning and avert the crime: she fails utterly and goes out to perish with the King. The death-cry of Agamemnon echoes through the palace, and presently the Queen is disclosed standing exultant over the murdered princess and King. The chorus vehemently assail her with reproaches and threats, but Aegisthus and his guards overawe the old man and Clytemestra passes from view triumphant.

If you notice, Agamemnon at the beginning of the play is in Troy and sends word by a line of beacons informing Argos that he has captured Troy and before the next day's sun has set he is in Argos and foully murdered. This telescoping of the chain of events strange to say was unheeded up to about thirty years ago, when it was pointed out that Agamemnon could not possibly flash the news to Argos from the Troad, two or three days distant by a swift-sailing vessel, in the night and then ride into Argos next day. After endless discussion,



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Headlam made the sensible suggestion that a break occurs in the play just before the King's herald announces his arrival. Where we should drop the curtain the chorus retires and an imaginary interval of some days intervenes. In stalks the herald and the action proceeds. One more stumbling-block remained. Clytemestra's account of the row of beacons leaves a gap of 100 miles—too big a jump for ancient fire-signals. Apparently a verse has dropped out. There *is* a small island in the right position and granted *that* extra link in the chain, the Queen's signalling stations are such as Aeschylus and his audience could follow with perfect comprehension and no sense of incredulity. The misgivings of the elders are merely the uncertainty which reasonably attended a watchman's report that he saw a light in the dark and that it proved that Troy had fallen. So many possibilities of a mistake surround such a report. After ten years of false rumours and messages they might well be cautious about the correctness of a blaze at night and its meaning. It seems strange that if such a problem was worth posing it should have been allowed to sleep all these centuries—at any rate it is satisfactory to clear the stumbling-block out of the way and get an unobstructed view.

That readers of Agamemnon for over twenty centuries were oblivious to the telescoping of the action, its reduction from at least four or five days to one—is a tribute to the driving power of the piece. In the same way those critics who complain that there is no plot and indeed no action, properly speaking, in the play really help to bring out a point of some consequence. If action on the stage means coming and going of principals and agents, secret conclaves, marching and counter-marching of guards, placing of gunpowder barrels and suborning of poisoners—there is a minimum of it in this play. But if action on the stage is beyond everything the spectacle of strong personalities and their deeds with their repercussions, their mutual reactions, self-assertions and self-sacrifices, then there radiates out from Clytemestra alone sufficient energy and action to carry off any play.

We have now to reproduce in essence the characterization of Clytemestra and Agamemnon and point out elements of

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beauty in the portraiture. A whole paper might very well be allotted to this task.

Clytemestra is assuredly not a pleasing or beautiful character. We have already seen that she possesses an indomitable will. That is indicated at the outset by the lonely watchman who tells us that what prompts him to persevere in his dreary vigil is, fear of the Queen. The elders too bow to her masculine authority. Passing on we take as an illustration the message which she sends to Agamemnon, now close at hand, by his herald:

Go bid him then,  
Come hither with all speed, the country's darling,  
Come with all speed, a faithful wife to find,  
Even as he left her, a true hound within,  
Still to his foes a foe, to him still kind,  
Alike at all parts, every whit the same,  
That all this while hath never broke one seal:  
Of joys from other man, the whispered blame—  
I have no more knowledge than of plunging steel!

In these verses the mind of the Queen is half-disclosed and half-masked. The King has come, the popular hero. There is anger as well as irony in her phrase, 'the country's darling'. She professes most shamelessly to be the most loyal thing on earth, a faithful dog; a trusty housewife who has all his treasure under lock and key (for her own use); never has she dallied with another man (blankly denying an open scandal); and finally we have a hint of her determination to welcome him with cold steel. The message is packed with covert hate and yet will pass for a welcome. Already we have a taste of the intellectual and ethical quality of this formidable woman.

The audience now turns to Agamemnon, and is prepared for the impending clash by a choral ode towards the end of which the King drives up, listens to a mixed greeting of welcome and warning from the old men, and makes reply thus:

"To Argos first and to the country's Gods  
Belongs my duty that have aided me  
To my return and justice done on Troy . . . ."

Prudent piety and cautious but incorrigible pride are mani-



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fest at once. His tone is not 'Thine be the glory O Zeus'! but 'I and the Gods have humbled Troy': and grimly he proceeds:\*

Behoves us therefore render unto Heaven  
Most memorable return, since we have wreaked  
Our ample vengeance for an arrogant rape;  
A whole town for a woman's sake hath been  
Laid desolate in the dust by our fierce brood  
Hatched of a Horse in armed swarm, that sprang  
About the sinking of the Pleiades  
And o'er the ramparts like a ravening Lion  
Bounding hath lapped his fill of tyrant blood.

Revenge, remorseless and extravagant, as he himself avows, is uppermost in his mind, and he is so far blinded that he would even seek to implicate the gods as indulgent patrons of his recent excesses.

'For the rest,' he concludes, 'as touching  
Affairs of policy and of religion  
A congress we shall summon and debate  
In full assemblage. Our debate will be  
How what is healthy may persist in health,  
Where need appears of wholesome remedies.  
We shall endeavour to remove the mischief  
By sage employ of knife or cautery.'

The moral and mental calibre of the King is unmistakable. After ten years of camp life and warfare he is hard, resolute and ambitious. His exploits he rapidly reviews and it is not the heroism and loyalty of Ajax, Achilles and others that comes to the front—their loyalty to the death he rates as a mere reflection in a glass of friendship', and of one only has he a good word, Odysseus; and now he confidently faces a final crisis, his mind made up to reward the good and punish the evil and so restore the state—that is himself—to health by applying to his enemies the searing-iron or the knife.

In her husband accordingly the Queen has to reckon with no royal weakling, but the captain of a host inured to treasons, stratagems and spoils, flushed with victory, not magnanimous, and not ignorant of her flagrant misdeeds. The

\*Please remember that Agamemnon's armada went to Troy to retrieve Helen—one woman; also remember the breach in the walls to admit the Wooden Horse with Odysseus, Diomedes and the rest inside.

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hour has struck and the wife must render an accounting of her stewardship. This is how she opens the duel.

My reverend elders, worthy citizens,  
I shall not blush now to confess before you  
My amorous ways . . . .

Aeschylus, you see, recognizes that even Clytemestra could not in pretended ecstasy throw herself on her husband's bosom. Her words are for Agamemnon's ear but they are addressed to the elders and, with Aegisthus in the background, her language savours of derision rather than of apology. That Agamemnon takes it as a half-challenge is clear from his very first word: he addresses her and his name for her (after ten years' absence) is ominous and almost insulting—'Daughter of Leda', he begins (with a sneer at her family history),

Daughter of Leda, guardian of my house,  
Thy welcome like my absence hath been long.  
Praise, to be seemly, should from others come.  
Moreover, womanize me thus no more  
Nor fawn me as I were an Oriental lord,  
With grovelling Oes and clamour; neither strew  
Robes on the earth, to call down jealousy . . ."

The speech is more than cold: it is stern and menacing, the language of a leader of men. Yet, in the clash which it provokes, the woman's will is the stronger. The clash itself turns on what seems to us to be a punctilio, the scruple which bids him affect a modest demeanour at the zenith of his glory and good luck, as becomes a God-fearing Hellene. The instinct is laudable, but has no depth of root in his mind. At this moment also he commands the Queen to receive with kindness his companion Cassandra:

"The eye of Heaven regards  
A gentle master with benignity: . . ."

so that when he tells Clytemestra (these are his last words)

"Now, since in this my will bows down to thine  
Trampling upon purple will I pass within,"

he has committed two offences against Greek sentiment, minor offences certainly, not obtruded but firmly touched in. The



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duel is now virtually won by the Queen and as Agamemnon treads the purple to the slaughter-house there ring in his ear the Queen's magnificent lines beginning,

"There is the sea and who shall drain it dry?"

followed by the marvellous scene between Cassandra and the elders. Hardly has Cassandra vanished when the death-cry of Agamemnon is heard, and soon Clytemestra is revealed with two bleeding victims at her feet. Listen to the murderess!

I stand here now triumphant where I struck!

I wreathed around him like a fishing-net  
Swathed in a blind maze—deadly wealth of robe—  
And struck two blows, and with a groan for each  
His limbs beneath him slacked; and as he lay,  
I gave him yet a third, for grace of prayer  
To God who safely keeps—the dead below.  
With that he lay still, panting his own life out:  
And as the gory jets he blasteth forth  
Rain of the sanguine drench bespattered me,  
Rejoicing as in the balm of heaven rejoices  
Cornland when the teeming ear gives birth!

Her rampant blood-lust and tigerish fury have been fanned to a white-heat, and she almost cows the enraged elders by sheer ferocity. But she urges one plea in mitigation of her villainy. Ten years ago Agamemnon had shed the blood of her daughter Iphigeneia to further his ambition and what had the elders to say to that? They are frankly staggered by the counter-attack and when finally they meekly ask to be allowed to bury their murdered King, she replies:

That care is no concern for thee  
Beneath *our* hand he fell.  
Down beneath *us* lay dead; and *we*  
Beneath will speed him well:—  
But not his household from his gates  
Shall wail behind his bier,  
His *daughter* at the Doleful Straits  
Below stands waiting near:  
Her love, her duty she shall bring  
Her arms about his neck shall fling  
And kiss her *Father dear*!

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As she hisses out the last word *φιλήσει* we can see the elders cower before her demonic spirit. Yet the woman is not simply wicked and devilish. Agamemnon had killed her affection for him when he placed Iphigeneia (literally) on the altar of his ambition. From that moment she had hated her husband and for ten years a great nature had been corrupted by the poison. Aeschylus paints her as she came to be, corroded by hate and perverted by passion for an inferior man, Agamemnon's hereditary foe. Not a word is said about her physical beauty, but she is Helen's sister, and that is enough.

If we think of the beautiful as including much more than the minor attractions of what is pretty and pleasing, graceful and charming, we cannot be proof against the allurements of Clytemestra. She is a superb creature, for all her sin, dramatically rendered in a majestic setting, commanding, deceiving, cajoling, deriding, threatening now the elders, now the herald, now Agamemnon, now Cassandra; and lastly affectionately commending and defending Aegisthus. The tigress can love as well as hate. Very solid too and rounded is the characterization. There is nothing abstract about her. One-sided she may be in her absorption in a single objective, but many-sided is the nature and nobly-endowed which serves her in the crisis. You find readers so captivated with her splendid courage and leaping imagination that they champion her against Agamemnon. And who that has histrionic ambition would not covet an opportunity to play the part?

Much of the beauty of the play is lodged in the choruses. A gloomy grandeur pervades the three major odes, imparting a massive sense of past misery, present foreboding and imminent doom. Ten years of suspense have left their mark on the old man, and as they sing their solemn chants they call up picture after picture from memories stored with dark deeds associated with the royal house. The gathering of the clouds when Agamemnon and Menelaos called out the Achaian ban; the portents of evil that attended the enterprise from its inception; the array of disasters that overtook the host; the long sanguinary siege and savage trench-life; the sorrowing families of absent warriors;—these and much else are depicted with a wealth of metaphor that transcends the limits of the



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austere style. The poet is a singer, but he contemplates the moving scene of human heroism and folly with the vision of a seer and prophet, a prophet who is at home also in the upper ether breathed by the transcendent powers that rule human destiny. The substance of these songs is prevailingly pensive, sad and even stern, lit up however with gleams of hope and anticipated joy. Not rarely there are passages of tranquil beauty which are doubly telling in their setting of storm and stress. Chief among them is the vignette of Iphigeneia's sacrifice, which no one has been able to translate,

Her supplications all,  
Her oft appealing call  
On *Father*, her fresh years of maidenhood,  
With umpires clamouring war for nothing stood.

If it is ever adequately translated it will be hard to read, it should be sung really.

Very tender too is the idyll of the loneliness of Menelaos when Helen has forsaken his house. 'By day her wraith seeming to queen it in his halls; at night in dreams her phantom nestling by his side only to slip from his hands when he awakes and fade away on wings that follow the ways of sleep.'

Ah, vanishing through her army away  
'Tis gone with never pause or stay,  
Fast on the fickle paths where sleep is winging.

Like exquisite tarns sleeping in the bosom of the everlasting hills such gems of tenderness lend a wonderful depth to these grand and rugged creations. It seems as natural to Aeschylus as to the Theban eagle to soar into the region of lyric. Even the herald finds it hard to avoid the picturesque—this is how extremes of heat and cold vexed the army in the field:

How bitterly the snows down Ida swept  
Killing the birds; and sweltering summer's heat  
When slumbering in his noonday drowsiness  
Windless and waveless ocean sank to rest.

Simple, sensuous and impassioned might serve for a description of the Aeschylean style. Force, strength and passion indeed amount in him often to possession. When Aristophanes makes fun of our poet that is what he dwells upon. Aeschylus

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is the thunder-voiced, rolling his eyes in awful frenzy, charging with plume-waving epithets amid wheeling and whirling of splinters—thus does the comic poet hit off the high-stepping words of the hero-creator of thought. Titanic is the epithet by which he sums the matter up. Inwoven into the gorgeous texture of resistless energy, opulent imagery and lofty contemplation are those passages of gentle, lyric-sweetness just noted; making a rarely beautiful combination. One is reminded of a work of art executed about fifteen to twenty years later—I mean the sculptures of the Parthenon, the Elgin marbles. One of the newer critics, Lethaby, has some very illuminating comments to make on these marbles—with your permission I shall quote a few sentences—speaking of these figures he says that when examined *in detail* they are a revelation, “the muscular back and shoulders of the Theseus; the soft rounded arms of the Demeter and the mother of Cecrops—strong yet almost flowing, in extraordinarily beautiful curves—the bare shoulders of one of the Fates, the startled horses of the Sun, the perfect pose of the Ilissus, the variety of texture and fold in the draperies of the goddesses, the dainty buttoning of the sleeves, the big folds of skirts and mantles, the great restful forms, and the resistless energy of the cutting are all wonderful and lovely. Most wonderful of all is the great spirit which fills out and transcends the forms. They are not mere statues. They are creations proper to temples born in marble. The Fates are as majestic as mountains.”

The parallel between Aeschylus and Pheidias is not offered as exact and complete. Most would say that the finesse and craftsmanship of Aeschylus is not on a par with the technical perfection of Pheidias. But justice has not yet been done to the lyrical technique of Aeschylus and the songs which we have glanced at are far more subtle and intricate than appears on the surface. Scholars are just commencing to get rid, bag and baggage, of the notion that these odes are lacking in finish or method: the very reverse is the case and one should discard even the term ‘rugged’ if that suggests ‘ragged’ in the least. As to the main point of affinity, the mighty creative genius of both: if it could be said with justice that the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias added something to the national religion, so it is



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fair to say that the Zeus of Aeschylus in the Prometheus Trilogy and in the Oresteia, which we are specially considering, was a definite work of religious inspiration. Neither Praxiteles nor Sophocles belongs to that category of genius. No one would write of a Sophoclean play what Swinburne wrote to Walter Headlam towards the end of his life, "I regard the Oresteia as probably on the whole the greatest *spiritual* work of man." We may reasonably place then the authors of these sublime works side by side as cast in the one Titanic mould, and filled with the one afflatus.

I set out to demonstrate beauty in Greek tragedy. To do that the easiest course would have been to choose a popular favourite like Antigone and allow her to speak for herself. Antigone is so simply and obviously lovable that criticism and interpretation are generally superfluous. But there are even in Antigone traits of character that are easily overlooked.

The sorrows of Antigone did not cease with her mother's suicide and her father's death in a foreign land. She had two brothers who quarrelled about the vacant throne and each died by the other's hand in single combat. By a decree of Creon, her uncle and now the King of Thebes, burial was forbidden to one of the dead brothers. Antigone defied the edict and gave the body the symbolic burial needed to ensure the welfare of her brother's spirit in the world beyond the grave. Creon orders her death. She is shut up in a tomb alive and left to die. In despair she takes her own life. Creon's son, to whom she is betrothed, follows her to the tomb and after drawing his sword on his father, stabs himself. The issue thus raised by the rebellious conduct of Antigone—the right of a subject to set the command of a ruler at defiance—was used by Hegel to illustrate his theory of tragic conflict. In his view tragic conflict is properly not a collision between a right and a wrong but between two rights. Creon is right in insisting that the authority of the sovereign must prevail: a subject must obey: otherwise you have anarchy. Antigone is right in obeying the call of affection and sacred duty. Both again are wrong in pushing their respective rights too far. Such is the view of the philosopher. Hegel has been warmly criticized for asserting that Antigone is partly in the wrong. We may

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safely adopt the view that while Antigone is human and not flawless in character, Creon has exercised his prerogative in such a way as to violate human justice and divine law. Creon did put himself in the wrong completely.

Sophocles, however, takes care to let us see that Antigone has in her blood something of that fatal impetuosity of her family, sufficient to invest the sorely-stricken maiden with exceptional pathos. The chill of a perfect temper is not hers. So much the more is the portraiture true and convincing. Depth of affection and courage born of utter unselfishness—these are the stuff of which she is built. We must leave the other features sketched in by Sophocles, and come to a serious stumbling-block. It is a stumbling-block which perturbed Goethe and many more of Antigone's admirers. The passage occurs in the reply which Antigone makes to Creon's decision when he orders his guards to lead the maiden to her death-chamber. Up to this moment Antigone has steadfastly upheld the justice of her action, the supremacy of divine over human ordinances, and in this case over a wrongful edict. Suddenly she steps down from the high ground hitherto taken and apologizes for her act of disobedience. She says that she would not have disobeyed Creon for the sake of a husband or child. But it was different with a brother. Naturally this startling admission deranges the whole conception, and like Goethe many have wished that the lines 904-920 could be proved to be spurious. He pronounced them to be quite bad. The new suggestion, quite unthought of in Jebb's time, is, that Sophocles *does* paint his heroine as brave, but not reckless of life. In the agonizing interval between her sentence and the living death to which she is about to be hurried the overpowering claim of a solemn duty relaxes. She wavers and for a moment talks foolishness. Is this a tasteless interpolation? Did Sophocles sink into bathos? Or did Sophocles intend the brave young princess to go to pieces momentarily by way of heightening the pity and the cruelty of her fate? One knows that it is never safe to rule out such an interpolation on the ground that it is far-fetched and over-subtle. Nothing in that direction is beyond Sophocles. We do not look for the elaboration and complexity of analysis which are



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written all over modern literature. But strength is not incompatible with subtlety and refinement. Aeschylus too in his delineation of Clytemestra has fine and subtle traits as well as strong. For all her abandon, and in spite of her more than woman's courage, she quails for a moment in her clash with the elders and grasps at a hint thrown out by the chorus, in the vain hope of evading their utter reprobation. It is quite in keeping with Greek moderation and sanity to remind us and make the audience feel that Antigone and Clytemestra are made not of marble or steel but of quivering flesh and blood.

I have alluded to the eerie but heart-rending Cassandra scene. One might almost think that Aeschylus was following Homer in this detail. For in the *Odyssey* it is the spirit of Agamemnon himself who speaks of the pity of it, when relating in Hades to his friend Odysseus how he himself was done to death by Aegisthus and Clytemestra. So it is that Aeschylus gives to her the words that seem to express his own final verdict on the tragic spectacle just enacted. They are the four last verses spoken sadly and quietly by the lonely woman as she advances horror-stricken "like a bird cowering at a bush" into the lair of the tigress.

"Ah, sad," she wails, "is human fate. What is prosperity?

"A shadow drawn by pencil. Let misfortune come;

"One dash of the wet sponge doth blot the picture out.

"More piteous this I deem than fallen pride by far!"

It is these slight, almost impalpable touches that seem to give the fine bloom to a work of art. Without his "*sunt lacrimae rerum*" Vergil's *Aeneid* would be distinctly poorer. And so with Homer's *οἷηπερ φύλλων γενέη*, "Even as the leaves that come and go, so are the generations of men." But the great dramatists use these ornaments sparingly—they belong more to reflection than to action. Shakespeare allows Macbeth to exclaim, "Life's but a walking shadow" (Cassandra's *σκία*): but he does not philosophize in the face of death.

O, I die, Horatio,  
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:  
. . . . the rest is silence."

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That is all from Hamlet at the last. Othello says nothing as to the meaning of all his sufferings. It is Cassio who says, "For he was great of heart."

Very near the Greek is the sentiment of the splendid lines in Samson Agonistes, spoken by Manoa over his dead son:

Nothing is here for tears. Nothing to wail  
Or knock the breast. No weakness, no contempt,  
Dispraise or blame. Nothing but well and fair  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

Yet what Milton has in his mind is not solely the thought that Samson has redeemed himself so that "the agony counts as nothing against the heroism which appears in his self-sacrifice and thrills the beholder." Milton dwells also on the revenge on Samson's enemies and the honour to Israel, the eternal fame to himself and to his father's house and to the favour and assistance of God which he enjoyed to the end. That in Milton's eyes was 'best and happiest' of all.

Such reflections disturb and detract from the tragic effect of the catastrophe. Masfield voices more distinctly the Greek emotion in these lines:

And God who gives his mercies takes his mercies,  
And God who gave beginning, gives the end.  
I dread my death, but it's an end of curses,  
An end of broken things too broke to mend.

Cassandra might almost have spoken these two lines.

T. CALLANDER.



## EVOLUTION IN THE REALM OF GEOLOGY

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IN offering this article, the third of a series on Evolution in various fields of study, I believe it can be claimed that the process, while a principle in almost every phase of mental or physical activity, can be more clearly demonstrated in Geology than in any other department of study. To the man on the street the very mention of the word evolution immediately raises a debate as to whether "man is descended from the monkey," and if he can satisfy himself that this is not true, he feels he has successfully knocked out the doctrine of evolution in one round. Evolution is not concerned with the origin of man, nor the *origin* of any other form of life for that matter. "The essence of evolution is the development of form out of form, in a connected series, with survival of the fitter forms in adjustment to environment." It is therefore a relationship that applies in the inorganic as well as in the organic world, and the evidence for it is now so overwhelming that no scientific man can hold any other opinion. It does not follow that there is unanimity of opinion as to the details of the process, or the bases of adjustment.

Evolution is therefore a process of change, but that does not mean that it is always a progressive development. It is merely an adaptation or adjustment to changing conditions, and whether the change has been progressive or retrogressive, depends entirely on how successfully the new form withstands the conditions under which it must continue to exist. Let us keep in mind that evolution is an intensive differentiation to meet changing environment, and whether it is a "forward" or "backward" movement is after all rather arbitrary, and of little importance. These adaptations do not take place rapidly, when viewed from the standpoint of three-score years and

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ten, and it has therefore been argued that man has "remained unchanged in a changing environment." True it is, man lives under the most diverse conditions of climate, temperature, altitude, humidity, food supply, etc., and yet all seem alike, but are they? In the United States nearly twenty per cent. of the total negro population of over ten million, are mulattoes, and they are increasing more rapidly than are the true negroes. In South America it is claimed that the ratio of pure whites, Indians, and negroes to mixtures of these bloods is 26 to 20. In the British Dominions of New Zealand and Australia there are practically as many half-breeds as full blooded natives. So one might go on, but it seems clear that even in the short period of a couple of centuries, man has changed somewhat in adaptation to environment. True, they are still men, but that there is some change all will admit. What I wish to emphasize, however, is the necessity of much longer time, of geological time, together with changing environment, to bring about real evolutionary adaptation.

In his excellent article in *Queen's Quarterly*, Vol. XXXIII, No. 3, on "The Creation of the World," Professor Macphail developed the presently accepted theory for the collection of the universe. He states that our best evidence now is that the earth, and all other heavenly bodies, have been built and are still being built up by the infall of planetesimals from space, attracted through the force of gravity. So that instead of thinking as we did yesterday, that the earth is continually growing smaller by loss of heat, and consequent shrinkage, we now believe it to be growing larger by additions to its surface from space. We have all seen "falling stars," and many have seen some of the actual meteors or meteorites that have reached the earth from space. Without repeating any of the details of earth building, I would recall to the reader the statement on page 307 of Professor Macphail's article, which states that the first solid surface of the earth was a "crust that began to hold, so that the interior molten matter could only escape through great cracks or lines of weakness in the crust, to spread out and solidify in turn." As might be expected, other and quite diverse views are held as to the



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method and rate of earth building, but however these may differ, all investigators are agreed that the first crust of the earth was one solidified from molten matter. This gives us a starting point.

When the earth grew cool enough and large enough, Chamberlain says to about 40 per cent. of its present size, it could hold an atmosphere, and condensations of water vapor began to form, rains fell, and in a short time appreciable oceans formed. The interior of the earth became more and more compressed by additions to its surface. This compression developed heat, which from time to time caused portions of the sub-crust to melt and pour out "through cracks and lines of weakness in the crust, to spread out and solidify in turn."

The early atmosphere would be rich in gases, but particularly so in carbon dioxide, which, dissolved in water forms one of the most active agents of chemical attack upon minerals and rocks. All land masses above sea-level were vigorously attacked, and rapid disintegration took place, and the products were carried away both in solution and suspension to the coastal portions of the oceans.

The carrying power of running water varies as the 6th power of its velocity. It loses its carrying power at the same rate, the waters therefore on entering the oceans rapidly lost their load of suspended sediment, and the first sedimentary or stratified rocks were laid down. Careful calculation has been made by geologists in various parts of the world, and their conclusion is that about four feet of sediments are laid on the world's coastal platforms in 5,000 years. If we piece together in geological sequence the known thicker sedimentary formations of the earth, we get a section about 55 miles thick as a total. A simple mathematical calculation shows that even this partial and incomplete method would indicate a long period of time, over 300 million years.

It is a well-known fact that the oceans are salty; they average 3.5 pounds saline matter to 100 pounds of water. Obviously all this accumulation of salt has been derived from

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the rocks of the land surface since the earth has had rains. A quite negligible part has again been taken out of the oceans to form rock salt. Careful calculations have been made of the amount of salt carried to the oceans annually by the chief rivers of the world, so that various computations have been made as to how long it has taken the salts of the ocean to accumulate. The latest calculation is by Homes, and gives a figure again of about 300 million years.

It is sometimes startling how familiar are the boys on the play-grounds with what are really obscure scientific processes. We hear everywhere familiar talk about static, interference, wave lengths, radio-active minerals, X rays, etc. The most recent scientific method for calculating the age of the earth is based on the fact that radio-active minerals give off their various rays at a fixed rate, leaving a final residue that is not radio-active. Careful calculations that have been made in the last ten years, based on this principle, place the age of our oldest known rocks at about 1,000 million years.

These figures are of little real or serious significance, but they do serve as unquestionable demonstrations that ample time has been available for the operation of the influences that control evolution, and this is an element too often lost sight of in discussion of this subject.

It has been shown above that the earliest solid crust the earth possessed was of igneous origin. Immediate attack by the atmosphere prepared the material for removal in solution and suspension by running water, and a second type of rock, the sedimentary, resulted. Geologists find a third class of rocks differing from these two, but derived from both largely by dynamical forces. Liquefactions and consolidations of igneous rocks, with their consequent changes of volume, are bound to generate differential pressures and stresses, that at times must find relief in actual crushing movements. It is also obvious that sediments cannot continue to pile up layer upon layer indefinitely, without the weight of overlying beds finally crushing the deeper ones, when the crushing points of such are reached. A group of secondary rocks formed from the igneous or sedimentary rocks by the shearing and squeezing



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of their constituents therefore results, and these are known as the metamorphic rocks.

Geology is best defined as a study of the history of the earth and its inhabitants. It has therefore to deal with both the inorganic and the organic components of the earth. We have seen that the original crust of the earth was of igneous origin. Through the processes of weathering these rocks became broken down and removed by agencies of transportation, to be collected in a new location as sedimentary rocks, a new form derived from an earlier form of rock. By changes of volume through variations of temperature, and by excessive pressures through accumulation of load, both the igneous and the sedimentary rocks assumed new textures and structures, thereby producing a new class of rocks, the metamorphic, but derived from either of the other two. If the pressures and stresses continue, as they undoubtedly do, rock masses become sufficiently deeply buried to again come within the zone of potential fusion, and a new igneous rock results. We are therefore brought back to our starting point, and the cycle is perpetuated. It does not therefore matter at what point in the cycle of changes we examine any rock mass, we have only to wait sufficient time, and it will change its form and pass through each of the other phases. There has been no new matter created, nor has any been annihilated. It has been only an evolution, "the development of form out of form, in a connected series, with survival of the fitter forms in adjustment to environment."

In this treatment there has been no thought as to whether the newer forms were forward or backward, "pro" or "retro" gressions. Nor has there been any discovery of the origin of the material. It has still to be accepted as a creation, that possessed the power and potentiality to evolve from stage to stage in a continuous cycle of forms, which power it has always possessed, and apparently always will.

Turning now to the earth's inhabitants, we must ask ourselves what we really mean by organic as opposed to inorganic. All matter is made up of what the chemist calls elements, which rarely exist in a free or uncombined state, but instead,

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occur in more or less intricate combinations. The same elements make up our minerals and rocks on the one hand, and the bodily substances of plants and animals on the other. The difference consists in the unique combinations of the elements in organic compounds as compared with inorganic ones. The fundamental material of which all plants and animals are made is called protoplasm. Just what this really is cannot be definitely known, for so soon as it is separated from the living organism, it dies and changes composition, so that it cannot be separated and analysed as can all other combinations of elements

So far as can be determined, therefore, protoplasm, this "physical basis of life," as Huxley called it, is a unique combination of some sixteen elements, of which carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen are much the most abundant. Inorganic elements are therefore converted and made into the "fundamental basis of life" or protoplasm by some special and unexplainable process peculiar to plant life. Animals cannot make protoplasm, although they can convert dead protoplasm into the living matter necessary for their own continuance as living organisms. It is quite obvious then that in populating the earth, plant life must have greatly antedated animal life, and should any combination of circumstances bring about the blight and destruction of a large portion of the plant life, certain forms of animal life would immediately have to adapt themselves to the new conditions and supplies, or pass out of existence altogether.

About the year 1800 a French paleontologist, Cuvier, while searching for fossils in the gypsum quarries in Montmartre, within the present limits of the city of Paris, discovered bones of animals, which upon reconstruction showed them to be the remains of animals no longer in existence. In the great Parisian museum, Le Jardin des Plantes, he noticed that similar great collections of remains from various parts of the world indicated the apparent passage of whole families of creatures, and as a consequence he stated the theory of catastrophism. According to this theory, great catastrophes such as subsidence of portions of the earth's crust, great influxes



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of the sea over former dry lands, the folding and uprising of mountain ranges, volcanic eruptions, and other geological phenomena, had killed whole races of beings, and he claimed this necessitated new acts of creation to re-populate the earth, with entirely new types of life. Geologists soon found, however, when the continuous record from all parts of the world was pieced together, that these apparently sudden cessations in the life were only local, and that in reality there was a continuous and gradual development of more and more diversified life, continually adapting itself to the newly created conditions of food supply, climatic environment, and destructive enemies.

If we walk along the sea coast to-day when the tide is out, we will find in the sands and muds the remains of many types of life, that are now living in the shallowest portions of the oceans. Better still, if we visit a marine dredge, we will see that the sedimentary rocks of the present ocean margins contain abundant remains of the types of life now living in these oceans. These remains and impressions of organisms entombed in the rocks are called fossils, and it is evident that the fossils of any past geological age form an equally accurate record of the life of that age. Our chief surprise is that so much of it should happen to be preserved, in sufficiently perfect form, to be found and examined in detail, and recognized in type. Only that portion which becomes buried out of contact with air can be preserved, and we find a large representation of marine and fresh water life, with such land forms as happened to become bogged in marshy lands, or floated to a watery burial.

As was pointed out in the consideration of inorganic evolution, so in tracing the changes in organic evolution an adequate conception of *time* must always be borne in mind. In order therefore to follow the changes and adaptations of living beings to their surroundings and food supply, geological time has been conveniently divided into eras, or long periods of time, during which certain related geological events, or certain specialized types of life predominated. Beginning with the oldest and leading down to the present these divisions are as follows:

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Era	Period	Remarks
	Growth of the earth. Atmosphere forms.	No known geological record, no evidence of life.
1. Cosmic.....	Hydrosphere forms. Oceans form.	
	Keewatin, igneous	No direct evidences of life, but strongly suggested by marine limestones, with enclosed bodies of graphite, and red iron ores.
2. Archeozoic.....	Grenville, sedimentary	
3. Proterozoic.....	Huronian —	Fossils found, of lowly organized simple forms of life, e.g. sponges, algae, sea-weeds, etc.
	Lower. Middle. Upper.	
	Cambrian	Some marine invertebrate life, but no vertebrate.
	Silurian	Very abundant marine invertebrate life, and first appearance of fishes, vertebrate, also first known land plants.
	Devonian	Abundant marine fishes, and first known amphibians.
4. Paleozoic.....		Abundant land plants, non-flowering.
	Carboniferous	Abundant amphibian life, first appearance of insect life, and first appearance of reptilian life with the very close of the period. Abundant land plants, still non-flowering.
	Triassic	Rapid increase of creeping and swimming reptiles.
	Jurassic	Development of flying reptiles, and first appearance of birds. Plant life still all green and non-flowering.
5. Mesozoic.....		
	Cretaceous	Appearance of first flowering plants, higher insects, many birds, abundance of walking reptiles, and first appearance of mammals.
	Eocene	Abundant and modern birds, rise of higher mammals, modern trees.
	Miocene	Great diversity of mammals, and first appearance of primates, or man-like mammals.
6. Cenozoic.....		
	Pleistocene	The glacial period of recent geological time, ushering in the present, when man is the dominant mammal.



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A survey of the geological record given above will illustrate the principles that govern evolution. "In the beginning" of the Cosmic era the earth was "without form and void." As it grew in size it developed an atmosphere, "firmament," which in turn held the moisture "that was above the firmament." Precipitous rains soon fell and collected as oceans, "waters that were below the firmament." In the geological record there is as yet no evidence of the existence of life,

It was shown above that plant life must have greatly antedated animal life on the earth, and we note that although the second era shows no actual remains of life, it strongly suggests plant existence in abundance. Surely it is interesting to note that plant life was the first to be introduced on the earth according to the Mosaic account given in Genesis.

In the third or Proterozoic era the first actual fossils are found, and show the life to be a lowly organized, simple, few-celled type, with so little differentiation that in many cases authorities cannot decide whether it is plant or animal in character.

In the early periods of the Paleozoic era there was a wide and rapid diversification of marine life. At first soft-bodied and boneless, but later true bony fishes appeared. "Great whales and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly." The appearance of land vegetation in the Silurian period, with its great development in the following Devonian period, is immediately followed by the introduction of amphibian animal life, which spent part of its existence in the water, and the rest of it as an air breather on land, or above water as a lung breather. We could readily predict that entirely land-living creatures would soon make their appearance. In the next period land insects, and then reptiles are found, and soon dominate the life on land and sea.

The reptilian life developed enormously, and ponderous, armor-plated creatures, of gigantic size, and great ferocity, walked the earth, and swam the seas. There is evidence of remarkably little brain power. The skulls are strikingly small, and the brain cavity diminutive. They depended entirely for safety on heavy armor, their teeth, and their great size. It is interesting to note how this type of life, even to-day,

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harks back to an amphibious environment. The meagre remnant of reptilian life, the turtles, lizards, crocodiles, and snakes are rather more at home in the water than on land. True amphibians are about extinct to-day, and the next group, the reptiles, are rapidly becoming so.

During the Mesozoic era life began to assume modern aspects. The struggle for existence among the reptiles forced some to become great leaping, jumping, and even flying forms. This may sound fanciful, but the remains of these creatures are found in abundance, and the powerful hind limbs, contrasted with their puny fore limbs, and the great bat-like wings of many of them can have but one significance. It is not surprising therefore that toward the close of the middle Mesozoic era, the first true birds appeared, differing from the flying reptiles, only in the possession of paired feathers on each of the vertebra of the tail, and a few on the ends of the wings. The remainder of the body was naked. One has only to look at a newly hatched bird to-day to see a reproduction of these earliest transitions. Again the Mosaic account preserves the order of events, "And God created whales, and every living creature that moved, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind."

At the close of the Mesozoic era the first flowering plants appeared and before the close of the era had assumed such a modernized development, that they would have had quite a familiar appearance to us to-day. There was therefore a rapid and wide diversification in flower-feeding insects, which in turn, by their very mode of feeding, must have greatly stimulated and aided the diversification and evolution of the flowering plants themselves.

In the first period of the Cenozoic era the mammals, which had just appeared with the close of the Mesozoic, assumed importance. The great reptiles that would have made Dante's *Inferno* pale with envy were rapidly subdued by the cunning and sagacity of the more brainy mammals. "Let the earth bring forth the living creatures after his kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast of the field, after his kind, and it was so." About the middle of the era, in Miocene times, the



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first of the erect walking, highly specialized primates, or man-like mammals appeared. With the close of the era came the recent glacial period which affected over half the entire globe, and must have caused rapid and brainy adjustment to the altered conditions. Man made his appearance about this time and rapidly acquired "dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over the earth, and over every creeping thing."

It has been shown that throughout geological time there have been changing conditions of land and sea, elevations and depressions of continents, changes of climate and therefore changes of plant life, changes in the food supply, increasing or decreasing danger of enemies. All these and other causes have influenced and controlled the adaptations that organisms had to undergo, that they might more easily preserve their existence and perpetuate their kind. Those which could not adapt themselves sufficiently have passed out of existence, while newer diversifications, not necessarily higher ones, have perpetuated life.

In the survey of organic development outlined above, the changes have been considered over such long periods of time that the types of life compared might still be claimed by the over-skeptical to be new creations, and not the results of a slow and continuous evolution. It would, of course, require textbooks to outline these in detail, but perhaps a more detailed consideration of just one race, of particular interest to man, would serve as an illustration of the process. The horse has been the subject of particular study in North America, because here it has experienced continuous unbroken development from its earliest appearance to the present.

With the opening of the Cenozoic era grasses made their appearance and began to clothe the broad open uplands in the western United States. This was a new condition in contrast to the former densely wooded and shrub covered areas, where grasses as we know would not flourish. At this same period, the Eocene, the horse was a small animal about the size of a fox, with a short head, short neck, long dog-like legs, with four toes in front, and three behind, with a fourth hind toe degenerating but still showing on the side of the ankle. This

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animal was still accustomed to more densely wooded country, and its plantigrade gait enabled it to get about rapidly in the search of food or escape from enemies.

By the second period of Cenozoic time the horse had grown to be twice the former height, had now only three toes on the front foot, and the same behind. The middle toe of each foot is much more developed in size, and a hoof-like nail crowns each toe of fore and hind foot. There is also a lengthening of the neck, and the skull, also a separation of the front or incising teeth from the back or grinding teeth becomes pronounced.

By the close of this second period the horse was  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high. It still had three toes on each foot, but only the middle toe now bore on the ground, the side two toes had receded up the foot and were useless, much like the two shortened toes on the foot of the modern cow. The neck and head continued to lengthen, but the eyes remained high up in the skull to increase the vision while grazing, and the skull elongation took place below the eye sockets. The back teeth had well flattened grinding surfaces, and developed an enamelled crown to withstand the grinding action in masticating the tough grasses.

By the close of the Cenozoic era the horse was over four feet in height, the middle toe or hoof was now so well developed that the second and fourth toes are mere bony splints to be seen part way up the lower leg. The central toe is a marvel of development for speed, with the right amount of growth to compensate for wear, and with a shock absorber, in the shape of the "frog" or cushion, to take the jar of high speed, or the impact of jumping. With this development of the middle toe came a still greater lengthening of limbs, neck, and head, but all in such perfect symmetry that the long smooth gently curving body took a perfect stream line, so to speak, against undue friction in running. On speed alone this animal has had to depend for safety. There is so much contrast between the modern horse and the diminutive Eohippus or dawn horse, that without this careful study one would say they were not even related. Detailed study shows the development step by step in an unmistakable evolution of form from



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form to more adequately meet the changing conditions in which it was forced to live.

No study of science has yet been able to determine the origin of either the organic or the inorganic components of the earth. The chemical elements of both organic and inorganic bodies, and the protoplasm or "fundamental basis of life" of the organic world, are still the products of a Creator, Who has not acted from time to time in spasmodic acts of creation, either in six days, or in six eras, but Who in the beginning created all with the potentiality to reorganize and differentiate, becoming more and more complex as they adapted themselves to changing conditions of environment.

Creation is therefore an accomplished act of the long distant past, and no new elements have since been created nor annihilated. Evolution, on the contrary, is a continuing process, carried on under unfailing, unerring, divinely conceived laws, and there need be no conflict in the two conceptions.

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THE last chapter of the story of evolution has to do with the development of civilization and culture. Here it is only man that comes into account; for no animal tribe has anything to show resembling even remotely our human achievement. Civilization and culture in the strict meaning of the terms, as opposed to barbarism, are of comparatively recent origin—perhaps not more than six or seven thousand years old; but, taken in a wider sense, their history stretches back into the immemorial past; for man in the most primitive state of which we have any knowledge has already developed articulate speech, learned to kindle a fire and fashion rude tools, and acquired something that can be called religion. A distinction must be drawn between civilization and culture. Civilization has to do with human life on its political and material side; its story is that of growth in the matters of social organization, division of labour and the conquest of nature to man's service. Culture, on the other hand, relates to human life on its spiritual side. Man is not content to spend his strength in the pursuit of values that are merely utilitarian and hedonistic, but presses forward to a life which moves in the ideal domain of the true, the beautiful and the good. While these two departments or aspects of life are fairly distinct, they are related in the closest way, and neither develops in independence of the other. As we shall see in a little it is with the material aspect that religion in its earlier phases is almost exclusively concerned. But in its later and higher phases religion is a thing of the spirit, a form of human culture, and, indeed, that form in which culture finds its culmination and crown.

As an integral part of human life, religion must develop as life develops. It must grow with the growth of knowledge and still more with the growth of morality. We are not, however, wholly dependent on this general consideration for our proof that religion comes under the sweep of evolution. We can appeal to history. Not one of the higher religions but



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can be traced back to rude enough beginnings. Christianity sprung from Judaism, Judaism from the Hebrew prophetic movement, and this movement from the national cult of Yahweh. Nay, without going outside the witness of the Old Testament, we can reach back to a still earlier stage. In the Old Testament there are numerous religious elements which are patently survivals from a time when Israel's religion was on the primitive level. Such are the food and other taboos of the Levitical code, the furnishing of meat and drink for the consumption of the god, the traces of bull and serpent worship, and the belief in sacred springs, trees, stones, and places. In all religions survivals from a stage that has been transcended are a familiar phenomenon; they are not absent even in the Christianity of to-day; and they point to lowly beginnings and a long history.

That the story of religion is in the main one of development from lower to higher is not to be taken as meaning that every form of religion carries within it a seed or principle which renders development inevitable. Everything goes to show that the religion of existing savage tribes has remained for many thousands of years practically unchanged. It can be described as stagnant. And there are religions higher up the scale, Islam, for example, to which the same adjective can be applied. Not only may there be stagnancy; there may also be retrogression. Zoroastrianism and Taoism were purer at their source than farther down the stream. The truth is that there is only one religion, that which had its origin in Israel, the history of which has exhibited steady if not uninterrupted advance, and which has kept step with or led the march of culture. It is an interesting question why the others did not show or have not shown themselves capable of treading a similar path.

In some cases failure can be traced to inherent poverty in pregnant constituents. The Baal worship which contested the field with Hebrew Yahwism was a mere fertility cult, and had not in it, as its rival had, the ethical stuff out of which anything worthy could be made. To Greek Olympianism, although in a lesser degree, the same weakness attached. Olympianism, as Gilbert Murray remarks, failed to effect in

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the primitive religion which it supplanted any genuine intellectual and moral purgation. The attempt to make it a religion for the Polis or city-state was therefore a failure; and men like Aeschylus, Socrates and Plato did not seriously try to transform it so as to make it the medium of their loftier conceptions.<sup>1</sup>

Sometimes, again, a religion has taken a wrong direction and found itself in a blind alley. Indian Vedism may stand as an example. Certain elements of high promise it unquestionably possessed. Varuna, one of its chief gods, appears as consistently righteous and gracious; and it had the splendid conception of Rita or divine law as the power that governs the world. Unfortunately the subsequent development did not attach itself to these ethical features, but first of all to its sacrificial system, and then, as a reaction from this, to a metaphysical monism in which all the values of the empirical world are rejected as worthless. In Brahmanism the Divine or ultimately real has no moral character, but stands at the most for passionless, effortless, changeless contemplative thought. When Gautama appeared with his profound human sympathy and his fine sensibility for the morally good, he found no Deity who could stand as the source and guardian of the things he really admired; and we get the strange paradox of a religion without a God, and a high morality, the ultimate goal of which is its own extinction. The path which Vedic religion took thus led into mere desert sand; although it has to be added that there have been Hindu movements tending in a more hopeful direction.

Still other circumstances that have halted the development of religions might be mentioned. In China there was for long a stagnant culture and this meant a stagnant religion. If Zoroastrianism failed to fulfil its high promise it was in part at least because the great Iranian prophet found no line of successors of sufficient capacity, earnestness and faith to continue and complete his work. One reason why Platonism and Stoicism never appealed to more than a cultured minority was that the religious element in them was overshadowed by the speculative.

<sup>1</sup>*Four Stages of Greek Religion*, p. 87.



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It would be of material assistance in understanding the course of religious development were we able to classify the phenomena in a way that would exhibit them as an ascending series. And many such classifications are in the field. Of the old division into false and true religions, or into natural and supernatural, it is unnecessary to speak, since it has been abandoned by practically all scientific students. Proceeding on scientific lines, Tiele gives two main groups, namely, nature religions—founded on the relation of man to the powers of nature—and ethical religions. The group of nature religions is divided into four sub-groups, and that of ethical religions into two—the national-nomistic and the universalistic. In the scheme proposed by Bousset there are three main groups—the religion of savage peoples, national religions and prophetic religions; and the prophetic religions, i.e. those founded by great prophetic personalities, are split up into the nomistic and the religions of redemption.

But to-day classifications are at a discount, the difficulties in the way of any well defined system being generally regarded as insurmountable. Nowhere, it is urged, can sharp lines be drawn; and often it is hard to decide in which division a particular religion ought to find its place. While these objections are of undeniable force, and forbid us to treat a classification of religions as on the same level of definiteness with those of zoology and botany, they do not seem decisive. Between the two schemes given, as well as between others that might be quoted, there is a large measure of agreement, although the terminology may differ. At least one line of division is fairly clear, that, namely, between nature religions on the one hand and ethical or prophetic religions on the other. This scheme we shall adopt, with some change in the matter of titles, considering later how far subdivision is practicable. We shall speak of natural religions and faith religions.

(1) Under the first of these two classes, which represent two stages of development, there fall the religion of preliterate races and also, with reservations, Bousset's intermediate group of national religions. In describing such religion as natural we mean to indicate that it ministers mainly and usually exclusively to man's natural as opposed to his spiritual needs

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and desires, is concerned with the natural as distinguished from the spiritual forces that impinge on man's life, and springs up as it were spontaneously from the soil without the instrumentality of the great prophetic personalities that play so decisive a part in the genesis of the second group.

All religion is at bottom a practical affair, and that of preliterate races is practical in the narrowest sense of the term. It has to do with man's elementary needs—the need for food, for safety and for prowess in hunting, fighting and making love. Something in the way of providing for these needs the savage can accomplish by his own unaided efforts. In cultivating his patch he can choose the proper time for tilling, sowing and reaping. He can acquire some knowledge of the habits of his quarry, and learn to use such weapons as he possesses with precision. He can select his cave at a spot where floods are unlikely to reach it. In lovemaking there are natural arts, the efficacy of which were early discovered. All such knowledge and capacity, all such happenings, primitive man treats as belonging to the domain, not of the sacred, but of the profane.

In coping with his environment there is a certain range within which early man feels himself master, and has no impulse to look beyond his human powers. But how insignificant is that range! On all hands he is confronted by the incalculable and uncontrollable. The same labour and skill bestowed on his corn patch yield in different years very different results. One year timely sun and shower conspire to produce an abundant harvest; another, and the crop is parched, drowned or destroyed by insect pests. Disaster may descend on the tribe from lightning, flood or human enemies; and disease and death are always lying in wait. It is out of this situation that primitive religion arises. Religion has as its natural basis the sense of dependence on superhuman forces in coping with which human capacity is in the last resort helpless. When savage man comes to the limit of his power he has recourse to religion.

In order to operate in a religious way on the superhuman or extrahuman forces that affect his life for good and for evil early man must frame some conception of their nature. If,



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therefore, we would understand his religion, we must know not only his situation but also his outlook. The study of savage mentality, begun by Tyler in his epoch-making book on *Primitive Culture*, has in recent years been vigorously pursued both in Europe and in America. Some writers speak of a prelogical stage of human thought; but this the facts hardly justify. One can, however, legitimately speak of a prescientific stage. While early man was familiar with certain natural sequences, of the real causal connection of events, the real nature of the forces working around him, he had no knowledge that can be called scientific. How then did the world mirror itself in his mind? There were three beliefs which to a very large extent summed up his view of his environment and determined his attitude towards it, the belief in nature spirits, in ghosts and in magic.

Interpreting the world after the human analogy, preliterate man credited not only animals but also inanimate objects—mountains, rivers, trees, stones, the heavenly bodies—with thoughts and volitions like those within himself. The animals were his kinsmen, often his superiors, and could talk. One remembers the talking snake of the Genesis story. The Red Indian believed that magicians were to be found among animals as among men. When the savage fell into a pool, he thought of the water as deliberately trying to suck him down. Trees spoke, sung and gave oracles, and when wounded they bled and suffered pain. Two stages in this manner of thinking are usually distinguished. In the earlier no separation was made between the object and its soul or life; but in process of time the idea was reached that the soul is so far distinct from the body it inhabits that it can abandon one abode and seek another. The first stage is known as animatism; the second as animism. To the remote days of the animistic outlook belong the fairy tales in which man appears as on a level with plants and animals, and which take us into a strange fantastic world where anything may happen. The myth too has its source in a somewhat similar outlook, representing as it does prescientific thinking about the things and problems that attracted the interest of our distant ancestors. Animism also enables us to understand how a stock or a stone, an animal

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or an element, could be treated as a kind of god. Had it not its own feelings which had to be carefully considered, since it was able to help and to hurt?

Among the powers with which our poor harassed ancestors had to reckon we must also number ghosts. The idea that death means the annihilation of the soul or self is one that never occurred to uncivilized man. When a man died he left his body and became a ghost; and the ghost if it did not find itself tolerably comfortable in the grave which was henceforward its abode might return to plague the living. Among some tribes we meet with the idea that a ghost might enter into a pregnant woman to find a new body and a new terrestrial life, an idea which was developed in India and elsewhere into the doctrine of metempsychosis.

In addition to spirits and ghosts early man recognized a third reality of hardly less importance. It was that of a magic force of wonderful potency, which among the Polynesians goes by the now familiar name of mana, and among the North American Indians of orenda or waconda. How precisely this force is conceived is still a subject of dispute. It is something with which certain persons, animals and objects are charged as with an electric current; and it can be set in motion by spells, incantations and rites. Chiefs, rain-doctors, ghosts and totems have mana; and there are various ways in which the ordinary man can acquire it. Its presence endows with extraordinary powers, such as the power to rule, to shoot straight, to procure rain and fertility and to stir up thunder and hurricanes.

These three conceptions—spirits, ghosts, mana—are not in themselves religions; rather are they the product of pre-scientific philosophic activity. In the higher religions there is a knowledge or interpretation of the world that is rooted in religion itself, but on the level with which we are dealing such knowledge hardly comes into account. Primitive religion is based on the idea of a world in which spirits, ghosts and mana are the active powers; and it consists, so far as practice is concerned in so placating or manipulating these powers as that they shall not be man's foes but if possible his friends. In giving some brief indication of the nature of early religious



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practice, we shall deal first with the practices related predominantly to ghost and spirit ideas and then with those related predominantly to the magic idea. This must not however be taken as meaning that in the savage mind the two are regarded as separate. Many anthropologists, among them Sir James Frazer, have argued that magical rites have no title to be called religions, but must be treated rather as the primitive equivalent for science. But this position is finding less and less support. Mana no less than ghosts and spirits figures as a superhuman power in the world-environment to which savage man tries to adjust himself. And often it is hard to decide whether a sacred object owes its character to the presence of a spirit or of the magic force, and whether a prayer, for example, is efficacious as an appeal or as a spell. All that can be admitted is that with the advance of religion the magical element tends to fall under suspicion.

Once the soul had quitted the body, early man had no wish to see it return as a ghost. To guard against this contingency the corpse was carried out of the hut through a hole knocked in the wall and subsequently built up. And every effort was made to secure that the ghost should have no reason for serious dissatisfaction with its situation. The dead hunter was provided with his bow and arrows, the fisher with his hooks and the warrior with his weapons. Clothes were added to keep the ghost warm, and an extra suit for a change. Food was not forgotten. Of a darker complexion was the custom of sending some of the dead chief's wives and slaves to the grave along with him. In the *Iliad* we read of twelve captive Trojans as having been slain at the funeral rites of Patroclus. The Indian institution of *Suttee* had its origin in the purpose that in the underworld the dead man should not be without the comfort of a wife. Of necessity the dead were in process of time forgotten, but even so some provision was made for them. In Persia, Greece and Rome there was held in Spring an all-souls' festival for the entertainment of the nameless crowd. In the calendar of the Catholic Church that festival has still a place. Its popular name is *hallowe'en*.

What were the motives behind these attentions paid to the dead? Affection and respect were not perhaps inoperative,

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but far more powerful were hope and fear. A friendly ghost might do one a good turn, and a disgruntled one had power to make its displeasure felt. Sometimes ghsots were called up from their subterranean abode and consulted as oracles (necromancy).

Turning to the cult of spirits, we begin with that of spirits of vegetarian origin. The Homeric hymn to Demeter tells the story of Demeter and her daughter Persephone. One day the fair and youthful Persephone was gathering flowers in a meadow, when Pluto, lord of the dead, issuing from the abyss, seized and carried her off to the underworld to be his bride and queen. Indignant at the loss of her daughter, Demeter withdrew from the company of the gods, and brought to a standstill all the processes of vegetation. Mankind would soon have perished had not Zeus compelled Pluto to disgorge his prey. Unwilling to lose his bride permanently, Pluto, before she ascended to the light, made her eat of the fruit of the pomegranate to ensure her return. But with the help of Zeus an agreement was reached. Two-thirds of the year Persephone would spend with her mother in the upper world and one-third with Pluto in the lower. Joyfully Demeter received her daughter from the shades; and the earth, the curse removed, was once more covered with verdure. What we have in this myth is a prescientific explanation of the vegetation cycle of winter and spring, death and resurrection, Demeter and Persephone being vegetation spirits. Of Attis and Cybele, Osiris and Isis, Adonis and Astarte somewhat similar stories were told. Always there was the death and resurrection of a divinity, the reflection of what happened in the world of nature. And the stories formed the basis of regularly recurring agricultural rites and festivals. In late autumn the country folk met to mourn with loud lamentations the death of the deity, and with equally loud jubilations they celebrated his return to life in spring. These outbursts were not merely sympathetic; they had as their chief motive to influence in a favourable way the process of growth, to insure that vegetation would revive and with vigour. There were also prayers and offerings. Demeter was invoked and propitiated by the Greek farmers before the various operations of the agricul-



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tural year. So also the Hebrews presented the first fruits of their farms to the Baalim from whom they received the corn, the wine and the oil.

In the Hellenistic age the festival of a dying and rising god was still celebrated but with a new motive. Interest in the vegetation cycle had yielded place to interest in personal immortality. Through mystic union with the saviour-god the worshipper died with him to his mortal life, and was reborn into a life new and deathless.

Vegetation spirits were not, of course, the only ones propitiated. In the India of Vedic times the main objects of worship were the spirits or gods of the great elemental powers—Indra the thunderer who hurled his lightning at the demons who withheld the rain from the parched earth, Varuna the sky god and Agni the god of fire. To these divinities, whose power to harm and help was selfevident, prayers were addressed and offerings made. Butter, milk, and grain were poured on the sacred fires, animals were killed and invigorating soma set out in cups, while the priests recited portions of the Vedic hymns inviting the gods to the sacrifice and seeking their favour and aid.

In many primitive rites and practices the magic idea is unmistakably in evidence. According to Frazer the earliest chiefs or kings owed their position to the belief that they were endowed with mana and therefore able to control the weather, conduct a successful campaign and render other services useful to the tribe. Their magical character secured a species of veneration—they can be described as man-gods—and also surrounded them and even their possessions with a wall of fear which contributed much to their safety. For the magic force is not to be rashly approached; it can injure or even kill a man. Any object in which it is present is taboo, sacred, dangerous, and to be handled with as much discretion as one handles a live wire. A Maori who ignorantly ate the remnants of a chief's meal on learning what he had done took ill and died.

When, as in Totemism, animals bore a sacred character it was in some cases at least because they were regarded as charged with mana. Though taboo for ordinary use, a sacred

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animal might be eaten by the tribe on special occasions at a solemn meal, its mana being in this realistic fashion appropriated. We can therefore speak of such meals as sacramental.

At a higher stage of early culture there were sacred meals in which the partaker was brought into relation, not with mana, but with a spirit or god. Sometimes the idea was that of communion, the god being thought of as presiding at the table. But there were also meals at which the god was eaten. At the festival of Dionysus, a bull, in which the god was supposed to be present, was torn to pieces and its blood-dripping fragments devoured raw. The celebrants, believing themselves to be possessed by the god, conducted themselves in orgiastic fashion. It hardly needs to be pointed out that in a spiritualized form these ideas reappear in the Christian sacrament.

In giving illustrations of the character of religion on the primitive level we have made no attempt to arrange them in an evolutionary order. Attempts in this direction are, however, common enough. Many contend that the animistic stage of thought, long regarded as primeval, was preceded by a mana stage, and that before men began to conciliate spirits and gods they sought to control their world-environment by the practice of magic. At first there were no spirits or gods, only mana; and mana was the stuff out of which spirits and gods were fabricated. Durkheim, who treats the tribe itself as the real object of primitive worship, places totemism at the beginning. Andrew Lang and others, on the ground of the belief in a being who made the world, lives in heaven and does injury to no one, found among many savage peoples—the Australian aborigines call him Daramulun—have tried to make out a case for a primitive monotheism. But such hypothetical reconstructions are being increasingly received with scepticism. To the beginning of religion our knowledge does not reach. Nor are we in a position to establish among the phenomena known to us any single line of development. animism and magic, fetishism, totemism, ghost worship and element worship may all be equally primitive.

What can, however, be said is that with the growth of culture the earlier phenomena experienced a gradual transfor-



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mation, some elements disappearing or retiring into the background and new elements coming into prominence. And the growth of culture was associated in the closest way with the advance of the tribe from a nomadic to a settled mode of life, and above all with the rise of the nation.

The amalgamation, by conquest or otherwise, of a number of tribes into a nation, as in the Nile valley and the Babylonian plain, marks one of the great epochs in the history of the race. Life and property become more secure, and the arts of peace gain a place beside the art of war. Division of labour, rendered possible and necessary by the larger population, leads to an increase of wealth. Industry and commerce expand, bringing contact with other peoples. Considerable cities are built, and imposing public monuments like the Egyptian temples and pyramids erected. A feeling for the national history awakens, and the memory of the heroes and exploits of the past become a common possession, knitting more closely the tie of citizenship. With the introduction of a chronology and the invention of some kind of script annals are preserved. There is an enlargement of the sphere of government, the central authority taking over functions formerly exercised by the individual. It is no longer the clan or the kinsman who exacts punishment for the murder of a member, but the courts of justice. The idea of law as something more than mere custom or the arbitrary will of a ruler emerges, and codes are formulated like that of Hammurabi or the Latin Tables. Life is enriched by a crowd of interests—political, social, intellectual, artistic, and moral—which in tribal days existed only in mere germ. And all this is not without its effect on religion.

It was probably among tribes that had ceased their wanderings and built towns and villages that the first notable step in religious advance was taken. From the indefinite crowd of half differentiated, evanescent and nameless ghosts and nature spirits of the earlier days there emerged a limited number of fairly definite superhuman figures, each with a name and sometimes an image. Each town or district came to have its own particular god, or god and goddess, who watched over its varied interests and from whom help was sought in all emer-

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gencies. These local cults still persisted after the tribes had been merged in a nation, and were the main source of the polytheism which was so characteristic a feature of most national religions. "Thus the Babylonian seaport town Eridu was the place of worship of the idol Ea, the town of Nipur of Bel, the town of Ur of the moon god Sin. The sun was especially worshipped in Sippar, Marduk in Babylon, Nebo in Borsippa."<sup>1</sup> Similarly the great Egyptian deities were originally local deities.

The many gods of the national religions were not all on the same level. Naturally the god of the dominant town or tribe attained to a position of superiority and became the national god. Under him the others were ranged. "Just as, one after another, the towns of Memphis, Heliopolis and Thebes gained the mastery, so in the same order Ptah, Ra, and Ammon obtained precedence among the gods. With the rise of Babylon Marduk, the hitherto entirely insignificant local divinity of Babylon, rose to be the most important god in the Babylonian Pantheon; with the rise of Athens, Athene became the chief goddess of the Greeks, and Apollo stepped into great power as the protecting deity of the Delian confederation." A certain order was also introduced among the crowd of gods by a distribution of functions. One was a god of agriculture, another a war god, another a god of wisdom; one had the sea for his realm, and another the underworld. The Latins in particular, in their *Indigitamenta*, carried the idea of departmental divinities almost to the point of a *reductio ad absurdum*.

A development still more far-reaching in its effects than that we have mentioned was the gradual detachment of the gods from the nature ground from which they had sprung. The material functions with which they had originally to do fell into the background, and new functions of a totally different kind were assigned to them. The Vedic Indra, originally a thunder god who swept through the heavens in his chariot to hurl his lightnings at the demons who withheld from the parched earth the quickening showers, became in course of

<sup>1</sup>Bousset, *Das Wesen der Religion*, Eng. tr., p. 72, from which I have borrowed freely in this section.



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time a war god, the helper of his people in battle, and also sat as judge to avenge evil deeds. So also Ahura the Persian sky god was transformed into the god of civilization, "in whose service man tends the herds, rises from a nomadic life to a settled, builds roads, makes bridges, founds towns, wages war against barbaric hords, destroys wild and harmful animals, and practises faithfulness and truth towards his neighbours." The Egyptian sun god Re experienced a somewhat similar transformation. His primitive function was to break up the clouds and drive away the storm; but with the development of the state he became an ancient Egyptian sovereign who had ascended to heaven, the present ruler of the nation—the king was his son by an earthly mother—the determiner of human destiny, and supreme over all gods. Such divinities had naturally a proper name, for they were no longer mere nature powers or Baals, but distinct personalities with what we can call ethos or character.

A striking result of this gradual loosening of the gods from their nature ground and their association with cultural values is seen in the change of form under which they were conceived. The majority, if not all, of the earlier gods were theriomorphic. Among those of Egypt Khnum of Elephantine was a ram, Hathor a cow, Nekhebt a vulture, Bast a cat, Horus a falcon, Anubis a jackal, Sebek a crocodile and Thoth an ibis. Only one or two were of human form. In Israel Yahwe was worshipped under the form of a bull. Later we find hybrid forms. The goddess Isis had the head of a cow on a human trunk, Horus the head of a falcon, Typhon that of an ass, and so on. In the Babylon and Greece of historic times the connection between the god and the animal was still farther loosened. The Babylonian gods were pictured as riding or driving the animals by which they were once represented; and those of Greece as having them for their associates—the eagle of Zeus, the owl of Athens, the dove of Aphrodite. With the higher conception of the gods that had come with advancing culture an animal form was irreconcilable.

The number of national gods, although considerable, was still limited. What became of the multitude of spirits and

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minor divinities inherited from the remote past? Some no doubt were forgotten; but in most cases they were degraded to the rank of demons. Gods and demons were sharply distinguished. Demons were feared and hated, but they were not worshipped as the gods were. If sacrifices were offered to them it was to keep them quiet and at a distance. Inter-course with them was regarded as illicit, and often punished as a crime. And ghosts in the more advanced civilizations lost their terrors. The dead went to the land of shades never to return, and could neither help nor hurt the living. Where offerings were still brought to them as in China, these were regarded by the educated at least as a mark of filial piety rather than as propitiatory.

At its best national religion touches a fairly high level. In many cases its great gods appear as the authors and guardians of civilization and culture. They stand for some kind of moral world-order—a world-order which in Egypt and elsewhere penetrated to the realm of the dead, subjecting the dead to a judgment which sent them to bliss or misery partly at least according as the deeds they had done in the body were good or bad. It may be remarked that the Indian conceptions of Rita and Karma and the Chinese conception of heaven (Tien) stand for a cosmic order which has no personal power behind it. And though it is only rarely, as in the case of the Indian Varuna, that the gods are represented as consistently righteous, they yet embody, notwithstanding their savageries and frailties---Zeus had many love affairs and Indra was quarrelsome and sometimes took more soma than was good for him—traits which their worshippers could admire. We can speak of worship in some real sense, of a lifting up of the heart to what is not merely materially but intellectually and morally great. In an Egyptian tractate we find this remarkable utterance: "Do justice for the sake of the Lord of justice, even Thoth, who is far from doing evil. For justice is for eternity. It descends with him that doeth it into the grave. His name is not effaced on earth: he is remembered because of good." The following prayer of Nebuchadnezzar is on the same high level. "Set my heart in the face of thy godhead; grant me what thou deemest best; for thou it is



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who hast created my life. . . May I rule as King according to thy wish; let me not in my pride lose my knowledge of thee, for it is thou who hast chosen me out. O Marduk, great Lord, let me behold thy godhead; let me attain my heart's desire; set righteousness on my lips and grace in my heart."

National religion is, however, far from being all on this plane. Not even the best of the gods are completely ethicised, and many of them remain frankly barbaric. Even Yahwe in preprophetic Israel has his unaccountable moods, can kill a man who incautiously touches his ark, and can order atrocious massacres. And in no national religion is there any attempt to revise the whole conception of religion and of worship from the ideal or spiritual standpoint. The material and the spiritual, the moral and the non-moral, or even the immoral, stand side by side without, apparently, exciting any feeling of incongruity. If it is recognized that the gods take pleasure in justice and mercy, they are supposed to be equally pleased with meat offerings and drink offerings, and with the blood of bulls and of goats. Indeed it is the latter kind of sacrifice that is in general treated as the altogether indispensable one. While there is a feeling for the ethical, no clear distinction is drawn between the ethical and the ceremonial or ritual. Nor has the ethical completely detached itself from the customary and attained to the position of an independent interest. Sometimes a national god occupies in the pantheon a position so unique that we seem to be on the verge of monotheism. But the appearance is deceptive. In no national religion is the natural bond between the god and his people, or the god and his land, replaced by an ethical one. The god belongs to his people and must stand with them against all hostile powers, as much as the people belongs to the god. For a man to change his citizenship is to change his god. However wide his power the national god is not in any real sense the god of the whole earth. And provided his sovereignty is acknowledged he is not usually jealous of minor divinities. Paganism is hospitable, and for the reason that it is lacking in the earnestness—some will call it intolerance—that is sensitive to incongruous elements and determined to expel them.

In the centuries round the beginning of the Christian era

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there flourished in the Graeco-Roman world a series of kindred religions which in many respects marked an advance on national religion, but hardly deserve to be included in the highest group. They are known as the Hellenistic mystery cults, and have attracted much attention in recent years owing to the undeniable influence they exercised in shaping the Christian sacraments and to a less extent Christian doctrine and piety. As already indicated, they have as their basis one or other myth of a saviour-god who having died and returned to life offers to his worshippers, through a mystical union with him in his experiences, a blessed immortality. Only two points regarding these cults need be noted here. Unlike the national religions and in common with those of faith they are individualistic. A man is not born into them, but initiated. Religion becomes a matter of personal conviction and transcends national, racial and caste distinctions. It makes its appeal to man not as a member of a state, but as an individual and offers him an individual good.

The second point relates to the spiritual level of the cults. That they were morally superior to national religion as its best it would be hazardous to assert. While the patron divinities are worshipped as moral beings, they hardly represent the moral ideal; and union with them signifies little more than a process of divinising or immortalising. The individual immortality which is offered is hardly in itself a moral good, and it may easily be a selfish one.

(2) From natural religion we turn to the religions of faith. In giving to the highest group this title we do not, of course, mean that in them faith for the first time comes into view. Faith in the sense of such a feeling for the ideal values—rationality, beauty and goodness—as moves us to set them, not merely at the centre of our own life as the supreme objects of pursuit, but at the centre of the great universe, subjecting to them the whole fabric of the material world as medium and instrument—faith in this sense has been operative wherever throughout the history of religion we find some impulse to interpret the universe in terms of the ideal. Naturally it is not possible to put our finger on the spot when this impulse first began to stir. What, however, we can say is that it is



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not till we reach the highest group that faith becomes the controlling factor and that there is some real attempt to recast religion in harmony with it. We can therefore speak of the higher religions as religions of faith in a sense which does not obtain in the case of those already reviewed.

The rise of faith religions was possible only when the rational, the beautiful, and above all the morally good had extricated themselves from tradition and custom and attained to the position of an independent interest, nay the supreme interest in life. Such a position they certainly do not occupy among the mass of men to-day. And there never was a time when they did. Only of the few in any age can it be said that the springs of their life lie wholly or mainly in the ideal. The faith religions were no product of mass movements, although mass movements may have conditioned their appearance. One and all they owed their existence to great prophetic personalities—men in whom the fire of the ideal burned with intense and steady flame. The higher Indian religions had their source in the Upanishad thinkers and Gautama, the religion of the Old Testament in the Hebrew prophets, Zoroastrianism in Zoroaster, Christianity in Jesus and Islam in Mahomet. Because of this origin these religions are sometimes described as prophetic and again as founded. Their origin explains the fact that they do not mirror average thought and morality, but set an ideal towards which the ordinary man has to strive, with many failures and backslidings.

Another feature of the faith religions is their individualism. It is no longer the clan or the nation, but the individual that is the religious unit. The individual is set solitary before ultimate reality to decide his attitude towards it and to shape his own destiny. Religion has become a matter of personal conviction and choice. Individualism does not necessarily mean that the end sought is a merely private one; it may well be social in the largest sense. Christianity and Buddhism have been social forces of immense potency.

The faith religions are also monotheistic. This follows from the fact that the world is interpreted from the standpoint of the ideal. There can be only one rational order, one

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moral order. The rational and the moral alike demand ultimate unity.

Finally, the faith religions can be described as in principle at least universal. Their appeal is to human nature as such, and to human nature on its spiritual side.

Not all the religions mentioned as belonging to the highest class exhibit these features in their purity and fullness. It is, for example, only in a very limited sense that we can speak of Mohammedanism as rooted in faith; and in its sacred stone and its pilgrimage to Mecca it has elements that are irreconcilable with a universal appeal. In deciding the class to which a particular religion belongs we must judge it by its general character.

How are the faith religions related to one another? Can we subdivide them, or perhaps arrange them in a serial order? One profound distinction there is which no one can miss, that between oriental religion—Brahmanism and Buddhism—on one hand, and Christianity and its congeners on the other.

What gives to Christianity its peculiar stamp is its radically ethical character. Christianity interprets life and interprets the universe in terms of the highest ethical values. While it does not fail to recognize the right of rationality and beauty, it is above all justice and mercy and love and truth that it establishes at the heart of being. It affirms all genuine values, giving the primacy to the ideal, and among the ideal to the moral; and so doing it affirms the eternal worth of our human life and the eternal importance of our human tasks.

In India we are confronted by a valuation fundamentally different. To the world of our experience and to human life as we know it on earth all value is denied. The world, including separate personalities, is Maya, illusion, and there is nothing real except Brahma. And what is Brahma? According to the Upanishad thinkers he (or it) can be described only by negatives. If the idea has any positive content, it is to be found in contemplative thought—thought that is impersonal and free from all change and striving. Union with Brahma, which is the goal of redemption, comes through a series of disciplines calculated to detach the self from the world and all its interests, destroy the sense of separate individuality and



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with action at its source. The will to live being killed, the self, escaping from the law of Karma and the sorrowful, weary wheel of transmigration, enters Nirvana.

This, so far as empirical existence is concerned, so pessimistic outlook Gautama inherited and made more explicit. In rejecting the idea of union with Brahma, he practically eliminated religion from his system, leaving his system a bare means of deliverance from the intolerable evil of life. His most valuable contribution was a body of moral teaching of singular elevation and his own high moral seriousness.

In the later Buddhism the religious element was restored. Guatama himself became to his followers an object of religious veneration, and was then interpreted, in a way that reminds us of the Logos doctrine, as an effluence from the eternal and all-pervading world-soul. More important religiously was the introduction of the idea of divine helpers called Bodhisattvas. These helpers are not properly speaking gods; they are men who, ready for Nirvana, have renounced it in order to become the teachers and saviours of suffering humanity; but they exercise the functions of a god. To them the layman looks for salvation, and hopes to join their ranks in the distant future. As a result of this development a new emphasis is placed on the disposition of pity and love towards all creatures. In the older Buddhism a man's thoughts were mainly occupied with the task of winning his own deliverance from the sore cycle of birth, death and rebirth.

Although in this new or Mahayana Buddhism there are obvious points of contact with Christianity, the distance between the two religions is not substantially lessened. The pessimism with respect to life and its values in which all the higher religion of India has its source is not overcome. If the ethical is given a high place, in the last resort it holds this place only as a means to a redemption which transcends it. It is not as in Christianity established on the throne of being. The two religions rest on opposed valuations.

With Judaism, Zoroastrianism, Platonism and Islam Christianity has not a little in common. All can be described as more or less ethical religions. In conservative Judaism, however, so much is retained that is merely particularistic and

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national that its claim to universality is subject to serious deduction. Between liberal Judaism and Christianity the difference often narrows itself down to questions of speculative theology. Islam is only half ethical. Its God, notwithstanding the attributes of justice and mercy ascribed to him, is capricious and remorseless, the God of the relentless desert that holds you in its grip and may destroy you at any moment.

Among all the religions that have appeared in history only of Christianity can it be said that it is fundamentally and consistently ethical. That is its greatness—that and the fact that it has at the heart of it the supreme personality of Jesus. Have we any outlook beyond it?

W. MORGAN.

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## THE DEMOCRAT OF PAINTERS—HOGARTH

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### *Portraits\**

IF to be democratic means to put the welfare of the multitude before that of the select few, to prefer the interests of the “masses” to those of the “classes”, then Hogarth deserves the title as well as any who have breathed. Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, considered themselves English gentlemen of the middle class, or at least endeavoured to mingle with gentry so far as circumstances permitted; Hogarth belonged to the plain people and scorned making efforts towards any other associations. Though the first, and the greatest in original power, of the English painters of the eighteenth century (Whistler enthusiastically names him the greatest English artist that ever lived), he had little honor from the connoisseurs of his own day. Horace Walpole casually remarked, while admitting Hogarth’s power as a satirist, “As a painter, he has but slender merit.” The best that Reynolds could say in his “Essay on the Grand Style” was certainly “damning with faint praise”:

“The Painters who have applied themselves more particularly to low and vulgar characters, and who express with precision the various shades of passion as they are exhibited by vulgar minds (such as we see in the works of Hogarth) deserve just praise; but as their genius has been employed on low and confined subjects, the praise which we give must be as limited as its object.”

Sir Joshua went on to dilate upon the paramount importance of a close study of the Italian Masters; advised the young artist to follow Nature, but with discrimination, as it were,

\*Simon, Lord Lovat—National Portrait Gallery, London.

Lord Boyne in the Cabin of his Yacht—National Gallery of Ireland, Dublin.

Hogarth’s Sister Ann—National Gallery, London.

Hogarth’s Six Servants—National Gallery, London.

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to select always those subjects which were "lovely and of good repute."

Hogarth had previously published his "Analysis of Beauty", in which, though much jeered at for his lack of literary ability, he tried to state his own practice theoretically; to prove that freedom, not conventional obedience, was the strength of Art; that the human life before his eyes should be the painter's study, rather than "Old Masters." Hogarth waged unceasing war against the "Old Master" tradition—not against the really great, but against the third-rate copies of the less great—against the importation into England of "shiploads of dead Saints, Holy Families, and Madonnas." His independent and combative spirit comes out in his words to Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale). "The connoisseurs and I are at war, you know; and because I hate *them*, they think I hate *Titian*,—and, let them!"

Hogarth knew that Reynolds considered him vulgar, and therefore took pains as often as possible to strut past the windows of Sir Joshua's house in Leicester Square, sword on hip, hat rakishly cocked, wearing a fashionable roquelaire of vivid scarlet, and whistling to his bulldogs with all the swagger imaginable. Twenty-four years after Hogarth's death, the old Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy, made the *amende honorable*. In his Fourteenth Discourse he speaks of Hogarth's "extraordinary talents", and gives unstinted, though tardy, praise to him for the "invention of a new species of dramatic painting."

Hogarth had learned something from Holbein's drawings; something from Rembrandt, in spite of his caricaturing that great artist for what he calls "Rembrandt's *redikulous* manner of affectation." He had also cast attentive glances at the paintings of Teniers, De Hoogh, and Jan Steen but his own keen eye and understanding heart had been his main teachers. We recognize now the skilful effects of lighting in his pictures; his "extraordinary gift for putting on color clean, swift, and straight" (C. Louis Hind), and the immensely high degree of sure technique which makes his brush say exactly what he means it to tell. Scarcely enough justice has been done yet to the great revolutionary force that Hogarth was to



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stand for in English thought as well as in English art. The tide of Democracy which was to come to flood near the end of the eighteenth century shows itself near the beginning in Hogarth's determination to put on his canvas ordinary people in their everyday life—their miseries, misfortunes, and vices, as well as their foibles and jests.

"I have endeavoured," said Hogarth, more than once, "to treat my subject as a dramatic writer; my picture is my stage, and men and women my players, who by means of certain actions and gestures are to exhibit a *dumb show*." What a dramatic monologue, for instance, is the rich red-brown-tinted study of that crafty, humorous Jacobite, "pawky" old Lord Lovat, telling over on his fingers his successful escapades! Hogarth journeyed post-haste to St. Albans "to get a fair view of his Lordship before he was locked up" (in the Tower for complicity in the '45). When Hogarth arrived at the "White Hart Inn", Lord Lovat was being shaved, to present a good appearance at his trial. He got to his feet as rapidly as his corpulence permitted, and kissed the artist heartily, splashing soapy lather well over his face; for, crafty as the Medicis, the Chief of the Frasers was also, like them, a scholar and a connoisseur of art; and he knew that Hogarth's brush could make him remembered to posterity better than his own pen had done in the witty scandalous, and clever Memoirs (which may be seen on the table in the portrait). Hogarth's determination to paint this man was neither because he was a nobleman of high rank, nor because he was a notorious rebel, but because he was a unique personality, part traitor, part patriot, so broken with age and infirmity that he had to be carried in a litter, but disdaining to plead for his life, meeting his death with an insouciant dignity, and quoting, "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," before the great Tower axe fell upon his neck in the last execution to take place by that weapon in England.

However, whether the subject be a peer of the realm, attainted, or in full repute, or merely strolling players dancing in a barn, matters not a whit to Hogarth. He might well have taken for his, the motto of that ancient who said, "I count nothing that is human, alien to me." When he has an order

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for a nobleman's portrait, he will not pose his subject in some majestic attitude as a pillar of state. It was said that to be painted by Van Dyck "conferred a patent of nobility"; to be portrayed by Hogarth was more like a visit to one's father confessor. It is always the character and tastes of the man that he seizes upon, not the dignity of rank.

One can imagine the stir in London fashionable circles when his "Portrait of Lord Boyne" was first exhibited,—

"Monstrous poor taste, on my word!"

"La! What better could you expect from that vulgar little man? He knows nothing of the manners of gentlefolk."

"Dashed if I see how my Lord could permit it! But the Boynes were always eccentric. Some of these Irish gentry have vastly odd notions," etc. etc.

Instead of in robes and coronet, or at least adorned with ruffles and silver buckles, Lord Boyne is painted by Hogarth in the cabin of his yacht. The light falls from a porthole high on the left, across the centre-table over the large chart upon which a fine-looking thoughtful man (probably the skipper) is pointing out the course; the reflection comes brilliantly back from the glazed surface of the large globe on the extreme right. One ancient mariner has raised his hand to emphasize the warning he appears to be uttering; another weather-beaten old salt seems corroborating the tale. Both have glasses in hand and the punch-bowl on the table is nearly empty. Under the table a cat reposes peacefully, and Hogarth has painted himself in the background. In the direct foreground, lounging carelessly sideways on his chair, and leaning slightly on a stick; not only minus coronet and robes, but in rather undress costume, wearing no wig, and with his bare feet thrust into slippers, sits Gustavus, Viscount Boyne, listening with keen interest to the discussion. The lighting, the natural grouping, above all the apparent unconsciousness of "pose", and the wonderful play of expression on the five faces, make this to modern eyes, not only an interesting but a very beautiful picture. Lord Boyne liked his portrait much, and it is still in possession of his descendants, although loaned for exhibit to the National Gallery of Ireland.

But portraits for which he received high prices did not



## THE DEMOCRAT OF PAINTERS—HOGARTH

draw out his skill any more than that one which the "National Gallery" ranks among its chief treasures—"Hogarth's Six Servants." Here he paints a group of wonderful character-studies—two old men, three women-servants in neat caps, and a boy, who had worked for him. This little testimony to faithful service and honest labor incidentally throws light on himself as an appreciative and considerate master, bearing out that sentence in his autobiography which reads, "I have invariably attempted to make those about me tolerably happy."

When he chooses, Hogarth can paint a woman's portrait, full of vitality and beauty of coloring. To compare his well-known "Shrimp-girl," who breathes the spirit of Scott's lines:

"Forward and frolic glee were there,  
The will to do, the soul to dare,"—

with the sugary affectation of Greuze's "Laitière," is to see at once the difference between a real return to nature, and the fashionable "fad," which, later, was to set Marie Antoinette to play at butter-making at Petit Trianon. His painting of Lavinia Fenton as "Polly Peachum," and the eight portraits that he made of Peg Woffington are full of vivid energy and expression, and of charming delicacy in the treatment of the silk, lace and pearls of their feminine array. One of his best studies is that of his sister Ann, for whom in the days when they were poor, and he was only an engraver's apprentice at the "Sign of the Golden Angel," William Hogarth had made his first independent design—a pictured advertisement-bill for Ann's dress-making venture, called "Ye olde Frock Shop."

Ann is no beauty; she is far too like her brother for that; she has the freshness of youth, and she looks brisk, buxom, and capable. There is amazing vitality in that independent, straightforward, almost saucy glance; and there is great beauty in the lovely color-scheme of contrast between the primrose-yellow dress, soft green mantle, and dark grey background. The light just glints on the string of pearls in her hair—brother Will's gift—and the whole chord of color is, as it were, caught together by the rosy-lavender hue of the flower in Ann's crisp ruffles.

Those who know Hogarth only from his prints, forget

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that most of those were first painted, and that Hogarth was a superb colorist.

One cannot cease without a reference to his trenchant, rapier-like power as a caricature-portraitist. John Wilkes with the cap of Liberty; Churchill the Bear; Pope splashing away at the Arch of Fame—in fact all the noted characters of his time are unforgettably preserved for ours.

Yet, masterly and independent as are his portraits, either serious or comic, they did not interest him as did his "Conversation-pieces," his "Progresses," and "Series," in which, as no other artist has ever done, he mirrors the entire range of human life in the London of his generation.

For the complete engraved edition of his works which he hoped to issue, Hogarth planned what he called "The No Dedication." It was to be inscribed\* "To *no* Royal personage—to *no* person of quality—to *no* learned university—to *Nobody* in particular, but to Everybody, from Everybody's friend and well-wisher, William Hogarth."

A. ERMATINGER FRASER.

\*Somewhat condensed.



## CANADIAN HISTORY IN THE FRENCH-CANADIAN NOVEL

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IT requires only a brief examination of the literature of French Canada to discover what a notable share of it has been inspired by the labors and exploits performed by Canadians of the past.

Emphasis on history is natural in an intensely race-conscious community encircled and penetrated by people of alien descent; it is noticeable in Irish literature of the past century. The first outstanding French-Canadian literary work, Garneau's *History of Canada*, owed its origin to racial rivalry: the jibes of some English fellow-clerks in the law office where young Garneau was working goaded him into the resolve to write down the story of his people. "You will see," he cried resentfully, "how our ancestors were vanquished, and whether such a defeat was not as glorious as victory!"<sup>1</sup>

A zealous company of historical investigators followed the path marked out by Garneau, and other branches of literature drew inspiration from his work. A school of poets sprang up, eager to celebrate the ancient glories of New France, and in the previously almost unworked field of fiction the historical novel took first place.

Philippe-Aubert de Gaspé, the genial, gray-haired seigneur of St. Jean Port Joli, had read Garneau's history with enthusiasm and delight. Its glowing tales of French-Canadian heroism stirred his pride of race. "Long have you been ignored, my Canadian brothers of old!" he writes in a fervid passage;<sup>2</sup> "Shamefully have you been slandered! Honor to those who have redeemed your memory! Honor, a hundred times honor to our compatriot, M. Garneau, who has rent the veil that hid your exploits!" Tales de Gaspé had heard at his grandmother's knee, or from his grandfather, a veteran who had commanded a corps at Ticonderoga, were vividly recalled to him by Garneau's pages. There came over him a

<sup>1</sup>Camille Roy, in *Canada and Its Provinces*, Vol. 12.

<sup>2</sup>*Les anciens Canadiens*, chapter 12.

## QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

keen desire to retell these stories for the benefit of the younger generation, to do his part in preserving the traditions of his people.

De Gaspé was born less than thirty years after the British conquest, so his hoard of anecdotes relating to that event was particularly rich. It was therefore natural for him to select the decade beginning with 1757 as the period of the novel which, well past his seventieth birthday, he sat down to write. In 1863 this novel appeared, under the name of *Les anciens Canadiens* (The Old-Time Canadians) in the short-lived periodical *Les Soirées canadiennes*.

The story opens at the Jesuit College in Quebec, where Jules d'Haberville, son of the seigneur of St. Jean Port Joli, has formed a close friendship with Archibald Cameron of "Locheill," a young Highland exile whose father has been a follower of Prince Charlie. On graduating in the spring of 1757, the two young men set out for Jules' home, where they are to spend a holiday period before leaving for Europe to take up a military career. They are accompanied by José, an old servant of the d'Habervilles, who shortens the road by telling a first-class ghost story, the encounter of "my defunct father, who is dead," with the caged skeleton of La Corriveau and the sorcerers who haunt the Isle of Orleans. Arriving at the village of St. Thomas, the travellers find a scene of confusion and distress: the Rivière du Sud is in the throes of the spring break-up, and Dumais, a habitant who has attempted to cross it, is being carried over the falls before the eyes of his friends and neighbours. Cameron, a strong and skilled swimmer, plunges in and saves him, and after this little episode the boys have supper at the home of Jules' uncle, where all are loud in praise of "Arché's" courage.

After they reach Jules' home there is a period of rest and enjoyment. The celebrations of May Day and of "la Saint-Jean-Baptiste" are described in great detail, and the fireside tales and chansons are quoted in full. The friends visit M. d'Egmont, an embittered man who lives a hermit life near by, and call upon the parish sorceress, who startles them by a prophecy of evil to New France and to the d'Habervilles, in which Cameron is to play an unwilling part. Then the two



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comrades take their departure for Europe, and the curtain falls on the first act of the novel.

When it rises again, Wolfe's siege of Quebec is at its height. Cameron, now a subaltern in one of the Highland regiments, is ordered by his major to burn the manor of St. Jean Port Joli. Faced with the penalty of a traitor's death, he obeys the order under protest, thus fulfilling the sorceress' prophecy. Then he is captured by savages, but is rescued by Dumais, who repays in this manner the debt incurred on the Rivière du Sud.

The story now passes rapidly to the battle of Ste. Foy, in which for the second time French and British face each other on the Plains of Abraham, and the French win a glorious but unavailing victory. Retreating towards the city at the end of the bitterly contested fight, Cameron comes face to face with Jules, who calls out a taunting challenge, but, weak from loss of blood, falls fainting at his feet. After restoring him to consciousness, Cameron is obliged to leave him in order to save himself and his men from capture. Later, under a flag of truce, he visits the hospital to which Jules has been carried, and with the aid of the Mother Superior, a relative of the d'Habervilles, effects a reconciliation with his friend.

Peace being concluded, interest now centres on the fortunes of the ruined d'Haberville family, who have been glad to find shelter in the hut of M. d'Egmont. Through the influence of Cameron, they are exempted from the sentence of deportation passed upon their friends, and are thus saved from an almost certain death in the wreck of the transport *Auguste*, to which the author devotes a chapter. The friendship between Cameron and the d'Habervilles is revived, and Cameron makes a proposal of marriage to Jules' sister Blanche; but the patriotic young woman refuses him, as the only sacrifice she can make to the lost cause of France. Cameron then takes up land near by and lives with the Dumais family, to whom he leaves his property. Jules marries an English girl, and all live a quiet and happy life to a good old age.

De Gaspé's story has been called "the first draught of a national epic"—"a species of *chanson de geste* in prose." A

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less elevated comparison would perhaps be equally accurate: as to plot and characters, *Les Anciens Canadiens* is a "boy's book," closely akin to the products of Henty or of Fenimore Cooper—a string of adventures with courage and comradeship as the cardinal virtues. Its boyish spirit is very evident in the handling of the love affair between Cameron and Blanche d'Haberville. Camille Roy makes the comment that de Gaspé "evoked a love interest, too prudent, perhaps, to satisfy the canons of romance, but capable of recalling the mingled smiles and tears that pervade the *Iliad*, or the passion, ardent yet restrained, that breaks forth only to die at the end of the *Song of Roland*." This is a diplomatic expression of the painful truth that M. de Gaspé, absorbed in the doings of his soldiers and habitants, forgot all about the lovemaking which every orthodox novel must of course possess, until he had almost finished his story.

Juvenile readers would grant an easy dispensation for this fault. For a different reason, however, it is doubtful whether the publishers of *The Boy Allies at Gallipoli*, etc., etc., would risk bringing out such a story nowadays. They would probably consider that the action was too much interrupted by talk and description.

It is this very feature which gives the novel its permanent literary and historical value. For if *Les Anciens Canadiens* is a boy's book, it is in another sense an old man's book too, full of quaint reminiscences of earlier days. Everything the writer remembers has to be incorporated in the story, or else inserted in a note at the foot of the page or the end of the volume. As he says himself, "To preserve a few episodes of the good old days, a few memories of a youth, alas! now long past—that is my sole ambition."

In the opening scene is an interesting picture of the Jesuit College and its surroundings as they appeared in 1757; the cluster of ancient trees on the campus, and the brook flowing down the middle of the street, bear witness to what de Gaspé calls "the bucolic tastes of our ancestors." Two pages farther on there is depicted the winter travelling costume of that period—



## CANADIAN HISTORY IN FRENCH-CANADIAN NOVEL

hooded blanket coat, scarlet leggings edged with green ribbon, knitted garters of blue wool, wide beaded sash of bright and varied colors, caribou moccasins pleated in the Iroquois style and embroidered with porcupine quills on the uppers, and finally, real beaver hats, fastened down over the ears by a red silk ribbon tied beneath the chin.

The d'Haberville manor is presented as a typical dwelling of a seigneur of the period:

a one-story building with a high-pitched roof, a hundred feet long, flanked with two fifteen-foot wings projecting into the main courtyard. A bakery, close to the kitchen at the north-east side, served also as a laundry. A small summerhouse, next to a large drawing-room on the south-west, gave a certain regularity to this old-fashioned Canadian manor.

Two other outbuildings on the south-east served as a dairy and as a second laundry respectively; the latter enclosed a well which communicated by a long pipe with the kitchen of the main building. Sheds, barns and stables, five little summer-houses, three of them in the shrubbery, a kitchen garden to the south-west of the manor, two orchards, one to the north and the other to the north-east, may give some idea of this residence of an old-time Canadian seigneur, which the habitants called the d'Haberville "village."

The chapter entitled "A Supper at the Home of a Canadian Seigneur" gives a detailed description of the furniture in the seigneur's dining-room and of the meal served. Later we have an account of the amusements of the people: the setting up and "blackening" of the May-pole, with the feast which followed; the celebration of St. Jean Baptiste, with its evening bonfires and signalling across the river; the merry games among the young folk, where, it is carefully explained, "almost all being relatives by blood or marriage, or friends from infancy, many of these games, which would be improper in our days and objectionable to the delicacy of the female sex in the best society, were then permitted without question." No fewer than eleven of the old French-Canadian chansons are preserved in these pages; we find also the legend of Davi Larouche, who controlled the weather for a whole season though without material profit to himself, and of the dead child who was obliged to carry about a vessel filled with her mother's tears; not to mention José's ghost stories.

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Page after page fills out the portrait of the Canadians of old. Their superstitions are revealed in the consultation of the sorceress, the mysterious and ominous crash which interrupted the toast to the success of the French arms, and the ghostly blow which foretold a future wound; even the upper classes were by no means free from credulity. The hospitality of the habitants in time of peace is charmingly described:

"Our habitants, widely scattered over the whole extent of New France, and therefore deprived of markets, live during the spring, summer, and autumn on salt meat, bread, and dairy produce. . . . To make up for this, during the winter a great consumption of all kinds of fresh meat goes on; there is general festivity; hospitality is pushed to its extreme limits, from Christmas to Lent. During this time there is a continual coming and going of visitors. Four or five *carrioles* containing a dozen persons arrive; the vehicles are unhitched at once, and the friends invited to take off their things; the table is set, and at the end of about an hour this same table is loaded with steaming meats."

"Your habitants," said Archie, "must certainly possess the lamp of Aladdin!"

"Of course," said Jules, "if they required the tempting service of our houses, the habitants' wives, who for the most part have no servants, would very soon be obliged to restrict their hospitality, or even to give it up; but this is not the case: indeed, they enjoy the company with very little more trouble than their husbands. The reason is very simple: from time to time, in their leisure moments, they cook two or three ovenfuls of different kinds of meat, which they have no trouble in keeping, owing to the severity of the weather. When visitors come, they have only to reheat the victuals on their stoves, which are always hot enough to roast an ox at this time of year; the habitants detest cold meat.

"It is a real pleasure," added Jules, "to see our Canadian women, always so gay, preparing these improvised repasts: to see them flying about, humming a song, or mingling in the conversation, running from the table which they are setting to their meats which are in danger of burning, and setting everything right in a twinkling; to see Josephte sit down with her guests, get up twenty times during the meal, if necessary, to serve them, sing her song, and end by having as much fun as the rest."

Contrasted with this lavish hospitality is the famine year which followed the surrender of Quebec:

The most difficult part was to get food, for the scarcity of victuals was frightful in the country; most of the habitants boiled



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and ate the small quantity of wheat they had harvested, for lack of a mill to grind it. There remained the resource of hunting and fishing. . . . The *manna* of pigeons which appeared in the spring saved the colony; they were so plentiful that they were struck down with poles.

These reminiscences are of rare value. Many of the incidents were related to the author by eye-witnesses. Repeatedly we find such notes as the following:

An old soldier named Godrault, who had served under my grandfather, related to me, almost seventy years ago, this cruel scene which he had witnessed.

This scene between M. de St. Luc, escaped from the shipwreck of the *Auguste*, and my grandfather Ignace-Aubert de Gaspé, captain of a detachment of marines, has been reproduced as it was related to me fifty years ago by my paternal aunt, Madame Bailly de Messein, who was twelve years old at the Conquest.

The notes, indeed, are from the historical point of view, of even more value than the novel itself. In them de Gaspé gave free rein to his recollections, without the romantic embellishment supposed to be necessary in fiction, but which some of them certainly do not need. There is an account in the notes to Chapter I of a gathering of Indians which took place in Quebec about 1795, and of which the author, then a boy of nine or ten, was a witness. Four or five hundred warriors, many decorated with human scalps won in the war with the Americans, collected in the market-place to dance the war-dance:

It was easy to understand their pantomime. First they seemed to us to be holding a council of war; then, after several short harangues from their warriors, they followed their head chief in single file, imitating with their tomahawks the action of the paddle as it beats the air in cadence. For a long time they moved about in a circle, chanting a monotonous and sinister air. It was the departure by canoe on the projected expedition. The refrain of this song, which I still remember through having often sung it while dancing the war-dance with the street-arabs of Quebec, was (allowing for errors in spelling): "Sahontés! sahontés! oniakérin ouatchi-chiconoouatché."

At length, upon a signal from their chief, all fell silent, and seemed to be scanning the horizon, sniffing the air repeatedly. They

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had, as they expressed it, smelt the presence of the enemy. After moving about the scene of action for some minutes, crawling flat on their bellies like snakes and advancing with many precautions, the head chief uttered a terrific howl, in which the others joined in chorus; and, bounding into the crowd of spectators with brandished war-club, he seized a stupefied young man, threw him over his shoulder, re-entered the circle instantly formed by his companions, stretched him out face to earth, and putting one knee on his back, pretended to take his scalp. Then, roughly turning him over, he seemed to cleave his chest with his tomahawk, collect the blood in his hand and carry it to his mouth as if to drink it, all the time uttering ferocious howls.

The more distant spectators believed for an instant that the scene had become a tragedy, when the Indian, springing to his feet, uttered a cry of triumph, waving about his head a real human scalp dyed vermilion, which he had adroitly drawn from his girdle; while the onlookers nearest the stage where the drama was being played cried out with peals of laughter:

"Run, little Peter (Pierre)! the Canaouas will skin you like an eel!"

Little Peter did not wait to be told twice; he dashed into the crowd, which made way for him, and ran as hard as he could go down Fabrique Street, amid the delighted applause of the people, who continued to cry: "Run, little Peter!"

It would, of course, be rash to count on absolute accuracy in family traditions handed down by word of mouth. It is evident, however, that de Gaspé did all he could to get the facts. Nor is he oblivious of the danger that such traditions may have a tincture of prejudice: after an unfavorable portrait of General Murray, he adds:

The author, while repeating the traditions of his youth, feels it his duty to remark that there must have been a great deal of prejudice against Governor Murray, and that it is probable that the colony has not spared him. M. de St. Luc, in his journal, speaks of him rather with eulogy than otherwise; but, according to tradition, this consideration was due to the subsequent behavior of the governor towards the Canadians, and especially to the high favor of which he, M. de St. Luc, was the object on the part of Murray.

This fairness and openmindedness is one of the most pleasing sides of that personality which adds so much to the charm of *Les Anciens Canadiens*.



## CANADIAN HISTORY IN FRENCH-CANADIAN NOVEL

M. de Gaspé is not content with merely recording events; he interprets them in the light of his own family's experience. An illuminating passage reveals the attitude taken by the Canadians towards the new English government; it includes the last words of de Gaspé's grandfather to his son, the father of our author.

M. d'Haberville is discussing plans for the future:

"As for me, old and worn out before my time by the hardships of war, I have a good excuse for not serving under the new government; besides, it is not at my age that I would draw the sword against France, which I have served more than thirty years. Better to die a hundred times!

"But let us return to my son. His health obliges him, perhaps for a long time, not to say forever, to retire from the service. His dearest interests are here where he was born. Canada is his native land; and he cannot have the same attachment for that of his ancestors. . . . He has gloriously paid his debt to the ancient land of his forefathers. . . . Now, then, let him consecrate his talents, his energy, to the service of his Canadian fellow-countrymen. The new governor is already well disposed in our favor: . . . he has expressed, on many occasions, his sympathy with the misfortunes of the brave officers whom he had met face to face on the field of battle, and whom fortune, not courage, had forsaken. . . . Under his administration, and supported also by the influential recommendations which our friend de Locheill has procured for him, Jules has every hope of occupying an advantageous post in the colony. Let him take the oath of allegiance to the crown of England; and my last words in our final farewell will be: 'Serve your English sovereign with as much zeal, devotion, and loyalty as I have served the French monarch with, and receive my blessing.'"

Every one was struck by this sudden alteration in the sentiments of the head of the family. . . . Captain d'Haberville, too proud, too loyal to admit openly the wrongs of which Louis XV had been guilty against those subjects of his who had carried their devotion to the point of heroism, resented none the less the ingratitude of the court of France. Though himself cut to the heart by this desertion, he would none the less have been ready to shed his blood to the last drop for the voluptuous monarch, swayed by the caprices of his mistresses; but there his self-sacrifice stopped. He would indeed have refused for himself any favor from the new government; but he was too just to kill his son's future through unreasonable susceptibility.

It is a pity that M de Gaspé did not begin his literary

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career at a more precocious age than seventy-six.<sup>3</sup> Two or three more novels like *Les anciens Canadiens*, with the added skill derived from practice, would have been a considerable gain for French-Canadian letters.

No such genial personality has since entered the field, and no more lifelike picture of early French-Canadian manners has appeared, though in other respects de Gaspé's work has been surpassed by later writers. The volumes of *La Revue canadienne*, a magazine established in 1864, contain numerous samples of historical fiction by Canadians, some of whom preferred to remain anonymous. The first of these stories was *Jacques and Marie*, a tale of the Acadian dispersion. Like *Les anciens Canadiens*, it was based upon tradition. The author, Napoléon Bourassa,<sup>4</sup> had Acadian blood in his veins, and was born and brought up among the descendants of an Acadian colony which had settled on the banks of the Petite Rivière de Montréal. When, in the early sixties of the last century, some of his collaborators in *La Revue canadienne* begged him to write a novel for it, he turned, like de Gaspé, to the stories he had heard in childhood about the struggles and sufferings of his forefathers. "Virgil has sung in the Aeneid," he says in the Prologue, "the marvellous origins of Rome; as for me, I am going to narrate those of my village."

The story opens in Grand Pré, where Jacques Hébert and Marie Landry have grown up side by side, gone strawberry-picking together, and become betrothed, with the approval of their parents, at the early ages of seventeen and thirteen respectively. Jacques' father, disliking the continual encroachments of the English, sells his farm and moves with his family to the Beau Bassin district at the head of the Bay of Fundy, which district, though nominally belonging to England, was in fact controlled by the French forces. Jacques promises to return next year and marry Marie; but war breaks out and he joins the French colors instead. In the border raids which

<sup>3</sup>Charles ab der Halden, in his *Studies of French-Canadian Literature*, mentions a historical novel written by a son of de Gaspé in 1837, and entitled *The Influence of a Book*; the best chapter, No. 5, is stated to have been written by the author of *Les anciens Canadiens*.

<sup>4</sup>Father of M. Henri Bourassa.



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follow the Landry family suffers severely. Jacques, in command of a party of French and Indians, arrives too late to save them; he follows the trail of the English raiding party and comes upon the body of his mother, which has been disinterred and partly devoured by wild beasts. With this sight fresh in his memory, he attacks the raiders and overcomes them, killing their captain in single combat. In the captain's pocket is found a letter from a brother, stationed at Grand Pré, who boasts of the favor shown him by an unnamed young woman of that village.

In all this time the Landrys have had no news of Jacques. Serious events at home begin to engage their attention. Grand Pré is occupied by British troops, who treat the inhabitants brutally, and whose officers, with one exception, are worse than their men. There is, however, one handsome young captain, George Gordon, who is quite popular among the Acadians, and owing to his acts of courtesy and kindness becomes particularly friendly with Marie.

The exile of the Acadians is finally decided upon, and the men of Grand Pré are summoned to the church, where the proclamation is read to them and they are imprisoned. Marie, wandering out into the darkness in indignation and despair, falls fainting and is discovered by a party of soldiers, from whose hands she is rescued by Gordon. The young captain secures permission for Landry to return to his family, and tries to persuade Marie to marry him. To save her father from exile, she is on the point of yielding, when suddenly Jacques stands before them, like an accusing ghost.

Just before the beginning of the trouble at Grand Pré, Marie's two brothers have set out to search for Jacques. They have the good fortune to find him very quickly, and have no difficulty in persuading him to return with them for a visit. On the journey they tell him a great deal about the popular "monsieur George," and Jacques realizes that it is the brother of George Gordon whom he has killed in the attack on the raiders, and that Marie is the young woman mentioned in Gordon's letter.

Rendered impatient by this discovery, he pushes on towards Grand Pré and falls into the hands of a party of sol-

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diers who have been out rounding up escaped Acadians. As they are conducting their prisoners to the village, they surprise Gordon in the midst of his wooing. Jacques breaks loose, accuses Marie of treason to him and to her country, tells Gordon that he has killed his brother, and makes a mad attack upon him.

Loaded with chains, he is dragged off to a dungeon and sentenced to be shot. Père Landry, a high-minded patriot, disdains Gordon's offer of immunity from exile, and Marie therefore feels free to decline the captain's hand. She begs him to tell Jacques, before he dies, that she has always been faithful to her first love, but Gordon's jealousy and disappointment are too strong, and he refuses her request.

As the firing party lines up, Marie, in bridal dress and veil, takes her stand beside Jacques and demands to be shot along with him. Some confusion results; the soldiers have to remove her, and during the delay Marie's brothers, with some French and Indian allies, steal up under cover of thickening darkness and rescue Jacques.

The exile of the Acadians now takes place; Marie goes along with them in her wedding dress, which she has had no opportunity to change, lamenting the untimely fate of her lover, of whose rescue she is ignorant. Meantime Jacques takes his revenge: catching the British officers in a drunken orgy, he sets fire to the house where they are carousing; several of them are burned or killed, and the rest barely escape with their lives. But Jacques saves Gordon, who has denounced the brutality of his superior officers and thrown his sword in his commander's face.

Jacques then rejoins the French forces and goes through the final campaign of the war. During the battle of Ste. Foy, in which he displays great gallantry, he finds Gordon mortally wounded; a final reconciliation takes place, and Gordon is able to give him some vague indication where to search for his lost friends.

When peace is signed, Jacques is torn between loyalty to his king and the desire to trace and find what is left of his family. If he remains in the army he will be sent to France and will never find his people. He decides, then, to take the



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oath of allegiance to the English crown and stay in Canada. For a long time his search is unrewarded, but at last he finds his father settled on the banks of the Petite Rivière de Montréal. With the old man is Marie, who has followed him there and tended him like a daughter. The rest is easy.

This summary of M. Bourassa's novel will show that it is not colorless or lacking in thrills. There is, indeed, a certain tendency to dwell upon painful scenes of cruelty and horror which might well have been passed over more rapidly. In compensation for this there are charming little pictures of Acadian life: the return of the fishing fleet after a good catch, when every lad brings a present for his lass; the dance on the village green, with its enticing sights and sounds—

the silvery tones and the tra-li-la-la of the primitive orchestra of Grand Pré . . . . the pretty Acadian girls, walking to and fro with arms entwined . . . . their saucy heads close together, their eyes smiling at one another under their little white caps . . . . the whispering of their discreet lips, their low, musical laughter.

As to character drawing, the portrait of Gordon is at once the best and the worst. Upon his introduction Gordon is vividly and convincingly depicted as a gay, well-meaning, and idle young officer, kind-hearted and chivalrous; but his conduct towards Jacques rivals that of Iago. A young fellow like Gordon might perhaps consider it no part of his duty to prevent the execution of a rival, particularly of one who had killed his brother; he might possibly be so overcome by jealousy as to refuse the doomed man the last consolation of learning that his fiancée had been faithful: but he would not himself act as executioner, nor would he be a party to such a refinement of cruelty as selecting for the scene of execution Jacques' old home where he was to have lived with Marie. A man guilty of such heartlessness would be quite beyond the pale.

Jacques is the usual hero of melodrama and Marie the usual heroine. In their boy and girl excursions they are less sublime but none the less attractive:

One day in the month of July, as they were going thus, all together, to look at the flowering hay, while the papas were discoursing on certain singular influences of the moon and on the outlook for the potatoes, Marie had perceived through the grass

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some fine big strawberries, which drew from her such a cry of delight as can be produced, at her age, only by these appetizing first-fruits. Jacques, well-bred boy that he was, gathered the finest ones for her at once; and while he enjoyed the pleasure with which Marie devoured these fruits born of dew, fragrance, and the colors of the sunrise, he noticed that the berries, in approaching his companion's lips, did not make them look paler.

Discovery number one.

In those alluvial lands, the mosquitoes are always very plentiful; it happened, then, that some of these treacherous insects ventured to make a raid on the fresh epidermis of Marie, while she was thus harvesting the produce of the morning; with a quickness natural to her, forgetting the strawberries in her hand, she would apply to the injured spot a swift slap, which, while killing the sanguinary mosquito, would crush upon the place the inoffensive fruit. . . .

When the party was approaching the village, a brook presented itself. Marie, quite naturally, asked Jacques to point out the stained spots on her face, so that she could make her toilet. He easily discovered the stains of scarlet juice on her forehead, on her temples, in the dimples of her neck, at the curve of that graceful ear which her father loved so much to caress; that is where the mosquitoes usually do the most damage. But when it became necessary to explore the cheeks and the rounded part of the chin, Jacques declared, after a long examination, that it was impossible for him to discover the impressions of the delicate fruit. . . . Most probably that great Jacques had found, in his researches on the face of his girl friend, many other pretty problems to solve.

Now and then even in the later chapters the author leans back in his easy-chair and allows free play to a humor sometimes gay, sometimes ironic:

Eva . . . . also had the failing of being a little too fond of moonlight; but she was equally fond of officers; and her weakness had this charming peculiarity, that moonlight without an officer, or an officer without moonlight, was for her always an imperfect bliss. . . .

No man is born a duke, or a lord, or even essentially an Anglo-Saxon. . . .

Bourassa, like de Gaspé, puts into the mouth of his hero an interpretation of the spirit in which the Canadians passed from French to British rule:

"It will be easy for us, during many years, in these illimitable forests, to conceal our existence and ignore the yoke of the con-



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queror; our children, who will not have served under other flags, will see the new one arrive amid the works of peace, and they will not know over what ashes it has passed and what ruins it has left behind."

This attitude, gloomier and bitterer than that of Captain d'Haberville, is characteristic of the book. Bourassa disclaims any intention of fanning the embers of old disputes:

I have taken as the theme of my book a sorrowful event, the result of a very wicked act of English policy; but it is not to raise belated and useless hate in the heart of my readers: what would be the use? do not all people preserve in their annals the record of frightful crimes which they have atoned for, or whose stains they will bear through the centuries? It is for the sovereign Judge to weigh them to-day. . . . As for me, I am too much a member of my race to undertake this great decision; I might perhaps put my heart and my hand into the scales which should carry only the measure of iniquity and the weight of justice. . . .

I shall not, then, distort history to serve the interests of my book and the cause of my hero; I shall say no more than has been said by Haliburton and the writers of New England.

The historical incidents described, indeed, are in general carefully verified and faithfully told. But in the fictitious part of his novel M. Bourassa has failed to attain the impartiality for which he strove. If you paint the enemy nearly all black and your own party almost pure white, you get a striking picture which nobody will quite believe in.

MARJORIE MCKENZIE.

*(To be concluded)*

## THE BISON AND THE FUR TRADE

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"In a Country of *Plantation*, first looke about, what kinde of Victuall, the Countrie yeelds of it self, to Hand."

Francis Bacon, *Of Plantations*.

WHEN Europeans first penetrated into the country to the north-west of Lake Superior, (afterwards described simply as "the North-West,") they met with great difficulties in transporting supplies. Their superior technical equipment made them in some respects less dependent than the native on local resources; but in regard to food, the traveller in the North-West was as dependent as an Indian on local sources of supply. Durable equipment, such as shelter and weapons, could be transported for long distances, and compact supplies, such as ammunition, could be carried in sufficient quantities for long journeys; but unless food could be replenished from local sources during the journey, exploration or trade could not proceed far from the areas of cultivation, which formed the bases of supply, or from the Great Lakes and other large uninterrupted waterways, which furnished means for the transportation of bulky supplies. This problem was solved by borrowing from the Indian ways of life. Thus European travellers in North America used the Indian canoe, the perfect vessel for the broken streams and lakes which form the lines of communication in the northern and eastern portions of the continent; and in the North-West, they followed the example of the Indians by making the flesh of the American bison the staple article of their diet. The journals of almost every traveller within the range of this animal, from La Verendrye to Grant, contain testimony to the utility of bison products as provisions; and the use of these products exercised a considerable influence on the development of the fur trade in the North-West. It is the purpose of this paper to trace this influence.

The original range of the bison in British territory was a triangular area, of which the base was the international boundary, the perpendicular the Rocky Mountains, and the third side a line running from the Peace River by Great Slave



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Lake and Lakes Athabasca and Winnipeg to the Red River district. This range was not separated in any way from the range in the U.S.A. Within these limits, the bison were found in herds of various sizes, from bands of a few individuals to herds of many thousands. It seems certain that these herds were voluntary and to some extent accidental associations of individuals, which moved together only because they were prompted by similar impulses; and, notwithstanding the statements of eyewitnesses who interpreted their observations in terms of human behaviour, they were not composed of harem-groups, and were neither surrounded by specially posted sentries nor under the leadership of any individual animal. There was a marked seasonal movement of the herds, northward in spring and southward in autumn. The principal factor governing this migration seems to have been the food supply, the summers being spent in the regions of the richest pasture and the winters in the regions of the least snow. Unlike migrating birds, the bison did not entirely abandon the northern part of their range in winter or the southern part in summer, but were found even to their northern limits at all times of the year. Locally, however, the migration left certain areas without bison during either summer or winter, and congregated enormous numbers in certain localities during the migration.

The numbers of the American bison at the time of its greatest abundance would now seem incredible were they not attested by so many reliable witnesses. It is estimated that between fifty and sixty million individuals existed at one time; and the species is supposed to have numbered about four and one-half millions as late as 1870, when its range had been reduced to about one-third of its greatest extent.<sup>1</sup> Herds of thousands of animals were common, and phrases such as "so numerous as to blacken the plains as far as the eye can reach" were frequently and quite accurately used to describe them.

The bison was unable to maintain its numbers or its range in contact with Europeans, who not only destroyed large numbers themselves but also supplied the Indians with the means and with an incentive for still greater destruction. A conspicuous feature of the reduction of the total number was

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the restriction of the range, due to local extermination. The continued abundance of the bison within the narrower range gave rise to an erroneous belief that the animals withdrew into the wilderness as the frontier of settlement advanced. In British territory, the eastern limits of the bison's range began to recede early in the nineteenth century and continued until there were only two small areas, one in the Peace River Valley and one between the two branches of the Saskatchewan River, where bison were found in 1885. In the former area, the subspecies known as the wood bison still survives; but the typical subspecies, the bison of the plains, was exterminated in British territory about 1889, when a band of eleven animals, the last representatives of uncountable multitudes, was slaughtered by Indians.<sup>2</sup>

Within the area where the bison was found travellers were almost entirely relieved of the necessity of carrying any food with them; for the abundance of the animal made it possible to secure by hunting a fresh supply of food for each day or even for each meal. When transporting goods for trade, or the furs which they had secured, the European traders wished to avoid even brief delays; and their journeys took them beyond the range of the bison and through localities which the animals abandoned at certain seasons. The fur traders therefore made further adoptions from the Indian ways and used durable provisions made from the bison, killing large numbers of these animals for food.

Besides the slaughter of single animals, bison were secured in large numbers by three methods of hunting. The first of these, the one most used in the region covered by this paper, was called "buffalo running." A group of mounted hunters approached a herd of bison at a slow pace until their prey became alarmed, when the pace was increased to the extreme speed of the horses and each hunter singled out and killed successively as many animals as he could overtake. The wild and picturesque scenes arising in "buffalo running," the skill of the hunters in handling their weapons, (bows or guns,) while their horses were galloping at top speed, the intelligence of the horses in bringing the hunters to a favorable position for a shot and in avoiding the charges of wounded or angry



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bison, and the frequent accidents to horses and riders, have all been the subject of many vivid descriptions by eye-witnesses and by many later writers. A second hunting method was called "the surround." Instead of pursuing a herd, as in "buffalo running," the mounted hunters rode around a herd in an ever-narrowing spiral, shooting down the animals until all were killed or until the remnant broke through the cordon and escaped. The third method was called "impounding." Here a herd of bison was driven into an enclosure and there slaughtered. Sometimes the herd was enticed into the enclosure by a decoy, usually a hunter wearing the skin of a bison calf and imitating its voice and actions. A method called "still-hunting," by which the grazing animals were shot down one by one by a concealed hunter, was much used in the U.S.A. in the seventies and eighties, when hides rather than flesh were the objects of the hunt; but this method, which depended for its success on accurate fire-arms, was little used in the British North-West.

The product of these extensive hunts, in which hundreds of animals would be killed in a single day, could not be consumed while it was fresh. Much of it was wasted, but great quantities of preserved meat were made from it. The most important form of prepared meat is called pemmican. This word, which appears in many variations of spelling in the literature of the West and North-West, is the Cree name of this provision. It signifies, literally, "made with fat," being the Cree word "pimi," fat, and "-can," a Cree suffix denoting something made.<sup>3</sup> Pemmican was made by cutting lean meat into thin, broad slices; drying it over fires or in the sun for about two days; then pounding it into a flaky or fibrous mass and mixing it with about four-fifths of its own weight, or sometimes with an equal weight, of fat which had been melted and was still soft; and finally packing it for storage and transportation in *taureaux*, bags of hide with the hair still on the outside<sup>4</sup> each containing about ninety pounds. This food, originally always of Indian manufacture, but afterwards also made by Europeans, could be made from the flesh and fat of any animal; but in the North-West it was usually made from the bison; and in the following pages the word will

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be applied only to the product of this animal. Some was made of selected parts of the animal, and to some was added dried wild fruits, to the improvement of its taste. Concerning the taste, opinions vary widely, the extremes being that it was "very palatable" and that "*le goût . . . était exactement celui de la bonne chandelle de suif.*"<sup>5</sup> The former opinion is discredited by the existence of a regulation of the Hudson's Bay Company forbidding its *voyageurs* from exchanging pemmican for fresh game from the Indians, on the grounds that the expenditure of pemmican would thereby be increased.<sup>6</sup> From personal experience, the present writer believes that the best possible description of the taste of pemmican is the following: "If any person should feel inclined to ask, 'What does pemmican taste like?' I can only reply, 'Like pemmican,' there is nothing else in the world that bears to it the slightest resemblance . . . (It) can be eaten, provided the appetite be sharp and there is nothing else to be had."<sup>7</sup> Concerning the nutritious qualities of pemmican there is unanimity of opinion. It is equal to three or four times its weight of fresh meat. This high food value in relation to its weight, with its small bulk in relation to its weight, its almost imperishable nature, and its convenience of being edible without cooking, made pemmican an ideal provision for use on canoe voyages.<sup>8</sup> Slices of dried meat, "beat meat," (or dried meat which had been pounded,) and "grease," (or rendered fat,) were stored and used separately, as well as being used in the making of pemmican.

The *taureaux* of pemmican were made to weigh about ninety pounds each, for convenience in handling. Portages were frequently necessary on the routes followed by the traders; and it was found that ninety pounds was the most convenient weight in which to parcel the cargo, as it was about the heaviest weight which the average *voyageur* could lift to his own back at a portage. Not only the *taureau* of pemmican, but also the "piece" of merchandise, the "pack" of furs, the "bale" of dried meat, and the "keg" of grease each weighed about ninety pounds. One "piece" did not constitute a full load for a man on a portage, however. With the aid of a "tump line," a band passing across the forehead and around



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the load, the *voyageurs* carried at least two "pieces" on their backs; and there is a record of one man carrying seven "pieces," or more than six hundred pounds, at one trip.

As already mentioned, the *coureurs de bois* made use of the food products of the bison from the time when they first began to penetrate into the North-West. The use of these compact provisions made it possible for them to carry into the country the European goods which were in demand by the Indians and to carry out the furs which they secured in exchange for these goods. It is doubtful, however, whether the French traders organized the supply of this food. After the British conquest of Canada, the Indian trade was largely taken over by British subjects, who adopted the methods of their French predecessors, and, indeed, employed French *voyageurs* to man their canoes. They, too, experienced the difficulties of transportation, and made use of the same compact provisions which the French had adopted from the Indians.<sup>9</sup> The use of a preparation of maize and "grease" was said to be one of the reasons why the English traders employed French *voyageurs*—others could perhaps be taught to manage the canoes but no others would tolerate the fare.<sup>10</sup> At the posts on the prairies which these traders established or took over from the French, the flesh of the bison was commonly used for food; but the contrast between the plenty at one post and the scarcity at another not far away shows that there was still no organization for collecting provisions.<sup>11</sup>

The many disadvantages which arose from competition in the trade with the Indians became so apparent that in 1782 and 1783 some of those engaged in the trade in furs between the North-West and Canada formed a combination called the North-West Company. Other combinations, including the X Y Company, acted in opposition for a time; but after 1804 the North-West Company included practically or actually all engaged in the fur trade between Canada and the North-West. One of the advantages of this combination was that it increased the scale of operations and thereby made possible a more efficient organization of the transportation of goods and furs into and out of the North-West. An essential part of this

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organization was the establishment of posts within the range of the bison for the chief purpose, and in some cases for the sole purpose, of procuring food from the bison herds.<sup>12</sup>

It seems impossible to determine accurately the amount of the food products of the bison consumed at any period; but some figures exist for particular seasons and districts which indicate the importance of this resource. The returns for the "Lower Red River Department" of the North-West Company for the seasons from 1800-01 to 1807-08, inclusive, show that during this period the North-West Company procured 1,125 *taureaux* of pemmican, and about 10 tons of grease, beat meat, tongues, and humps, or a total of about 61 tons of all kinds of bison products in this district for the use of the canoemen elsewhere.<sup>13</sup> At the same time, the North-West Company was obtaining from 300 to 500 bags of pemmican and 200 or more kegs of grease from the Saskatchewan district each year;<sup>14</sup> which would give an additional supply of at least 200 tons for the eight years under consideration. The Hudson's Bay Company and, during part of this time, the X Y Company also made use of the food products of the bison. Many of the posts of all three companies were provisioned with fish, caught locally, and game other than bison was also consumed; but at the posts within the bison's range this animal was the chief source of food, and the amounts consumed where secured are additional to the amounts given above as shipped from the Lower Red River and Saskatchewan districts for use elsewhere. To obtain an idea of the amounts used at the hunting posts, a particular and local instance must again be taken as probably typical. At "Pانبian River" post of the North-West Company, seventeen men, ten woman, and fourteen children, with forty-five dogs, between September 1, 1807, and June 1, 1808, consumed 147 bison, weighing in all 63,000 pounds, plus 410 pounds of grease and 140 pounds of beat meat, (both products of the bison,) besides a quantity of other game and of vegetables.<sup>15</sup> The daily ration of the French Canadian *voyageur* at this time was eight pounds of fresh meat or a pound and a half of pemmican.<sup>16</sup>

To relate the consumption of the food products of the



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bison with the whole fur trade of the North-West, it is also necessary to take particular but apparently typical instances. About 1798, the North-West Company employed 1,276 men, of whom 355 were "Pork-eaters or Goers and Comers" employed in the work of transportation between Montreal and Fort William or Grand Portage, and the rest were employed in transportation or at the trading posts in the North-West.<sup>17</sup> Between Montreal and the head of Lake Superior, biscuits, pease, and pork were used to provision the transport brigades; between Lake Superior and Lake Winnipeg, Indian corn and wild rice were the staples, but with both these bison grease was used; and beyond Lake Winnipeg, pemmican was the staple voyaging provision.<sup>18</sup> In 1805, the North-West Company's "outfit," the goods which were to be exchanged for furs and the equipment of the fur traders, transported into the North-West from the head of Lake Superior, consisted of 3,290½ "pieces" of merchandise, or a total of about 148 tons. This was loaded in 156 canoes; and 1,771 "pieces," or about 79 tons, of provisions, including Indian corn, were used by the crews of these canoes.<sup>19</sup> In 1808, each canoe of a brigade of eleven from Fort William to Fort Vermillion, a trip of two months duration, carried twenty-eight "pieces," (about 2,500 pounds,) of merchandise; and each was manned by five men and one woman who consumed six bags of pemmican and twenty-five pounds of grease, with a quantity of corn and rice.<sup>20</sup> Some of the brigades from Fort William, bound for more distant posts, used three or four additional bags of pemmican for each canoe; and hunters attached to the brigades supplemented these provisions with fresh game, especially when in the range of the bison.<sup>21</sup> The prepared provisions were obtained by the brigades at depots along the lines of communication, where the products of the bison hunt were prepared or to which they were transported from the posts in the heart of the bison's range.<sup>22</sup>

Not only was more pemmican consumed on the longer canoe voyages than on the shorter ones, but the compact and durable nature of pemmican was more important to the brigades for the more distant posts. On these longer journeys, a more bulky form of provisions would have left no room for

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cargo, and dependence on fresh game secured en route would have prolonged the trip into another season. And it was from the more remote districts, and especially from the Peace River and Athabasca River districts, that the most valuable furs were obtained. The amount of pemmican consumed does not indicate fully the value of this food to the traders; for it was of the greatest utility in the most essential parts of their enterprise.

The cost of the provisions is also indicated by figures for particular times and places, which may be taken as typical. The North-West Company, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, considered that the purchase of spirits and expenses of transportation, including wages and provisions expended on the voyages, amounted to half its total outlay.<sup>23</sup> Part of the spirits was used in the purchase by barter of the food products of the bison.<sup>24</sup> Somewhat more definite is the statement of the rates at which the provisions from one department were credited to it in the books of the North-West Company. The "Lower Red River Outfit" for 1801 values the provisions sent to the depots from this department for the year at £473 12s, Halifax currency, pemmican, grease, and "beef," i.e., bison meat, all being reckoned at one shilling per pound, delivered at the depot on Lake Winnipeg.<sup>25</sup> There is no indication of how this rate of one shilling per pound was determined. It seems to have been fixed arbitrarily for convenience in book-keeping, and it far exceeds the rate at which these products were purchased in later years. The hunters attached to a post on the "Panbian River"—i.e., the Pembina River—during the season of 1807-08 received a "royalty" of 4s 1½d on each bison and deer killed for the supply of fresh meat to the post, plus an allowance of spirits.<sup>26</sup> As the hunters received no royalty for bears, wild fowl, and other game, it is probable that they received a wage as well as their royalties. Whether or not they received royalties for the bison used in making pemmican does not appear. If bison could be procured for about four shillings each, the value of one shilling per pound for the food products seems excessive; for the animals yielded an average of about 400 pounds of fresh meat each, or at least fifty-five pounds of pemmican and



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forty-five pounds of dried meat.<sup>27</sup> At the rate of one shilling per pound, this gives a value of £5 for the food products of each bison; and the margin of £4 15s or £4 16s on the products of each animal must exceed the cost of making up the pemmican and transporting it to the depot. The effect of this apparent over-valuation of the food would be to show a profit on the work of supplying it to the transport brigades and an increased cost of transporting the goods and furs; and in view of the high cost, or even the physical impossibility, of obtaining food from other sources, the North-West Company seems justified in crediting part of its total profits to the work of gathering food.

The skins of the bison were in slight demand at this time; and the "Lower Red River Outfit" for 1801 shows only "10 Buffalo robes at 18s . . . £9," among the return of furs from this district for one year, which totalled 103 "packs" valued at £4,292 3s 1d, Halifax currency.<sup>28</sup> During the eight years from 1800-01 to 1807-08, inclusive, this district exported only 214 bison robes,<sup>29</sup> though, as shown above, it exported large quantities of pemmican. Some of the skins of the bison killed for food were used in making the *taureaux* in which the pemmican was packed; and a smaller number were used in making the "Red River carts" and "bull-boats" used in the transportation of provisions and furs. Revenue from bison robes was evidently only a slight offset to the expense of collecting provisions.

The combination of Canadian fur traders mentioned above did not extinguish competition; for the North-West Company had a powerful rival in the Hudson's Bay Company, which claimed monopoly of trade, ownership of the soil, and rights of legislation and jurisdiction over the whole Hudson's Bay drainage basin, including most of the North-West, under a Royal charter of 1670. For many years this company traded chiefly with those Indians who visited its posts on the shores of Hudson's Bay; but as early as 1691, its servants penetrated as far as the bison area on a trading-exploring expedition, and made use of the bison as food.<sup>30</sup> Dried bison tongues, purchased from the Indians who prepared them and transported them from the animal's range to the shores of Hudson's

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Bay, were consumed as delicacies at the Hudson's Bay Company's forts before this company was regularly established in the bison area.<sup>31</sup> In 1774, it established its first permanent inland post, Cumberland House; and in 1793, it extended its regular operations to the Red River Valley. These and further extensions of the Hudson's Bay Company's operations brought it into direct competition with the North-West Company; but for some time this competition was tempered by friendly feeling between the employees of the two companies, and there is evidence of mutual help in matters of defence, and of transportation, and in the supply of the food products of the bison.<sup>32</sup> The Hudson's Bay Company made the same use of the bison as a source of food as did the North-West company; and this use of the bison assumed great importance in the conflict which arose between the two companies, following the introduction of settlers into the Red River valley by the Hudson's Bay Company in 1812.

This conflict, with its unhappy results for the Selkirk settlers, has been called the "Pemmican War." Both parties to the dispute admitted that few or no furs were procured in the area of the proposed settlement and both agreed that the conflict was over the supply of pemmican.<sup>33</sup> The North-West Company was sure that the purpose of the Hudson's Bay Company in establishing the colony was to ruin a rival by cutting off its supplies of provisions.<sup>34</sup> On the other hand, the Hudson's Bay Company's official motives for fostering settlement were to secure a supply of agricultural produce for provisioning the fur trade, and to secure a revenue as landlord in addition to its revenue as a fur trader;<sup>35</sup> and this company declared that the North-West Company was planning to force the abandonment of the colony by depriving it of its supply of pemmican, on which the settlers were dependent until they could make some advances in agriculture.<sup>36</sup> On January 8, 1814, Miles McDonnell, governor of the settlement, issued a proclamation under authority derived from the Hudson's Bay Company's charter, forbidding the export of provisions, including pemmican, from the territory of the colony, except under license from him.<sup>37</sup> The North-West Company asserted that this territory included the main source of



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its supply of pemmican, but not the main source of the Hudson's Bay Company's supply;<sup>38</sup> and naval successes of the U.S.A. on the Great Lakes had increased the dependence of the former company on the bison, by interrupting their communications with Canada.<sup>39</sup> The North-West Company became more alarmed; hostility between it and the Hudson's Bay Company became more violent; blood was shed on both sides; the settlement was twice destroyed; and the conflict ended only with the amalgamation of the two fur trading companies, under the name of the older one, the Hudson's Bay Company, in 1822.

This amalgamation made possible a still more efficient organization and many economies. The combined staff was reduced; and the North-West Company's transportation route through the Great Lakes was practically abandoned in favour of the Hudson's Bay Company's route via York Factory on Hudson's Bay, and some posts were consequently reduced in importance or actually closed. Cultivation around some of the trading posts, which had been carried on to some extent previously, was increased, to lessen the dependence on local supplies of game and fish; and increasing quantities of cultivated provisions were purchased from this time in the Red River Settlement.<sup>40</sup> In spite of this, however, pemmican continued to be the staple food of the men engaged in transporting goods and furs.<sup>41</sup>

The Minutes of the Hudson's Bay Company's Council of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land between 1830 and 1843,<sup>42</sup> and a requisition for Norway House for 1845,<sup>43</sup> afford evidence of the amounts and values of the food products of the bison for some years in some districts, and indicate the continued importance of these products during the period following the amalgamation of the two fur trading companies. The amounts of these provisions varied from year to year, but the average yearly amount increased. Taking, as before, a particular date and place as apparently typical, the dried meat and pemmican ordered for the depots at Norway House, Cumberland House, and English River in 1841 totalled 1,185 "pieces," or about 23 tons, of which 450 "pieces" came from the Red River district, 80 "pieces" from the

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English River district, and 655 "pieces" from the Saskatchewan districts.<sup>44</sup> The figures do not show the whole quantity of these provisions consumed in this year; for large quantities of fresh and prepared bison meat continued to be consumed at the posts within the range of this animal.<sup>45</sup> Four years earlier, the regular staff of the Hudson's Bay Company numbered over 1,500; but the proportion of these who were stationed in the Northern Department of Rupert's Land, the North-West, where pemmican was chiefly used, does not appear, and an uncertain number of occasional labourers, engaged chiefly in transportation and therefore consuming pemmican, must be added.<sup>46</sup> In the year of the example given above, (1841,) about 1,836 "pieces" of merchandise, or about 82 tons, were transported from York Factory to Norway House and thence to the various posts throughout the North-West for the trade of one year;<sup>47</sup> but the quantities of furs transported during this year are not given.

There are several indications of the cost of these provisions for the period following the amalgamation of the two companies. The first is the Hudson's Bay Company's "Standing rules and regulations XIII, No. 8,"<sup>48</sup> in force in 1836, valuing pemmican, pounded meat, and grease at 3d per pound, dried meat at 2d, and fresh meat at 1d. At the Red River Settlement, however, 2d per pound was the prevailing price for all the food products of the bison during these years.<sup>49</sup> During the three years, 1839, 1840, and 1841, the Company is said to have spent £5,000 in securing these provisions;<sup>50</sup> but the quantity purchased by this amount is uncertain. Spirits were still used at this time and for many years later in bartering for bison meat and pemmican.<sup>51</sup> Repeated items in the Minutes of the Council for the Northern Department of Rupert's Land indicate that the demand for the skins of the bison was still insufficient to absorb the skins of the animals killed for food.<sup>52</sup>

The first effect of the reduction of the numbers of the bison was the restriction of its range, its numbers within this restricted range being practically undiminished. For the fur trade, therefore, the effect of the diminishing numbers was to add to the labour of securing food from this source rather



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than at first to reduce the quantity secured. The supplies were drawn from districts progressively more remote from the distributing depots; and the relative importance of the different provision posts changed as the range of the bison narrowed, the centre of importance moving, on the whole, westward and toward the international boundary. Thus in 1836 and 1837, Carlton House was the principal point at which the food products of the bison were secured and prepared;<sup>53</sup> but by 1859, it had taken a lower place than Edmonton in the quantities of pemmican supplied to the depots.<sup>54</sup> So far from the total supply being reduced, by 1856 or 1857 it had increased to between 100 and 150 tons a year.<sup>55</sup> The permanent staff of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1857 was still about 1,500; but during the summer, when the transport brigades were at work, nearly 3,000 men were employed.<sup>56</sup> Even as early as 1859, the supply at Edmonton was not always equal to the demand;<sup>57</sup> and a few years later both Edmonton and Carlton had experienced famines, and the chief point of supply was Fort Pitt.<sup>58</sup>

Besides the supply obtained from the hunters in its employ at the "provision posts," the Company purchased large quantities of pemmican at Fort Garry. Besides the Selkirk settlers, there was a population of half-breeds in the Red River district, descendants of the French-Canadian and Scotch employees of the fur traders and their Indian wives. Hunting formed the principal support of these half-breeds, and especially of the French-Canadian half-breeds; and their "buffalo hunts," organized like the hunts and war-parties of their Indian ancestors, were unique and interesting features of North-West life. About the middle of each June the hunt assembled at Pembina, and selected a "general," "officers," and "soldiers," who enforced the *lois de la chasse* under which the hunt was conducted. Under these laws, the general was given authority over the movements of the hunt, independent hunting of bison was prohibited, rules were laid down for pitching and striking camp, behaviour on the march, etc., and a return to the settlement during the progress of the hunt was forbidden. The hunters were accompanied by their wives and families, who made the pemmican from the animals killed by the men; and

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transportation was provided by "Red River carts," in which thongs of bison hide replaced all metal, even for the tires of the cart-wheels. In the hunt of 1820 there were 540 of these carts; but 1,210 carts were needed to carry the 620 hunters, 650 women, and 360 children who took part in the hunt of 1840.<sup>59</sup> The actual slaughter was accomplished by "buffalo running," already described, and hundreds of animals would be killed in a single day and many thousands during each season. As a result, the Red River hunters were forced to go farther and farther from the settlement to find the bison herds. In 1823, they did not go far beyond Pembina before meeting numerous herds;<sup>60</sup> in 1840, the first herds were found two hundred and fifty miles beyond that place;<sup>61</sup> and by 1870, the hunters had to travel some three hundred miles to secure the necessary quantity of meat.<sup>62</sup> The quantities secured by this hunt increased for many years, owing to the increasing scale upon which the hunt was conducted, the yield in 1823 being about 45 tons and in 1849 about 500 tons.<sup>63</sup> Only part of this supply was used in the fur trade, part being consumed in the settlement.<sup>64</sup>

The increasing difficulty of supply and perhaps a growth of demand is reflected in rising prices after about 1855. In 1857 the price of pemmican at Fort Garry had lately increased from 2d to 2½d per pound, and the price of grease from 2d to 3d per pound.<sup>65</sup> A further advance had taken place by 1865, when pemmican was 4d per pound, dried meat, 2½d, and grease, 6d.<sup>66</sup> After this the advance in price and the decline in supply was very rapid. By about 1868, pemmican had reached 1s per pound and dried meat 8d;<sup>67</sup> and about 1870 the regular supply of pemmican at Fort Garry seems to have ceased.<sup>68</sup> As late as 1883, a little freshly made pemmican was sold in Winnipeg at 15 cents per pound; but by this time the Hudson's Bay Company's former provision posts contained no pemmican, and the bison was practically extinct within the Company's sphere of operations.<sup>69</sup>

It must be noted in passing that pemmican has again come on the market. During the past few years, a small quantity has been made from the surplus bison from the Canadian National Parks. It is sold at about 50 cents per pound, and



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may be obtained through the Commissioner of Canadian National Parks, Ottawa. The daily press reported that Amundsen carried pemmican, obtained from this source, as part of the provisions for his recent flight to the Pole.

After the amalgamation of the North-West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, the latter company, though now including the opponents of settlement, continued to profess itself in favour of the settlement in the Red River valley; and, indeed, it did much to help the settlers. But its interest in settlement had been due to the control in its affairs which Lord Selkirk had acquired in order to forward his philanthropic plans; and even before the amalgamation, after Lord Selkirk's death in 1820, the Hudson's Bay Company ceased to assist immigrants to the Red River settlement. The settlers soon began to feel that the Company's interests and theirs were opposed; and they accused the Company of preventing them from finding outside markets for their products and in other ways hindering the development of the colony.

As proposals began to be made for an extension of settlement and for the encouragement of immigration into the North-West, the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company insisted that the area was not fit for settlement because of climate or conditions of the soil; and sometimes they involved themselves or each other in curious contradictions in stating the obstacles to settlement<sup>70</sup> The Company's opposition took more definite form as the proposals for the extension of settlement became more definite; and it was soon frankly based on the supposed necessity of the supply of pemmican to permit the continued existence of the fur trade and on the evident impossibility of perpetuating the supply of pemmican if the range of the bison were to be cultivated.<sup>71</sup> The Hudson's Bay Company had now completely reversed its official attitude towards the settlement of the North-West, and its position was now similar to that of the North-West Company in the early days of the Red River colony. There is a striking parallel between the objection of Governor Berens, of the Hudson's Bay Company, to the proposed extension of settlement in 1862 and the objection of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, of the North-West Company, to the proposed settle-

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ment in 1812; the former exclaimed, "What! sequester our very tap root. Take away the fertile lands where our buffaloes feed!"<sup>72</sup> and the latter said that "such settlements struck at the root of the North-West Company."<sup>73</sup> In both cases, those interested in promoting settlement overcame the opposition by purchasing an interest in the fur trade and a share in its control. It is significant that the proprietors of the Hudson's Bay Company did not sell this interest until the bison herds were seriously depleted, not by settlement, but by the slaughter of the animals to provide food for the fur traders.

Since the records of the Hudson's Bay Company are not fully available, the details of substituting other provisions for the bison products are not certainly known. No doubt the area under cultivation around the posts was increased; the quantities of flour and pork and other agricultural produce purchased in the Red River colony probably increased more rapidly as the bison decreased than it did while the bison remained abundant; the spread of cattle ranching over the former range of the bison suggests the use of domestic beef to replace bison beef; and the tins of meat, fish, and vegetables from the canneries of Ontario and British Columbia, which are now to be found at even the most remote fur-trading posts on Hudson's Bay and the Mackenzie River, replace the *taureaux* of pemmican. Improved means of communication, especially the railways and steamships, which have reduced the length of the canoe voyages; the spread of settlement and cultivation, which has brought the base of supplies nearer to the fur regions; and new methods of preserving foods; all these factors have combined to make this substitution possible in 1870, though it would have been impossible in 1770. The continued importance of the fur trade to-day disproves the prophecy, freely made as late as 1862,<sup>74</sup> that the extermination of the bison as a source of food would extinguish the fur trade.

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R. O. MERRIMAN.



## “MORE WAS LOST AT MOHACS FIELD”

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**I**F it be true that the soul of a people shines through its proverbs and folk-songs, then the national soul of Hungary is revealed in the still current proverb—“But no matter, more was lost at Mohacs field,” which is also the refrain of a favorite folk-song.<sup>1</sup>

Exactly 400 years ago there was fought this battle of Mohacs which has been an abiding memory to the Magyars, because for a century and a half it left nearly all Hungary prostrate at the feet of the oppressive Ottoman Turks. Moreover, it is of supreme significance in the immemorial contest between East and West, in that it marks the zenith of Turkey's domination in Europe; from the year 1526 the Turkish power began to wane, the decline continuing till checked by Mustapha Kemal only four years ago. Further, Mohacs signals the beginning of the august Hapsburg Dual Monarchy of Austro-Hungary, which persisted up to the end of the recent world-war. Around this epoch-making battle there is a brilliant setting of vivid personalities; the Oriental Moslem protagonist Suleiman the Magnificent, the ablest and most magnanimous of the Osmanli Sultans, was confronted by the Christian champion Lewis the boy-king of Bohemia and Hungary, who whilst sowing his wild oats was caught and cut off by the Great Reaper. In the background there lurks a sinister, Machiavellian figure, that of the French King Francis I, who claiming the designation of the “First Gentleman in Europe” was the biggest scoundrel, and arrogating to himself the title of the “Most Christian King” stabbed Christendom in the back. Fighting bishops, self-seeking nobles, sectarian foes, and a peasantry sullen in social revolt find places in the framework of attendant circumstance.

“From the fury of the Turk, Good Lord, deliver us!” Such was a petition added to the Church Litany in the fifteenth

<sup>1</sup>See “Hungarian Melodies,” by Francis Korbay, the English translation beginning:

“Had a horse, finer no one ever saw,  
But the sheriff sold him in the name of law,  
E'en a stirrup-cup the rascal would not yield;  
But no matter, more was lost at Mohacs field.”

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century, on account of the peril from the Turks. From the middle of the previous century, when the Osmanlis crossed the Hellespont into Europe, these fierce barbarians systematically overran the lands in the south-eastern quadrant of that continent; even Constantinople, after holding out against a score of assailing races for a thousand years, surrendered in 1453 to Mahommed II "the Conqueror." Nothing seemed able to withstand the inexorable advance of the "terrible Turk," and Europeans became panic-stricken. Under Mohammed's immediate successors the pressure on Europe temporarily relaxed, but one of these Sultans, Selim "the Grim", extended the empire at the expense of Asiatic and African states, winning Upper Mesopotamia and Egypt. Moreover Arabia, including the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina, fell under Selim's rule; whereupon in 1517 the Turkish Sultan assumed the dignity of "Caliph" of Islam, the headship of the Moslem world. It has only been in the last few years that both the Sultanate and the Caliphate have been abolished.

Suleiman, Sultan from 1520 to 1566, had not the blood-lust of his father Selim, who had put to death his elder brothers and nephews and executed his Viziers at the rate of one per annum—his reign was a short one, fortunately for the chief officials! Measured by the standards of Oriental potentatès, Suleiman showed exceptional clemency. Not till his old age when he fell under corrupting feminine influence did he give vent to hereditary blood-thirsty impulses. He became so infatuated with a Russian slave girl that he promoted her to be his legal wife. Anxious to secure the throne for her favourite son, this Sultana inveigled Suleiman into the crime of promoting to another world his two best sons. Roxelana gained her end; Turkey gained as ruler Selim II "the Sot"!

In his prime however Suleiman manifested fine, even noble characteristics. With the leading Christian sovereigns of his day, Henry VIII of England, Francis of France and the Emperor Charles V, he does not suffer by comparison. A lover of justice, he earned from his own grateful people the title of "the Lawgiver." A scholar and patron of the arts and literature, ruling with lavish splendour, he impressed even his Western contemporaries of the Age of the Renaissance so that



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they dubbed him “the Magnificent.” An able civil organizer, he held together his far-flung dominions for half a century, and improved the machinery of State to such an extent that it still continued to function in the hands of incompetent successors. Moreover, as a soldier he earned the admiration of friend and foe; his care for his men made them simply worship him. He conducted at least 13 campaigns in person, and although his glory of victory was not undimmed, he displayed outstanding genius as a tactician as well as a strategist. Eastern Europe soon trembled in spell-bound terror of his name. An outpost of Christendom in the Mediterranean (held for more than 200 years by the picturesque Knights of St. John), the island of Rhodes, was forced to yield to him.

It was upon Hungary that the mailed fist of Suleiman fell most heavily. At the outset of his reign he sent an envoy offering a truce, but the nobles of Hungary indulged in the pleasantries of cutting off the ears and nose of the messenger. In revenge for this breach of the law of nations, Suleiman led an expedition against Belgrade, which had triumphantly defied Mohammed II himself. This formidable barrier fortress was carried by assault. The key to Hungary was won; but the Sultan allowed five years to elapse before he forced an entrance.

Meanwhile Suleiman had concluded a startling alliance with France. This Fleur-de-lis was a notable “feather in his cap,” for never previously had Ottoman Turkey been recognized by a Great Power as a Great Power. Nor would she have been thus acknowledged in 1525 had it not been for the dire extremities of France’s position, and his shallow, opportunist temperament. Consumed with “vaulting ambition,” the French king had been a claimant for the Holy Roman Empire, and to curry favour made pledges to lead a Christian crusade against the Turks, promising “within three years to be in Constantinople or in his coffin.” Defeated in his Imperial candidature, he was soon defeated in trial of arms with the new Emperor Charles; routed and captured at Pavia, he lost “all save honour.” The phrase was Francis’ own; Francis who rarely kept faith even with an ally, and who spared “no man in his anger and no woman in his lust,” Francis prated

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of honour private and public! Any vestiges of honour left were speedily lost, in unfulfilment of his crusading obligations, as also those made to Charles V. Scarcely had the promised three years expired before the French were in Constantinople—not as conquerors but as suppliants! Francis wanted Suleiman to harass the Hapsburgs from the east whilst the French assailed them from the west. Turkey reaping advantage from the feuds of Western States (by no means for the last time in history), agreed to the proposal. Thus was inaugurated that alliance between France and Turkey, which has been a vital factor in international affairs down to the present moment.

Encouraged by the moral (or immoral) support of France, Suleiman prepared to invade Hungary in force. His task was an easy one. Hungary's name had rung through Europe on account of the achievements in war and peace of John Hunyadi and Matthias Corvinus, but this land had fallen on evil days. Hungary had good reason to ponder over the scriptural maxim, "Woe to thee, O land, when thy King is a child." Lewis had been left king as a boy of ten, and the Minority government gave free rein to the designing schemes of wrangling politicians. The young Lewis was encouraged in dissolute and extravagant habits, undermining respect and depleting finances to such a degree that the king had often to appear on state occasions in tattered robes and shoes and to deny himself the seven meals a day, for which he craved with an almost diabetic longing. The administrative revenues and the "sinews of war" were also lacking. Religious dissensions of Catholics and Protestants resulting in cruel persecutions introduced an element of discord. Moreover, "the winter of discontent" was embittered by the rankling memories of a class-war; the peasants had risen in revolt, but had been suppressed with a barbarity surpassing that of the outrages committed by the serfs. The leader of the rising, Docza, was installed on a red-hot throne, a red-hot crown set upon his head and a red-hot sceptre thrust in his hand; his colleagues kept from food for a fortnight were then turned loose on him to tear his charred, roasted flesh and satisfy their hunger. Fifty thousand peasants were slain and the rest chained to the



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soil; Hungary was divided against itself.

Upon this most distressful country of Hungary, the Turkish cloud lowered and burst. Suleiman with over 100,000 men and 300 guns invaded the doomed land. The “bloody sword” the sign for general mobilization was despatched through the state, but at first there was little or no response. Lewis now “became a man” and declared his intention of going to the front if he had to go alone. Inspired by his example, about 25,000 joined the Hungarian army. On August 29, 1526, it confronted the Turkish host on the fateful Mohacs field.

Should the little Hungarian army pit itself straightway against the vast array of the Turks? Counsels were divided on this question; one set of Lewis’ advisers favoured delay till reinforcements from the remoter parts of Hungary were forthcoming. But the king finally decided to make a stand on the spot, largely owing to the advice of the fighting archbishop Tomory.

When battle was joined, on Mohacs field, the Hungarian cavalry charged with such élan that a score or more knights forced their way through the Janissaries up to the Sultan himself, well nigh capturing him. But Suleiman coolly ordered his 300 guns to unmask their fire. The results were deadly; the flower of the Magyar nobility wilted under the hot blasts of the artillery and the arquebuses of the Janissaries, whilst there came strongly into action “the flanking Spahis with their cursed howls of ‘Allah! Allah!’ and their trick of coming on by fifties round a little flag.” The Hungarian army crumpled up; the retreat became a rout, the rout became a débâcle. Flying from the stricken field, Lewis fell into a brook swollen by a sudden downpour of rain and was drowned. Thus perished the unhappy king who “was born prematurely, married young and died young.” Eight bishops, 22 magnates and 20,000 Hungarians also met their death.

Mohacs was the grave of Hungarian independence. Certain patriots made desperate stands, but resistance was spasmodic and ill-organized. For a century and a half the mass of Hungary groaned under Ottoman domination.

Hungary’s agony was intensified by her connection with Austria. There was a disputed succession to the throne left

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vacant by Lewis. While a noble named John Zapolya was found willing to accept the kingship from one party and reign as a vassal of Suleiman, another party chose Ferdinand, brother-in-law of Lewis and brother of the Emperor Charles V. Although for a long time Austria controlled only a narrow western and northern strip of Hungary, the association of the two countries was thereby established, Hungary being a dependency till 1867 when she became partner in the Dual Monarchy. During the early days after Mohacs, however, the Germans in most severe and drastic fashion sought to extinguish the national spirit of the Magyars under their rule.

Nevertheless it was Austria which henceforth wielded the crusader's sword against the Turk and wielded it with conspicuous success. Her boundaries ran alongside those of the Moslem empire; both fought over the body of desolated Hungary. In the Habsburg claim to the throne of the Magyars, Suleiman had a pretext for further advance, and in 1529 the Sultan launched against Austria an expedition 250,000 strong. But he met with a signal repulse before Vienna. After 24 days of vain assaults, Suleiman raised the siege, averring "We are not come to take your city, but to fight your archduke." Napoleon later in history made similar excuses to explain away his failure to storm Acre. Like Napoleon, Suleiman could ruefully complain that a single city had caused him to "miss his destiny," in the one case the triumphant march eastward, and in the other a victorious advance westward.

From this time Turkey went into a decline, becoming the "Sick Man of Europe," but her debility did not manifest itself obviously during the rest of Suleiman's long lifetime. Once only did the Turk rally his failing strength, in 1683, when Vienna was again menaced. The Austrians and other members of the "Holy League" followed up the retreating, demoralized Turks. In 1686 the capital, Buda, was recovered by Christendom, and the next year most of Hungary was liberated from the Ottoman yoke as the result of a battle in which by an act of poetic justice the Turks this time met irreparable defeat; the site of this battle was Mohacs field!

A. E. PRINCE.



## WOLFE ISLAND, 1860

The boy shoved off the skiff into the dark,  
And drifting silently along the shore,  
Watched for the signal. Came a flash, no more—  
He turned, and steering for that half-seen mark,  
Rowed quickly, noiselessly across the dark  
Wide quiet stream. He tapped at the low door  
Of the old boathouse on the New York shore;  
The hunted slave came out, the two embark.

Back, quickly, noiselessly, across the slow  
Dark quiet stream the skiff is rowed. The toil  
Is done, the slave is free. Few words but fast  
He speaks. "Boy, is this Canada"? "Yes"—Lo!  
The man kneels down to kiss our British soil  
With tears of joy for freedom won at last.

D. D. CALVIN.

Note.—This sonnet is based upon an incident of his youth told by the late Capt. James Allen, of Kingston, whose people or friends were evidently working with the "Underground Railway" of pre-Civil War days.

## BALLADE OF A HOSPITAL

In gray or striped, in pink or blue,  
Or dainty plump, or stately tall,  
What have the years in store for you?  
What future lot to you shall fall?  
(After a month of gentle thrall,  
And three parts whole in wind and limb,  
A limping bard attempts to scrawl  
His thanks for what you did for him.)

From snowy cap to polished shoe,  
Winsome and pure as fire withal,  
You might have pleased the startled view  
Of that misogynist St. Paul.

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Alert to every patient's call,  
Who, when the morning glimmered dim,  
Waved to your shadow on the wall  
His thanks for what you did for him.

*You* shall arrange the plan anew,  
Method and time in hospital;  
And *You* shall nurse the great or do  
First service to the very small.  
Round *You* shall cling in happy brawl  
Babes turbulent with life and vim,  
Whose father cannot utter all  
His thanks for what you did for him.

### *Envoy*

Women! When Gabriel's trumpet shall  
Blare from the last horizon brim,  
God speak throughout His judgement hall  
His thanks for what you did for Him!

The above poem is by Dr. A. J. Campbell, who for thirty years practised in the little town of Duns, Berwickshire, Scotland.

## ANACREONTIC ODES

### I. THE LYRE

I fain would tell the Atreidae's might,  
And Cadmus would I gladly sing;  
Of naught but love and lovers bright  
The errant chords, alas! still ring.  
I try what change of strings will do:  
The lyre itself I alter quite;  
Then sing a subject fresh and new:  
Alcides' toils; but its delight  
Is still to sound with loving strains.  
And so to Herakles farewell,  
For obstinate my lyre remains  
To sing the pain that lovers tell.



## POETRY

### II. EROS

The midnight hour was come, and slow  
The Waggoner drives down the Bear;  
The whole world lay in sleep, and lo!  
Men were released from toil and care.  
Then Love, the wily rogue, came near  
And pounded on my bolted door.

"What," cried I, "are you doing here?  
Why come at this unearthly hour?  
My peaceful dreams you scatter quite."

"O, ope the door for me," he cries;  
I'm but a child, why dread my sight?  
I've wandered far, I'm cold and faint;  
I've lost my way, my limbs are lead.  
Have pity on me; hear my plaint,  
And let me in; I'm almost dead."

Touched by his piteous child-like prayer,  
A lamp I lit, and oped the door.

In came the wingèd boy: with care  
He slowly moved across the floor,  
And on the hearth he took his stand.  
I dried his hair, by rain-storm soiled;  
I chafed with mine his ice-cold hand;  
And when the bitter cold was foiled,

"Come," said he, "let us try the bow:  
I fear the string is much too damp."

He held it straight, and, aiming low,  
Went nearer to the flaming lamp.

You know how swift the gadfly stings:  
So swift he drew the bow: the dart  
Flies to the mark and shrill it rings,  
And ere I knew it pierced my heart.

Up then he leapt and laughed with glee:

"Mine host," he said, "we joyous part:  
The bow was sound as bow could be,  
And now Love's pain is in your heart."

IAN ROBERTSON.

## QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

### BOOK REVIEWS

#### *The People and the Book.\**

Composite books have increased of late. Such is Peake's Commentary, The Outline of Christianity, Science, Religion and Reality, etc. It is a sign of the intense specialism of the present age. This volume deals with the Hebrew people, their history and their literature. There are fifteen different chapters by as many different scholars, each distinguished in his own line. The writers are members of a society in Britain which meets for the purpose of conference on these related subjects. The task of editing the volume was assigned to Professor Peake who, by his experience and gifts, is well fitted for that kind of work. He says: "The present work owes its origin to a request from the Society for Old Testament Study that I should edit a volume of essays. I accepted the task with not a little hesitation because my time was already deeply pledged; but I recognized how great a cause such a volume might render in the present situation and felt that I ought not to decline it. Its completion has been delayed by various causes on which I need not dwell, but the delay has not been altogether a disadvantage since it has enabled us to take a fuller account of recent work."

The subjects dealt with may be classed under archaeology, history, literature, theology and criticism. A glance at the contents shows how much scholarship working in different directions has been spent on the ancient documents. It is not possible in a brief notice to review a book of this kind but it is well to call the attention of students to an important piece of work. Several of the chapters can be read with interest by any intelligent reader, but some are rather technical and complex for those who have not given much attention to the subjects. The opening chapter by Dr. H. R. Hall on "Israel and the Surrounding Nations," shows that, with all the new discoveries, there is much uncertainty about the pre-historic

\*Essays by Members of The Society for Old Testament Study, edited by A. S. Peake, D.D. Clarendon Press: Oxford, 1925, pp. 508.



## BOOK REVIEWS

period. There are many new facts but when combined with doubtful conjectures and conflicting traditions their significance is often vague. After the entrance of the tribes into Palestine a thread of real history can be traced and this is done by several writers. Dr. S. A. Cook, on "The Religious Environment of Israel," gives an interesting, illuminating and well-balanced statement. We note, with pleasure, an able article by the son of the late S. R. Donver, "The Modern Study of the Hebrew Language," suitable for students of comparative Semitic grammar. One welcomes also, in this company, a contribution from a representative Jew, I. Abrahams, reader in Talmudic in the University of Cambridge. He throws light upon the method and spirit of Rabbinic exegesis.

One of the most important contributions is from the pen of Dr. J. E. McFadyen of Glasgow, "The Present Position of Old Testament Criticism." This article shows a wide and accurate knowledge of the vast field of literature. To any one not accustomed to this kind of research it may seem to be a bewildering chaotic condition of things. Professor McFadyen guides us skilfully through the maze, setting things in their right proportion. He concludes with the statement that, "we may consider the four great sources underlying the Hexateuch, and the date of Deuteronomy, in the seventh century—both of them discoveries earlier than Wellhausen—as a permanent gain, which subsequent investigation, however it may modify them in detail, is never likely to overturn." Though there is variety of treatment and style a high level is maintained.

W. G. J.

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*Racine*, by Mary Duclaux.

One knows that a book by Mary Duclaux will fulfil its purpose, and we have it on the authority of Sir Michael Sadler that vulgarization is a necessary work of the day—to supply the deficiencies of education for those who have in part missed it. This book is an excellent example of this kind of work. It received rather rough handling from the scholar who reviews French books in the *New Statesman*, but it is, for ex-

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ample, a far more useful book than Robert Lynd's *Molière*. Alternate chapters on Racine and his milieu gradually build up for us the atmosphere in which the poet shone—the triumph of *Andromache*, whose part Racine taught Mlle. du Parc phrase by phrase: when Sir Roger de Coverly saw the English version of *Andromache*, his sympathies and surmises were all for Pyrrhus, once he grasped that the latter was in the toils of a widow—the quarrel with Port-Royal; a letter from his aunt Sœur Agnes, which suggests that the Jansenists were very much too ‘unco guid’ for poor sinners to live with—the *affaire des poisons* with Racine's incongruous part in it, as if Dryden had been accused by Titus Oates—the breaking with the world after the failure of *Phèdre*, the sense of disillusion, remorse, disgust which made Racine resolve to enter a chartreuse; the Jansenists no doubt would have approved, but a Jesuit director recommended Racine to marry and settle down, advice he took—finally the last stage, Racine under the wing of Madame de Maintenon, who inspires Esther; Racine working for the school girls of Saint-Cyr. Here we quote:—

“Several Bishops, among them Bossuet, were also present and several ladies of the Court. The King was enchanted; the girls played their parts delightfully. There was, however, a little hitch in the green room. Racine was very nervous that night. At one moment the child who played the part of Esther's confidant forgot her words. There was the halt of an instant till Boileau, who was doing prompter, came to the rescue. On the other side of the stage the little interval had been scarcely noticed. But Racine, in the wings, was in a fever. When the child came off he marched up to her, glowering with solemn eyes, and in a voice which she had never heard otherwise than sweetly modulated, but which suddenly had turned harsh and eager, he said:

“Mademoiselle, qu'avez vous fait? Voilà une pièce perdue!”

Ah, Racine, you have no longer in front of you a professional actress, a case-hardened Champmeslé, but a timid schoolgirl of fifteen—“la petite chanoinesse,” as they called her! She broke into tears—loud, wailing, childish sobs. Ra-



## BOOK REVIEW

cine immediately relented. Of all the young improvised comedians at Saint-Cyr she was the nearest to his heart, for she was an Arnauld, a scion of Port-Royal, a great-niece of his old master, Antoine Lemaistre. He whipped out his handkerchief and, half in tears himself, attempted to dry the pretty eyes that he had drenched. "Hush! hush!" he murmured; "they will hear you in the hall!" And when the child, consoled, had stepped back on to the stage (where the King remarked her red eyes and whispered, smiling, to his neighbour: "La petite chanoinesse a pleuré") Racine stole out to the chapel and, kneeling before the altar, strove to calm that fever of his unregenerate heart."

It is a strange thing for the great dramatist of the age to end with private theatricals, but in a sense that is what the whole of the French Classic Theatre is, private theatricals for the Court: if the King is there and is pleased that is enough, and with Racine or Molière his taste rarely erred. Where would you find that to-day? President Harding died reading the *Saturday Evening Post*.

W. M. C.

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*The Canadian Alpine Journal* for 1925 contains the official story of the ascent of Mt. Logan, 19,850 feet—our Mt. Everest—and Mr. McCarthy the leader's story does not lose anything in comparison with the recitals of Norton and Odell, in fact, it suggests here and there the master hand in which Whymper used to narrate his prowess. With a few notable exceptions great climbers seem necessarily to be modest; there are of course so many opportunities for the elimination of the unfit in this respect. Mr. McCarthy is true to type—an effacement of self, the heartiest tribute to his colleagues, a suggestion of cool humour amid the worst of difficulties, and you are up and down Mt. Logan in twenty pages. And here perhaps is a chance to express a hope. This striking story of Canadian prowess ought to be told fully and given out in book form. The photographs which accompany the account are admirable<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>It seems however a pity that it was necessary to mark the delineation with ugly white scratches. The pictures of the summit are wonderfully suggestive, and real art.

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and should themselves carry the book, even if the letter press were not itself of such high value. One feature needs to be noted in this climb. The team, eight in number, did the real climb the last three weeks, depending on their own labours. There were seven amateur climbers and a packer. The team worked in relays, alternately acting as attack and reserve, and making double or treble journeys to bring their stuff up to the camp ahead. The major difficulties were the elements, wind, storm and old below-zero, the actual climbing—if we are to believe Captain McCarthy—not being outstandingly hard. The weather was worse in the descent, and the lassitude occasioned by the high altitude an accompanying disadvantage. One contrast is to be noted with the Everest climb, and that is that whereas the latter seemed dependent on a native cook, who gave his party fare according to his own heart, and at times impossible for their stomachs, the Mt. Logan expedition seem to have, comparatively speaking, fared sumptuously, “a fine breakfast . . . consisting of an abundant supply of boned chicken, granulated potatoes *au gratin*, with ovaltine as a chaser.” It is true that the Everest base was the Logan summit, but one can imagine that “Andy” would have provided something palatable at any altitude.

An interesting section of the book, by H. M. Laing, the naturalist of the party, deals with Wild Life on the Upper Chitima. This has some superb illustrations and also delightful observations on one ‘Whisky Jack,’ a jay, and various ravens and hawks.

Attention must also be called to some marvellous photographs of mountain scenery by Mrs. McCarthy, the wife of the leader of the expedition. It is hoped to have this book more fully dealt with by an expert.

W. M. C.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

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### *The Three Leaders and the General Strike*

It is perhaps worth while considering the effect which the recent industrial crisis in England has had upon the leadership of the three political parties in Parliament.

It may be stated without fear of contradiction that Mr. Baldwin has consolidated and strengthened his position as the most universally popular Prime Minister of the century. One has to go back to the days of Palmerston before one finds a man with the same appeal to the popular fancy. There is little which is common to the two men beyond a sense of humour and a tendency to appear in public with something in their mouths, but they both possess the essentially English characters of courage, fairness and a knowledge of their limitations. There is no posing as a superior person. Indeed, Mr. Baldwin tends rather to underrate his skill. He is so much in the lime-light as Premier that he has to pose and the pose which he has adopted is that of the average man. That is all he claims to be. But of course even as such he is unusual. He is probably the only politician in our time who has honestly put party before himself and his country before party. He is a statesman in the best sense of the term. And yet all is not quite as it appears. Mr. Baldwin probably deserved his triumph but it is doubtful whether his Cabinet did. The actual decision to pick up the gauntlet and precipitate the strike was apparently taken without the Premier's cognizance. The rebels who thought the moment opportune and who decided on action were reprimanded and Mr. Baldwin resumed control. This control he continued to exercise so that it was his policy of justice and moderation in the hour of victory rather than exploitation of the defeat of Labour which was the one adopted. Attempts were made by individual employers to impose hard terms on the returning workers, but the Prime Minister interposed and let it be known that the Government would countenance nothing of the sort. Thus both in the country and amongst his followers Mr. Baldwin has strengthened his hold.

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He is however still in the position of the driver of a team of horses one of which is pulling strongly against the other. The one responds to whip and rein, the other does not. Mr. Baldwin himself is a progressive reactionary if such a thing is possible, but a large number of his supporters have nothing progressive in their composition. They see in the present situation a state of affairs momentarily favourable to Conservatism but which is little likely to continue or to recur. The Unionists possess a comfortable majority but the Liberal party is defunct and Labour gains election after election, so that it is clear that the time is not far distant when Labour will actually be in power. The House of Lords has always been a barrier between the constitution and revolution. But its teeth were drawn by the Parliament Act. In the opinion of the Conservative, its power must be restored and what more natural than to propose reform of the upper chamber on a more democratic basis while retaining a predominance of the hereditary element. It is along these lines that the Tory diehard is moving and it will be Mr. Baldwin's next great problem to curb his restive steed. As it stands at present owing to the Parliament Act the House of Lords may delay but cannot reject bills. The modern Tory does not propose to revert to the pre-1912 situation as regards the House of Lords, but he intends that no bill shall be passed over the head of the Upper Chamber. He talks of democratizing the Upper Chamber and of reducing its size as well as of using the Referendum in the case of disagreement between the two Houses, but he intends that it shall return to its position as a bulwark of Conservatism. So far Mr. Baldwin has merely promised that the matter will be dealt with in the lifetime of the present Parliament, but the subject is a thorny one which will require careful handling if the solidarity of the Conservative party is to be retained. There is no doubt at all where the Premier's sympathies lie, but he has powerful opponents who have been restive under his liberal conduct of affairs. Mr. Baldwin will need all of what he himself describes as "the characteristics of the Englishman." "The Englishman," he says, "may not look ahead, he may not prepare, but when he once starts he is persistent to the death and he is ruthless in action."



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If Mr. Baldwin's position as leader has been strengthened by the General Strike and its results, the same cannot be said of the leader of the Labour party. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is in the situation of the leader who advised against the action taken by his followers but who had not the courage to resign command when his advice was not taken. In consequence he finds himself leader only in the sense that the man who is pushed from behind is ahead of his followers. He believed neither in the method nor the means adopted to force the Government. And when the strike started he was like the undergraduate who drove a steam engine during the strike and who suddenly realized that he had forgotten how to stop it. Throughout the crisis he, as also the other Labour leaders, gave the impression of men utterly weary, physically and mentally, hopeless and sick at heart. Mr. Thomas also, although he had the credit of calling off the general strike, suffered from cold feet and so far lost command of himself that he dropped more than his usual modicum of "aitches" when speaking in the House of Commons.

How had this position come about? Why were the extremists able to sweep the moderates away? Simply because the former had got themselves into the executive posts but they failed to retain their dominance owing to the smallness of their numbers. The strike has shown how weak the Revolutionary party really is. If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald were to epitomize the history of the strike, telling the real truth, he would say somewhat as follows: "Of course, we never really wanted a general strike. We knew it was bound to fail. We were simply bluffing and the Government called our bluff, thereby reducing us to terror and prostration. At the earliest possible moment and on the faintest shadow of an excuse we got out of the hole we had put ourselves and the country into and we thought ourselves very lucky that things were no worse."

But what of the future? and why are the Labour leaders not more discredited than they are? Simply because Labour is now turning from industrial action to political action. Industrial action has failed but the country generally is sympathetic towards the worker. As witness the results

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of the Bothwell and North Hammersmith elections. Labour knows now that she has only to bide her time and she will control the political situation. She is tolerant of the mistakes of her leaders partly because they are on the whole an able group of men, partly because time will replace the existing ones by more energetic men from the ranks. But will Labour within a reasonable time be able to return a sufficient number of members of Parliament to control the situation? In this relation the coquetting between Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. Lloyd George is interesting. In spite of the latter's denial, negotiations of some kind have been going on. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has publicly stated that Mr. Lloyd George's peculiar temperament, particularly his want of principle and lack of sincerity, render him an undesirable recruit for Labour. But Mr. Philip Snowden has paved the way for an understanding which may eventually mean a coalition between Labour and Liberalism. Mr. Snowden has stated his belief (*Reynold's News*) that if Mr. Lloyd George contrives to revive the Liberal party it might become "a determining force in British politics for some years to come." It is this fact which makes the personality and future of Mr. Lloyd George the interesting problem which it is at the moment.

This brings us to the Liberal party and its leaders. If the strike has had an influence on the Conservative and Labour parties which is on the whole favourable, the same cannot be said of Liberalism. Parlous as was the state of the party before the strike, its condition now is pitiable in the extreme and that through the action of its leaders. Mr. Lloyd George for the last eight years has been dealing his party a series of damaging blows, but the final stroke which has forever split it into fragments has been given by Lord Oxford. At the height of the strike Lord Oxford wrote Mr. Lloyd George a letter which he at the same time handed to the Press telling off the latter in such vigorous terms that further co-operation has become impossible. The ostensible causes of this break were: (1) The refusal of Mr. George to attend a certain meeting of the "Shadow Cabinet", which is a body consisting of the leading Liberals who had formerly held office. (2) His notorious article in the American Press. (3) The fact that



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he (Mr. George) came out as a pro-striker and failed to support the Government "in the greatest domestic crisis which the country has had to confront in your time or mine" when "it was above all things necessary to demonstrate the essential unity of the country." Yet there was little difference between the public utterances of the two statesmen and on the whole Mr. George's attitude was regarded as the more liberal of the two, although he was entirely wrong in his prognostications as to the length of the strike. Mr. George's public behaviour has been restrained and correct. He has kept his temper under great provocation but it is well known that all the cards are not on the table. Viscount Grey talks of the "differences being more serious than any of the published statements suggest," that he was "only surprised that the break had not come before." What lies behind no one knows and Mr. George can trust to the gentlemanly reticence of opponents while he gives his version of affairs and with his magnetic personality and his silver tongue secures the votes of two-thirds of the Liberal party in the Commons.

Thus Mr. George remains in possession of the pass, of a majority of the Liberal party, of all the Liberal newspapers with the exception of the *Westminster Gazette*, and of his own party chest, reputed to contain the sinews of war for many future general elections.

J. M.

Europe's Debt to America has suddenly bobbed up again. Probably it is some form of propaganda which has started the movement, but the recollection, the realization among the Allies that they owe to this 'Associated Power' *des sommes folles* is sufficient to send a kind of frenzy through the capitals and the press of half Europe. They look across the Atlantic with a wild and visionary eye and they see—Mr. Mellon—the man at the pipe-line draining Europe of its golden stream. But strangely enough that is an illusion also. The funding of the debt it seems is imposed because Europe wishes to borrow more, but you have to promise to pay the United States, before American financiers will agree to lend more. Once the ritual of funding has been gone through, once for example the

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Fascist minister of finance has written with a flourish the cheque for the first instalment of twenty per cent. of the loan and filled in the odd cents at the end, then Fascist credit is good again and Wall Street doors are open wide.

The Loans to the Allies, as some one has put it, are investments in Europe, and they need to be translated into the proper species. The United States nolens-volens are committed to doing external business,<sup>1</sup> and they propose to do it their own way. It is another set of pips that are squeaking now. For what does investment in a foreign country mean? What did it mean when France lent money to Russia before the war? Munition orders. What did it mean when Britain invested in South American States? An export business, orders for railways, contracts for engineers. And now if the United States invests money in Europe it proposes to get business somehow. But how? You cannot treat European powers, great powers, as undeveloped South American states, as semi-barbaric Czarist Russia. Why not? When a loan was mentioned to America during the war, the Treasury used to gently murmur "Collateral." Now there is a suspicion that it is mentioning "Assets." A few weeks ago a speaker at Westminster asked why the settlement of the French Debt had not been used to obtain tariff concessions from France, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer deprecated that 'such a thing should be named among you.' But America settles on business lines with a brutal realism which France, for example, is shocked at—and understands.

It is possible that this is the explanation of the brick Clemenceau has just thrown into the pool. The French government is now a sort of Union Sacré of Bourgeois parties; it has seven ex-prime ministers. What ripeness of experience! M. Poincaré is going to settle that economic nonsense that a franc is not worth a franc. *En attendant* he needs some one to fly a kite for America's benefit. M. Tardieu is in the Government. Quite informally he may have approached his old chief. Clemenceau does not need to be asked twice to say something offensive and the old Tiger-tongue lets fly. His

<sup>1</sup>They are attempting to promote an intensive self-cultivation by an orgy of spending.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

letter is ordinary enough. It ends with an ironic 'homage' to Mr. Coolidge. "If you are going to do this, if you have to do this, I can only give you my silent sympathy"—Calvin deals in silence himself. But there is a kernel to it. "France is inviolate. Let no man lay hands on her heritage." It has been assumed this refers to French colonies, but the United States is not imperialist in that way. But now who won the war?

W. M. C.

### *Courage in Politics*

It would appear that the Canadian people can take very little satisfaction out of the present election campaign. It is being demonstrated more clearly than ever before that the fundamental difference between the older parties is a matter of the 'ins' and 'outs' of politics. In the circumstances one is naturally driven to a consideration of the reason for the recent *impasse* at Ottawa and its consequent effect to the electorate.

A Liberal ministry, notoriously weak in its personnel, had been able to command the support of the House of Commons primarily because the Western Progressives saw little prospect of tariff reduction by the Conservatives. Political conditions between 1921 and 1925 were most unsatisfactory and Mr. King was doubtless justified at that date in asking for a dissolution in the hope that greater stability would be produced. Eight of the Ministers were defeated and the Liberal representation in Parliament substantially reduced. Nevertheless, a Liberal-Progressive combination controlled the House by a very small majority and gave Mr. King a mandate to continue as Prime Minister. As long as the Progressive group maintained cohesion and remained loyal to the Ministry it was possible by very cautious navigation to keep the ship of government afloat. The legislative programme of the government, and in particular its budget, met with Progressive approval, but two rocks emerged—the transfer to the Province of Alberta of its natural resources, and the administration of the Customs department—which completely baffled the skill of the ministerial seamen. Some of the Alberta Progressives

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apparently quite early in the discussion of these two thorny problems reached the conclusion that an early appeal to the people was desirable to clear up a thoroughly unsatisfactory situation, but they did not wish to see pending legislation, in which they were deeply interested, lost by an immediate dissolution. Assurances apparently were given to Mr. Meighen by certain of Mr. Forke's following that he might count on sufficient support, if called on to form a government, to permit the estimates being passed and pending legislation disposed of. On the strength of this assurance Mr. Meighen undertook the responsibility of advising the Governor-General that he could form a ministry and carry on the government of the country. Some of the bolting Progressives at least failed to realize the implications of their actions and when a few days later Mr. King as leader of the Opposition raised the question of the right of Ministers, who had not taken an oath of office, to administer specific departments, to demand and expend the public funds, they changed their position and destroyed the Ministry which they had so recently been responsible for creating.

Several factors have combined to create the conditions which brought about the impasse. It was due in large measure to the political inexperience of the Progressives. They have not yet learned the fine points of the parliamentary game. They failed to realize that to maintain stability in government members of the House must 'stay put'. It may be stated with confidence that none of the Progressives wished to bring about the series of incidents which actually occurred, yet, as they must now realize, the course of events could not have been otherwise following their action.

In the conduct of public affairs as well as in private life courage is a virtue of supreme importance. One cannot but feel that lack of courage on the part of its leaders has in recent years caused the Liberal party most of its distress. The laxity of the administration of the Customs department was notorious long before the launching of the Stevens charges, and while certain measures were taken by the government to correct abuses, the problem in its larger aspects was not courageously tackled. The making of counter-charges against the accusers is not a good defence. Mr. King's former min-



## SLNEWWOOD AND SELON

istry undoubtedly lost prestige because it failed to impress the public as possessing the courage necessary to clean up the Customs department.

Again, in its handling of the Alberta Resources question, the government's weakness was the cause of its own embarrassment. One cannot readily see how the rights of Roman Catholic minorities in Alberta would receive any greater protection under the proposed federal amendment than under the Alberta legislation. It should have been possible to persuade the Quebec Liberals that the rights of their friends were not being endangered. In any event this issue was settled in 1905; it should not have been necessary to revive it. Such harm may already have been done as will make it difficult for the minority in Alberta to enjoy the very full rights which have been theirs under existing legislation.

One might also argue that the division of liberalism in political thought in Canada into two distinct party groups has been due to the lack of courage of the leaders of the Liberal party in dealing with the tariff. There are practically no disciples of Free Trade in Western Canada but there is a very real suspicion of the high tariff proclivities of eastern manufacturing interests closely allied with the Conservative party. Had Liberalism been true to its traditions and given the agricultural producer some hope even of a slight downward revision of the tariff, agrarianism need never have become a political movement and the forces of liberal thought need never have been divided. The recent Robb budget has probably done more than anything else to cut the ground from beneath the Progressive movement. Should the Liberal party give evidence of a real faith in its principles of tariff reform it may again find liberalism united. Only courage will effect a reconciliation.

D. McA.

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P.S.—The Election returns just in show that Liberals and Progressives working together can command a clear majority in the House. The Conservatives will need to find another policy than High Protection. Results: Liberals 118, Conservatives 90, Progressives (all brands) 28.

## NEWS NOTES OF QUEEN'S

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### *Death of Professor Ferguson*

Professor G. D. Ferguson died on the 21st of August at the long age of ninety-six. Many of the older graduates must have hoped that they might at the Reunion have the opportunity of meeting again the teacher whose association with Queen's goes back to the very earliest days of the University. He had been linked practically with its whole history and with him there is broken the last tie with the days when classes were held in the building on William Street.

Professor Ferguson was born on Christmas Day, 1829, and came to Queen's in 1847. He took his B.A. degree in 1851 and then attended Edinburgh University for four years, graduating there in 1855. While in Europe he employed his long vacations in foreign travel, and, when he returned to Canada in 1855 to enter the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, he had received a training that was for that time unusually wide. In 1870 he became Professor of History, of English Language and Literature, and of Modern Languages, in Queen's University. The enormous range that he was asked to cover shows as well as anything can the difference between those early years and the Queen's of to-day. Fifteen instructors are now required to cover this same ground and each department is calling for additional help.

As the University grew Professor Ferguson's activities were of necessity narrowed and he finally came to be Professor of History in which his wide knowledge of constitutional history made him a valuable teacher. He retained his active professorship till 1908 and in 1914 received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from his Alma Mater.

All Queen's graduates will remember his clear-cut face, his well-set and sturdy figure, as he tramped across Macdonald Park on his daily walk.

So long a life brings matters of history almost down to our own day. In the Queen's Library there is a most interesting manuscript book, "The Orderly Room Journal of Fort



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Niagara in 1812-13." The journal stops only the day before the taking of the Fort by the British. When the British forces swept through the Fort on the night of the 18th of December, 1813, this volume with another was picked up by Captain Cox, one of the attacking force. Captain Cox, who was at the time engaged to Miss Ferguson, an aunt of the Professor, died before his marriage, leaving his property to his fiancée. She in turn left these volumes to Professor Ferguson, who gave one of them to the University Library in 1869. There is thus but one life between the child of 1926 and the war of 1812.

### *New Appointments*

Dr. Herman Tracey, B.A., of Toronto, Ph.D. of Chicago, formerly Associate Professor of Classics in Manitoba University, has been appointed Professor in Classics. This is the position formerly held by Professor George Mitchell, and the occupant of the Chair is expected to work in each of the Departments of Latin and Greek.

While Professor R. K. Hicks is on leave of absence on work connected with the enquiry of the Carnegie Foundation into the teaching of Modern Languages, Mr. Harcourt Brown, M.A. (Toronto University), has been appointed as Lecturer in French.

In Electrical Engineering Mr. D. G. Geiger, B.Sc., has been appointed as Lecturer. Mr. Geiger, after a distinguished course in Queen's, in which he graduated both in Electrical and in Mechanical Engineering, acted for two years as Demonstrator and has been employed for the last two years in research work with the Bell Telephone Company in Montreal.

Mr. A. D. Winspear, B.A., who won the Rhodes Scholarship several years ago, a graduate of Queen's and Oxford, has been appointed Lecturer in Classics for the ensuing year.

Mr. D. P. Varnum, M.A. (Queen's), Ph.D. (Harvard), has been appointed Lecturer in Philosophy.

### *Summer School*

The Summer School has again fulfilled our best hopes. It might be expected that with Summer Schools springing up in many other University centres in Canada, the Queen's

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school would find its attendance diminished. This, however, has not been the case, for the session just ended has been attended by more than five hundred and thirty students, drawn from every province in Canada except Prince Edward Island. Twenty-five instructors gave forty-five courses leading to a degree in Arts. Twenty-one of these courses covered work beyond that of the Second Year. In addition there were four Physical Culture Courses given by five university instructors and also a Cadet Instructors' Course given by military officers.

This Summer School is one of the most notable developments in Queen's life. It began with little advertising and indeed with little encouragement. Year by year it has shown its usefulness, and demonstrated how great is the desire on the part of school teachers to fit themselves for advanced work. Those who know Queen's only in winter would be interested to see the more mature type of student attending the Summer School. He is older and has had experience in life. He knows exactly what he wishes to study and he loses no time in beginning to work. He has not entered the institution because his parents suggested it to him, but because he is intensely anxious to get ahead. He comes, too, at a time when the whole countryside is at its best and when everyone can engage in sport of some kind. The enthusiasm and the independence of the Summer School student is a matter for rejoicing. The influence of such a type of student, more than satisfied with the training he has received and prepared to advocate the claims of his own University to his pupils, cannot be overestimated.

### *Library School*

Mr. Van Patten again conducted a Library Science Course conforming to the unit Summer Course of the Council of the American Library Association. This Course was attended by fifteen pupils who found their clinical opportunity in the library itself.

### *Summer School in Ottawa*

Another development showing that it fulfilled a want is



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the Queen's University Summer School in History conducted in the Archives at Ottawa. This school, first thought of by Professor Morison, has been greatly helped by the cordial co-operation of Dr. Doughty and of Dr. Adam Shortt. Professor McArthur is much at home in the surroundings where he has already worked for years. Teaching quarters are given in the Archives Building. Those who have studied history only through text-books can hardly understand the sense of reality given when there is the opportunity of handling the documents themselves. This summer ten students attended the school which was conducted by Professor McArthur. Eight of these students were working for their Master's Degree and two of them were looking forward to the Doctorate. It is interesting to note that two half courses in advanced work, regularly given in the University during the winter, were given this summer in Ottawa and count towards a degree. It is clear that this work in the Archives is likely to attract post-graduate students from the United States as well as from Canada.

### *Cambridge University Medical Students.*

Interesting visitors for two days in August were the seventy-four members of the Cambridge Students Medical Society. These students are on tour through Canada and the United States inspecting hospitals and clinical methods. Six of the number were women and the group was in charge of Dr. Simpson and Dr. and Mrs. Canney of Cambridge. The visitors were housed in Ban Righ Hall and the Goodwin House, while the women had turned over to them the Macdonnell House. On the first day they visited the Hospital and the University and in the evening were taken on a cruise through the Thousand Islands on the steamer Waubic. Next day they were invited to surgical and medical demonstrations and left for Toronto University in the afternoon. They were most pleasant and appreciative visitors and they carried away with them it is believed a happy impression of Kingston and of Queen's.

### *Endowment Campaign*

During the summer months the Endowment Campaign

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has been of necessity quiescent, while the excitement connected with the general election has thrown the movement back another fortnight. It is clear that the Campaign will run throughout this winter. Work on this scale cannot be hurried and the real problem of organization is to secure a bridge from the Alumni groups to the general business public which requires to be convinced that Queen's University is in any sense its responsibility. The work of the University for the country at large, in education, in applied science, and in medicine, must be stressed, and the appeal has to be made upon national grounds. Every community in the country has its special needs to meet, hospitals, charities, educational organizations, and care has to be taken that we do not intrude upon the work of agencies already existing. The approach to large business organizations, such as banks and insurance companies, has likewise to be made on the broadest possible front. All this takes time, and the Campaign will continue yet for a number of months.

District Headquarters will be opened in Ottawa immediately after the election and intensive work will be carried on in this area for the following six weeks. Kingston, Toronto, and Chicago will then be undertaken. The work, of course, in these various centres will overlap. The Western area, which was covered by Professor McArthur in April last, will again be visited during the winter by a member of the University staff, when reunion gatherings will be held and the appeal made.

The Grand Reunion will be held in Kingston from November 6th to 13th. Special features will be arranged throughout the entire week for the entertainment of all visitors. The Autumn Convocation has been postponed until this time and on Saturday, the 13th, will be played the football game between Queen's and 'Varsity in Kingston. During the week the constitution and by-laws of Queen's National Alumni Association will be put before the assembled graduates for consideration and approval and the Association will be duly incorporated. All graduates who can possibly spare this week are urged to come to Kingston, to awaken old memories and to enjoy the entertainment that will be provided for them.



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## EXCURSION<sup>1</sup>

TEN or half-past get off from Innerleithen Station, southwards, in early days of January. Before you might know it you are over the Tweed, a Scotch river which has already acquired an 'English accent.' There is plenty of water in its tributaries, and their little daughters; the whole country is abustle with them. You catch no sight of the beautiful old house as you pass through Traquair Village and cross Quair Water.

The scene soon gets to business. Before you are beyond the last fir plantation and straggling, bad-tempered-looking birches, it is evident that the country is of a high quality; and if you turn to verify the steepness of the ascent, the view of Moorfoot, seldom disappointing, is fine. It is Newhall Burn against which you are walking; the road in time leaves it deep on the right in the valley, the far side of which has become a vast wall of pasture. Only get the sun upon it and any sort of blue sky, and the effect is admirable: the grass tends to be quite pale; the bracken, squirrel-colour of course, provides the striking accent; the heather is sepia, and a scanty element. A few pockets of snow help; as may later the nearly black of a peat cutting; but not the outbreaking stone, blueish. The sheep are blueish too; here is a flock of ewes, watching the departure of a ram, refractory without hope against the tactic of a fine border lad and two young bitches.

The moor at the watershed, what with the winding road and the undulating ground, looks wild and remote; though there is nothing specially fearsome about it, less than twelve hundred feet high and seen from a good driving road. Mountbenger Burn now overtakes the companions it would never understand, though the Creator enriched it with a soul: the

<sup>1</sup>By kind permission of *Blackfriars* (Basil Blackwell, Oxford).

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man and his expensive servant, the road. In a mile or so you are down to cultivation, well reintroduced to you by the farm which shares its name with the burn, as usual hereabout. It is an old farm modernized; and it displays the handsome whinstone masonry which arrests the stranger's eye in all the border.

You are in Yarrowdale. The hotel at the crossroad is conveniently pitched for lunch; and it is a long mile to the next opportunity. Those who continue ahead, crossing the Yarrow, ascend by a road which gives excellent views, especially up Yarrowdale, with its inclosing heights in exquisite perspective; reaching the watershed, it divides into the two roads which you use this evening. For, having lunched, your direction is St. Mary's Loch; and it lies through a famous dale, and by a river of uncommon beauty, in its own refined way. For how the element of natural life and supernatural grace is varied. In all orientations, pant like the hart for the fountains, and you will not be far wrong. There could be a readable, reasoned dictionary on  $H_2O$ ; discoursing of the mists in all their hues, densities and forms, metamorphoses, economies, circulation, until immobilized in insoluble, millennial glaciers.

Proportioned to our scale, what are no more than invisible trickles upon the earth conceived as a globe, affect a thousand varieties, incidents, incapable of repetition, almost of comparison: the Treig and Spean issuing from Loch Treig, amber when transparent, and wreathed in whirling suds, is a course of water which satisfies the judgement, as it descends into its shining chasm of black rock: that is what a river should be. The bed of the Stratford Avon, so full of the element, moving imperceptibly, makes the river the only indisputable thing the length of the legendary town. An anxious Wye seems anywhere to be looking blindly for its source. The rivers of the Dordogne run at a selected depth beneath the surface of the province. Those of Iceland look to be geologically ancient or young, as we choose the epithet, and produce a sense of misgiving that nature is not telling the exact truth, such as the temperamentally unconvinced experience in the presence of those birds, beasts and reptiles



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with generic names ending in saurus. Nor yet all in one way; for the river debouching at Seyðisfjörður drops a step of uniform height every so-many paces, until rhythm in nature becomes a haunting thought, and the ice-lined rocks of its decor lose their interest; and the Jökulsá (in the north-east) achieves the terrible, simply. As to the Thames, it is the Thames for those of English speech, like a man's mother ordained to be what it is, and right. While it is yet in Cotswold, we follow a classic example and walk with diversion in its bed, adorned with mints and mimulus; or feel personally aggrieved at the vile treatment it receives at its rival sources from human, if not diabolical, savages. Hungerford, Kintbury, the blessed Kennet, with its multiple, varying channels; it is perfect in such a way that we would rather it were not discussed, even praised.

Meantime the Yarrow has flowed for miles, perhaps even changed its name in space if not in time; and it is still where we left it, and still the Yarrow, incomparable; the river type, appealing to the Dee to confirm its claim; shallow, lively, bright; of a breadth and gradient almost designed; straight without rigour; and flowing in what a spacious valley; among hills how softly pale-green, how rounded, unfussed by trees; without spots or any defilement; like a becoming toga, *sine macula*. Whenever you look the way you came it will not be for nothing. But you have reached the Loch, and the hills descend to its verge.

'I see; a lake.' Yes, but do see; there is something to see; something to praise, greatly. And the difficulty is so to word such praise as to convince the absent. Either it must take the form: consult esteemed authors; or, if adequate, it must provoke the retort courteous: evidently the writer is an inhabitant, if not a native, of the only place on earth. You are keeping your eyes, and all of them, upon the ever-changing horizon, and you do well. Say there are twenty hills visible; it is hard to count them. Each has its outline; and each its colour, pattern; and perspective, if the state of the light permit; but nothing to impair desired unity. A green-grown cart-road ascends on your right; follow it. It is a natural track shoved off up the brae, perhaps by a vanished

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property situated at the lake edge; it is easily legible through the rough, and gives improved views, particularly down the dale. You reach what seems the loch head, with some shanties and an ugly church; but the loch is boomerang in shape; and your road, evidently, without the fingerpost help, swings left to follow the margin of the water.

Here all that is visible undergoes sudden enhancement. Before you reach the bridge over Meggatt Water, a tributary of the lake, and at the bridge, look all round with attention, in case you have before you the loveliest lake scene you will ever have the chance to behold; with half luck in sky effect that will probably be true. Thus for a furlong.

There are fears ahead which may have crystallized into calamity before your next long leave; not the transformation of the loch into a reservoir—*dis aliter*. Among the golden memories of things past in the sister dales there are disquieting rumours of the present, one of which seems to imply the early tinkering up of the district, with the assurance of accelerated services, to make of it a money-spender's resort. There was, of course, some truth in what the Ghost said to the Bishop: folk must go somewhere.

There is a chain of two lochs: that praised; and the Loch of the Lowes, linked to the greater by fifty yards of the businesslike Yarrow Water. You've to cross the bridge here; after you have inspected the Hogg Memorial, a touching expression of local affection for a big man; the intention in the sitting statue, with a sheep-dog and accessories, all in keeping and dignity; as far away from the shameful Johnson as Lichfield is from Yarrow. His plaid is engraved with straight lines crossing at right angles (and pray why should not they?); and round about, and on a scroll in his hand, are lines laudatory of Hogg, and therefore not by him: 'He taught the wandering winds to sing.' Over the bridge is Tibbie Shiels, now a place, one time a body (as old men say in Scotland). It is an agglomerate of fidgetty buildings, filled you may be sure with kind ungrudging hospitality. One of those who made the original name world-famous woke one morning and from a box bed in a kitchen called: 'Tibbie, Tibbie, bring me the loch.' He had used his foreknowledge to ensure over-



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night a sensation of thirst in the morning. As we see, there are two lochs, and he only asked for one. He must have meant the Loch of the Lowes, unless he was exaggerating his pangs of thirst.

You ascend into desolate beauty; partly *in natura rerum*; partly due to the late light; often at the first sensations of fatigue, hunger, the little child in us stretches out hands to the loveliest person present; and more easily, with a maturer sense, to that which ravishes vision alone, and upon an unlimited scale. It is a quick rise; and the falling waters crossed are torrents; it soon offers you the advantage of looking over lower hills to what are great hills for this neighbourhood, Broad Law 2723, Dollar Law 2680. Further, a silent waste, of one green practically, and lines in harmonious conflict. The sheep seem to be recalling the last man they saw; and for good reasons there are no motor vehicles. You reach, and it seems long, the summit where the three roads radiate: number two descending to the place where you lunched; the third which you take. Sounds return here. Tushielaw Burn has started, and is soon noisy, deep on your right; we are all hurrying for the Ettrick. It is easy enough going for men, enticed by the rewards of the day's end. You reach the road Selkirk to Ettrick. We take it right, and are at the door of the inn. Peter Smith was warned of possible arrival after dark; but it is still light enough to see a sheep. The days are lengthening.

You were wise in this respect also, that you took the direction you did; for the plan of a day's walk should provide for some developement of beauty by the way, and increased contentment hour by hour. To-morrow you propose to follow Ettrick to the Tweed; but you would be wise too if you re-traced your steps of to-day. For thus you would have the good sights ahead as you walk; and, throughout the day, the sun, if visible, would not shine in your eyes.

JOHN GRAY.

## WHAT IS LITERATURE?

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NO too formidable question! thinks the after-dinner reader, as his eye falls upon the title of this paper. We all seem to know what Literature is. We have been reading it all our lives. All our lives! And we know what we mean when we use that phrase, even though this commonest of words and most persistent of experiences—life—we haven't, or our sages haven't, quite succeeded as yet in defining. Etymologically, of course, everybody knows that Literature is simply a writing (*littera*, a letter; in the plural, letters or learning). It embraces in its largest meaning all written and printed compositions; more restrictedly, those which promote thought or knowledge; and still more restrictedly, those which deal with a content of universal value in a manner of exceptional beauty or power—those compositions, in short, which possess artistic excellence.

Yet somehow, in spite of these apparently accurate narrowings of the field of true Literature, there still remains an uneasy sense of inaccuracy. Did the quintessence of Literature, did the thing-in-itself, exist before the invention of the arts of writing and of printing? What of the oral tradition behind the literal? And what of the strange, silent forces behind the vocal? If, by some extraordinary cataclysm, all the books and writings in the world were suddenly to be destroyed, would Literature still contrive to maintain its past and address its future? Does Literature, indeed, consist actually of books and writings at all? Are these things veritably it itself, or rather its normal tools, its convenient and habitual but not indispensable means of communication? Would it not be as reasonable to declare that Music is the sum-total of all the tonal instruments in the world, or that in a certain determinable number of canvases and statues the arts of Painting and Sculpture are comprised, as to accept as final the facile text-book definition which identifies Literature with its own mere media? It is hard to remember, and harder still to realize, that Literature is no-



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thing if it is not an art, that Art is one, and that its oneness is of ideal, of spiritual, birth and being. It sees spirit, interprets spirit, appeals to spirit, evokes response from spirit. Does a poem consist of certain black marks imposed by pen or press upon a page of white paper? Does the picture-buyer measure his gain by the yardstick? The story of Turner and his rich but vulgar patron teaches us better. "A heavy price, Mr. Turner, for a little paint!" "Ah, I beg your pardon, I didn't understand that it was paint you were wanting. You may have that tube over there for sixpence."

Unfortunately, we are so accommodatively casual in our daily language that we do not sufficiently discourage the popular, mechanic way of talking and thinking about Literature. Perhaps the matter has never been better put than by that fine-grained poet and critic, Sidney Lanier. When he was lecturing on Shakespeare at Johns Hopkins during the winter of 1879-80, he distinguished between two classes of humanity as regards their respective attitudes towards Literature. In the second scene of the second act of the tragedy which bears his name, Hamlet, preoccupied with a book (perhaps Juvenal's tenth *Satire*), enters a room of state and is questioned thus by that would-be detective, Polonius: "What do you read, my lord?" To this query Hamlet replies with the famous iteration: "Words, words, words." "We have here," remarks Sidney Lanier, "the lowest possible ideal of Literature. . . . But permit me now to place in the sharpest contrast at once before your eyes and minds an ideal of Literature which is quite at the other extreme of dignity." And he goes on to tell how the Apostle John, when he was "casting about within his beautiful soul" for some phrase which might most happily suggest the inscrutable mystery of the Divine, opened his Gospel with this mystical affirmation: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." On the one hand, "Words, words, words." On the other, "the Word was God." "Here," says Lanier, "if we read between the lines, we have the highest ideal of Literature." And Lanier spoke true, for *Logos*, as Cardinal Newman wrote, stands for both *reason* and for *speech*; "which are in a true sense one, speech being the double, the instru-

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ment, the channel, of the intellect's speculations and emotions." There, then, are the two views, the one regarding Literature as a blind tangle and jungle of words, the point of view of many millions who evade or ignore it; the other representing the thought of those who welcome it gratefully as an abiding witness to the existence of a God of Beauty and of a Gospel of Art.

If, therefore, there is any hope of defining the term Literature even measurably well, it seems necessary to push the question back at least two removes. We must first arrive at some answer to the question: "What is Art?" And again, as a necessary condition to that discussion (since Art in all its aspects is but a reflection of that strange experience which we call Human Life), we must begin precisely at that really formidable and unanswerable query: "What, now, is Life?"

What is Life? This question of questions is indeed, by common consent, unanswerable, yet the curious mind of man has never been willing, on that account, to give up the riddle. The effort at definition here must vary in selective emphasis with the characteristic interest of the definer. One may look upon Life as constituting so much laboratory material for scientific examination; or, again, as comprising a series of experiences the prime significance of which is moral or religious; or, still again, as presenting a vast physical organization out of which one may, if he can, extract the means of promoting his personal comfort or luxury. One may regard Life from the philosophic angle, or the poetic, or the industrial, or the biological, or the civic, or the ecclesiastical. Widely varying efforts at its definition have been made by definers of widely varying temperament and programme. Says the philosophic scientist, Herbert Spencer:

Life is the constant effort of an organism to adjust itself to its environment.

Clear and admirable as this saying is, it is obviously less a definition than a statement of function. Apparently suspecting this, Spencer re-attacked the problem, and found that—

Life is the definite combination of heterogeneous changes, both simultaneous and successive, in correspondence with external co-existences and sequences.



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And George Henry Lewes similarly asserts that—

Life is a series of definite and suggestive changes, of both structure and composition, which take place within an individual without destroying its identity.

It is significant that the word *changes* appears in both of these definitions. Sir Oliver Lodge, for his part, considers Life “the vivifying principle which animates matter.” This, I fear, does not take us far. Great physicist as Sir Oliver is, almost any college freshman could tell him that this definition violates one of the fundamental rules of the art of defining: that the word which it is sought to define should not reappear in the course of the definition. *Vivifying* and *animates* here are question-begging words, and what the statement really amounts to is that Life is the life-giving principle which gives life to matter. Some of the dictionary definitions, however, are hardly more useful: the state of being alive; the condition or time between birth and death; the vital principle; animated existence; living state. Professional scientists are quick to admit the immense difficulty of describing or characterizing Life. As Peter Cook has put the matter in a review of Professor Verworn’s *General Physiology of Life*:

We know that Life is not a force in any ordinary sense of the term. It cannot be weighed or measured in foot-pounds. It is not an energy, exerts no pressure, cannot be converted into anything else, has no dimensions and no mass. It is not a chemical affinity. It is mere illusion to regard it as ever so tenuous an emanation of matter. It adds no new quality to any atom or molecule. It cannot abrogate, change, or oppose any chemical or physical law. Yet it guides and directs both chemical and physical forces, exhibits purpose and will and in its higher spheres also sensation and consciousness. It is a point-blank contradiction and very nearly a philosophical impossibility in scientific systems. What is it?

What is it? Can we get more useful answers when we turn to the literary artists? “Human Life,” says Sudermann’s Doctor Kahlenberg in *The Joy of Living*, “is simply a process of molecular adjustment complicated by moral idiosyncrasies.” “Life,” thinks Mrs. Allanby in Oscar Wilde’s *A Woman of No Importance*, “is simply a *mauvais quart d’heure* made up of exquisite moments.” “Droll thing Life is,” comes Conrad’s word from *Heart of Darkness*, “that mysterious ar-

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rangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose. The most you can hope from it is some knowledge of yourself—that comes too late—a crop of unextinguishable regrets.” And Stevenson:

Although we have some experience of living, there is not a man on earth who has flown so high into abstraction as to have any practical guess at the meaning of the word life.

And he goes on to poke fun at the philosophic conclusion that Life is merely “a Permanent Possibility of Sensation.” All in all, I am inclined to think that Henry James’s dryly whimsical remark made to a young lady bent on securing *his* definition can hardly be bettered: “Life is the predicament that precedes death.”

The reader will observe, however, that both scientists and artists (who are beginning now to salute each other as fellow-wards of the Imagination) emphasize the importance of the element of change, or growth, or development, in Life. The artist, who is by his very nature and function attracted toward mysticism, tends to look upon the phenomena of life rather less from the point of view of the systematic synthesizer, and rather more from the point of view of the symbolist, the mystic. To him Life is indeed a predicament. It presents to his vision a *mélange*, a welter, of fascinating symbols which by no means carry their meanings upon the surface, but which seem to possess secret and possibly soluble qualities that hint at the eternal significance behind them. As Life appears to us in our daily experience, it is, declares Bernard Shaw, “an unintelligible chaos of happenings. . . . Life as it occurs is senseless.” All thoughtful people have known moments when the Platonic suggestion that Life may be a dream-state has seemed acceptable enough, but the frequency with which it is employed by literary artists amounts almost to unanimity. Whether realists or romanticists, they seem to agree—indeed often to insist—either that life is in truth a dream or that, at any rate, it is extraordinarily like a dream. The following passages may serve to illustrate and support this suggestion. In *Adonais* Shelley speaks of Keats as having “awakened from the dream of life,” in his *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty* he writes of “Life’s unquiet dream,” and his



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*Sensitive Plant* closes on the same note. In *Saul* Browning's David wonders when Saul shall awake—

From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself set  
Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new harmony yet  
To be run, and continued, and ended—who knows?—or endure!  
The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make  
sure.

And of Browning himself Swinburne declares that—

He held no dream worth waking; so he said,  
He who stands now on death's triumphal steep,  
Awakened out of life wherein we sleep  
And dream of what he knows and sees, being dead.

"Life," say Beaumont and Fletcher, "is but a word, a shadow, a melting dream." And Sir Thomas Browne finds the world "but a dream and mock-show, and we all therein but pantaloons and antics, to my severer contemplations." Tennyson's *Ancient Sage* counsels us to—

. . . be wise in this dream-world of ours,  
Nor take thy dial for thy deity,  
But make the passing shadow serve thy will.

In *Nostromo* Conrad makes one of his characters remark: "All this is life, must be life, since it is so much like a dream." And Stevenson concludes the passage quoted in part above—

All literature, from Job and Omar Khayyam to Thomas Carlyle and Walt Whitman, is but an attempt to look upon the human state with such largeness of view as shall enable us to rise from the consideration of living to the Definition of Life. And our sages give us about the best satisfaction in their power when they say that it is a vapour, or a show, or made out of the same stuff with dreams.

In the literature of France we find many similar testimonies, as in Leconte de Lisle and De Musset. Victor Hugo tells us that—

The best as the worst are futile here:  
We wake at the selfsame point of the dream,—  
All is here begun, and finished elsewhere.

Paul Verlaine admonishes us:—

The one thing needful on earth, it  
Is not to be whimpering.  
Is Life after all a thing  
Real enough to be worth it?

And the late Anatole France has deftly touched the matter in *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, where he recounts

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a conversation between the old scholar and the little book-agent who sought to sell him a crude *Key of Dreams*.—

—Voici la *Clef des songes*, avec l'explication de tous les rêves qu'on peut faire: rêve d'or, rêve de voleur, rêve de mort, rêve qu'on tombe du haut d'une tour . . . C'est complet!

J'avais saisi les pincettes, et c'est en les agitant avec vivacité que je répondis à mon visiteur commercial:

—Oui, mon ami, mais ces songes et mille autres encore, joyeux et tragiques, se résument en un seul: le songe de la vie; et votre petit livre jaune me donnera-t-il la clef de celui-là?

Oui, monsieur, me répondit l'homonculus. Le livre est complet et pas cher: un franc vingt-cinq centimes, monsieur.

Calderon was so much impressed by the dream-likeness of Life that he created his fine play called simply *Life is a Dream*. Sophocles felt that "we live and move, mere imitations of dreams;" and so Eschylus: "Creatures that fade in a day, strengthless and dream-like." "Man," chants the Psalmist, "is like a thing of nought, his time passeth away like a shadow."

German and Russian writers, too, seem to find this thought unescapable. "That the life of man is but a dream," broods Goethe in *The Sorrows of Werther*, "many a man has heretofore surmised, and I, too, am everywhere pursued by this same feeling."

To return to our own literature, perhaps the noblest expressions of the idea are to be found in Shakespeare and in Carlyle. Prospero, in words of magnificent eloquence, reveals the enchantment of life as he speaks of the dissolution of—

The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,

and he goes on to pronounce the considered conclusion:—

. . . We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

And in *Sartor Resartus* Carlyle, after propounding the endless riddle: "Who am I; what is this Me?" answers himself:

Sure enough, I am; and lately was not: but Whence? How? Whereto? The answer lies around, written in all colours and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious Nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? We sit as in a boundless Phan-



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tasmagoria and Dream-grotto; boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-coloured visions flit round our sense; but Him, the Unslumbering, whose work both Dream and Dreamer are, we see not; except in rare, half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious Rainbow; but the Sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange Dream how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! Which of your Philosophical Systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown? What are all your national Wars, with their Moscow Retreats, and sanguinary, hate-filled Revolutions, but the Somnambulism of uneasy Sleepers? This Dreaming, this Somnambulism, is what we on Earth call Life; wherein the most indeed undoubtedly wander, as if they knew right hand from left; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing.

Thus our cloud of witnesses! But why do these sensitive artist-spirits find so much satisfaction in regarding Life in this way? The characteristics of the dream experience seem to be incompleteness, imperfection, mystery, symbolization; and as the artist becomes more and more aware of Life it, too, challenges him with a series of strangely miscellaneous feelings and happenings, suggesting now one philosophy, now another. It, too, is broken into half-lights, wandering shadows, vague hopes, illusions and disillusiones, ambitions and submissions, sudden radiances of joy and griefs so bitter as to make death seem welcome. "There is no such thing in human life," declares William De Morgan, "as a flawless event." Although Life appears to be full of meanings, its meanings are not borne upon the surface. It is quite true, as Longfellow warns us, that Life is not an empty dream, but the emphasis belongs to the adjective, for Life is indeed a dream in that it is everywhere provisional, symbolic, requiring interpretation. What Joseph in the Bible story did for Pharaoh the artist seeks to do for humanity. For Art is the interpretation of the Dream of Life, and with its instinct humanity is inalienably endowed. Art tries to interpret life through the most felicitous symbols it can employ—through musical tones, through tints and pigments, through chiselled stone and faith-wrought tower, through words and silences. Like our other great words—Life and Death and Eternity and Soul and Love—Art can never be adequately defined. And the essence of Poetry, the highest and noblest of the arts, is

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the most difficult of all to set forth in a sentence, since it is the most Protean. The statements are as various as the creators and the critics, and this doubtless is well, for particularity and insistent dicta are foreign to the spirit of Literature. Literature is large and catholic, in its essence a mystery. It is an unquenchable spiritual impulse and adventure suggested (for it cannot be adequately realized) in words whose beauty both empowers and preserves them. "You cannot escape Literature," said Sidney Lanier, "for how can you think yourself out of thought? How can you run away from your own feet?"

Literature, then, becomes the catholic attempt at the concentrated utterance of cosmic thoughts and feelings couched in language of strange though changing loveliness. If it were not for our imperfection, we earthlings would perhaps feel less rather than more sensitively the appeal of Art, the human expression of which cannot be other than a compromise between the heaven reached for and the tentative grasped. And this very inadequacy of language to capture and confine those remoter values of thought and feeling that remain inexpressible must always baffle even the freest artist and increase the difficulty of his undertaking. Words, as Tennyson laments—

Words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the soul within.

So Shelley as critic affirms that "the most glorious poetry that has ever been communicated to the world is probably a feeble shadow of the original conceptions of the poet," while Shelley as poet cries—

. . . . Woe is me!  
The wingéd words on which my soul would pierce  
Into the heights of love's rare universe  
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire.

Wingéd words! Chains of lead! And this cry from Shelley, who was much less hampered than are most poets by the clogs and fardels of expression.

Yet Shelley's own conquests bear witness that the artist can capture for utterance something from the eternity that surrounds us, can redeem something from earthly oblivion, although his task is far more delicate than the tools with



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which he must perform it, and although he is constantly haunted by the sense of his limitations. Art requires immense resolve, extraordinary energy, tireless toil. Only the tremendousness of genius carries it through.

Art, then, seems to me the imaginative interpretation of Life through felicitous symbols wrought by a fine-fibred, great-souled personality. Felicitous in point of fitness, fortunateness, relentless compulsion. It may be worth while to remind ourselves again that the great arts are differentiable not in respect of intention, but only in respect of the peculiar means or symbols they employ. Music uses tone-symbols; Painting, colour-symbols; Sculpture and Architecture, form-symbols; and Literature, language-symbols. Actually recorded Literature, then, may be defined as a continuous imaginative commentary upon Life framed in language-symbols. It is the marginal gloss on Life's epic movement; the Greek chorus of Life's tragic quarrel with enfolding dooms and discords that exalt even while they destroy.

If it is to endure, a work of Literature must have wide human appeal in tone and intention, must be catholic, comprehensive. On the other hand, it must be deeply personal, too, revealing through style the unique idiosyncrasies of its author, whether he be a scholar, like Bacon; or a vagrant, like Poe; or a compound of both, like Borrow. It must be fundamentally sane and sincere; its melancholy (an inalienable endowment of Art and artists) must not lapse into pessimism, nor its joy degrade itself into mere clever flippancy; it must, in a word, possess root-serenity. It must think, it must feel, it must imagine, and it must charm. It must be at once brave and beautiful, strenuous and serene, unique and universal. Universality, style, root-serenity—in this trinity men have long felt that Literature consists.

Difficult as it may be to say anything either novel or freshly useful touching the several members of this trinity, yet the rapid review that follows of these tests and traits of greatness and permanence in Literature is undertaken in the hope that it may prove to be something more than a mere pious repetition of conclusions occurring in the *loci critici* between Aristotle and Arnold.

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By universality is meant simply that the work in question must not be evolved from a provincial point of view (although, as George Moore cryptically remarks, "Art must be parochial in the beginning to become cosmopolitan in the end,"), but must have appeal for many ages and peoples, having no party but mankind. "One hundred thousand village souls," says Boyesen, "do not make a city." It is quite possible to have the universal spirit without travel, or to travel and yet remain provincial. The artist, like other men, cannot be physically ubiquitous. Paradoxically enough, one can best be universal by living intensely in some specific environment, by collaborating with the soil-values and folk-values of one's place and time, for the world is made up of its own miniatures, and the man who interprets in a universal spirit the life about him interprets all life. Mankind, as Goethe has it, is always advancing, but humanity remains the same. One of the greatest of living authors has told me that he has never been much of a traveller, and expresses the belief that those who do travel should seek national quintessences in the great cities of the world. "Cities," Emerson felt, "give us collision." But his remarks about travel for travel's sake in his essay on *Culture* are none too enthusiastic. Certainly, Shakespeare travelled relatively little, yet he remains our most universal poet, of enormous and apparently cumulative influence on human life at large. The Germans, indeed, seem to regard his birth in England as something of an accident, insist that they largely discovered him as a thinker, and long since adopted him into their race with characteristic German thoroughness, although the attempt of a German professor during the Great War to adopt Michael Angelo also met with slighter success. Ben Jonson, on the other hand, who moved about a good deal, is decidedly less universal. But this relation reverses itself in the opposition between the Italianate Browning and the insular (though nobly insular) Tennyson. The truth is that Art cares little for local and provincial programmes, for geographical and political boundaries as such. It has its own kingdom, timeless and placeless; its own gospel; and, it may be added, its own morality. Shakespeare, as Landor rightly and reverently said, is not our poet, but the world's; for, as



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Hazlitt saw it, "the striking peculiarity of his mind was its generic quality." Its power of imaginative projection seems to have been almost unlimited. Shakespeare sought to get past the barriers of his own Elizabethan being into actual brotherhood with Being itself. How tolerant he was, and how curious; how passionately human and yet how eternal-thoughted!

So it was with Homer, and so with Sophocles, so with Dante and the other giants, who are read to-day because they have something of large value to communicate about the persistent problems of the life-experience that we moderns share with their first hearers and readers. These classic ancestors in Art had no prevision of the political organisms and international problems that so concern our day, yet the modernity of these men is amazing; the freshness of their counsel, the charm of their comradeship, endure and endure. Although their very dust has long since disappeared through the gates of dusty death, their thoughts remain our cherished heritage, and their spirits we have canonized among the saints of Art.

There is, however, another aspect of universality that requires some emphasis. The value of a really great work of art is inexhaustible for the race and for the individual alike. It must have cumulative appeal both to the same individual and to the race itself, according to the stages of personal as of racial growth. A student once informed the writer that he preferred not to take a certain course in Shakespearean Tragedy if *Hamlet* were to be studied, because he had already 'done' *Hamlet*, a remark which may be contrasted with one made by Horace H. Furness shortly before his death: "I have been studying *Hamlet* for forty years, and I think I am beginning to understand it." Perhaps we mistake in regarding certain poems—*The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, for example—as peculiarly adapted to high school curricula, as having a place in our educational scheme where they, too, can be 'done'. Children do, of course, eagerly respond to the *Ancient Mariner*. The son of a professional friend of mine in Chicago could always end a quarrel with his sisters and put them to utter rout by shouting at the top of his voice:—

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The very deep did rot! O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

Neither he nor the little girls knew exactly what those dreadful words might mean, but they well knew that they were dreadful words; and Coleridge, no doubt, would have been delighted at their use as a menacing incantation. Child or man—who can exhaust the meanings of that amazing adventure into divers deeps? Horizons are, but they are not to be charted and determined. And, similarly, we need not hesitate to place some of the supreme masterpieces in the hands of boys and girls whose tastes and aptitudes show response. There are no few children who could happily explore Butcher and Lang's translation of the *Odyssey*, and who, as Lamb believed, could be safely trusted, when turned into the pasture of a home library, to make their own selections. They will feed on the food there that is convenient for them, and, like Pompilia, "will not take corruption." I am not sure that that educator was wholly wrong who asked why we should be so careful about adapting the classics to children when the children are already adapted to the classics.

But uncommunicated universality merely marks time. The subtlest nuances and rhythms of style are needed to give it power and continuity. And style has meant a thousand things to a thousand students of it, because it is, as already suggested, so deeply personal a quality. Grammar teaches us the difference between right and wrong in the use of language; Rhetoric, the difference between the effective and the ineffective; but pure Style is much less a logical language-process than a psychological endowment. Walter Pater and Havelock Ellis both distinguish between the intellectual, the formative quality, in Style—its mind, in short—and the spiritual element that gives it its peculiar colour, its aroma, its living influence. Says Walter Pater:

As a quality of style, soul is a fact, in certain writers—the way they have of absorbing language, of attracting it into the peculiar spirit they are of, with a subtlety which makes the actual result seem like some inexplicable inspiration. By mind, the literary artist reaches us, through static and objective indications of design in his work, legible to all. By soul, he reaches us . . . through vagrant sympathy and a kind of immediate contact.



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And Ellis, in that now indispensable work, *The Dance of Life*, bids us remember that—

Style is not a sheet of glass in which the only thing that matters is the absence of flaws. It is the miraculous transubstantiation of a spiritual body, given to us in the only form in which we may receive and absorb that body, and unless its clarity is balanced by its beauty it is not adequate to sustain that most high function.

And again—

It is . . . supremely well defined as "grace seasoned with salt." Beyond all that can be achieved by knowledge and effort, there must be the spontaneous grace that springs up like a fountain from the depth of a beautifully harmonious nature, and there must be also . . . the salt quality which gives savour and point and antiseptic virtue.

Both artists and critics are more and more proving and approving this view. Indeed, must not all the ingredients of great art finally be disclosed as personal ingredients? De Maupassant speaks of the novelist as seeking to communicate to us his personal vision of the world; and Henry James:

A novel is in its broadest definition a personal, a direct impression of life: that, to begin with, constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression.

Style, concludes Cardinal Newman, "is a thinking out into language." It is, says Schopenhauer, "the physiognomy of the mind, and a safer index to character than the face."

Accordingly, although we must continue to disengage the negative faults of body and mind in Style, the only moulder of the soul of Style is the soul itself. "Out of the abundance of the heart." "As a man thinketh in his heart." "What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say." Style thus becomes a necessary part of content. Without personal sincerity there can hardly be artistic sincerity. Without personal emotion—actual, recollected, or imaginatively vicarious—it is idle to hope for a passionate irradiation of style. Shakespeare was no cautious selector of words, nor a too fastidious placer or polisher of them. He had an instantaneous sensitiveness to their beauty, their kinships, their colours, their lights and shades—that is, to their personalities, and he felt that they were to be coaxed, chosen and communed with very much as he dealt with his fellow-beings. Like Chaucer and

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Fielding and Synge, Shakespeare 'spoke with the vulgar and thought with the wise.' He loved the vernacular, and used warm straightforward words whose pulse and power the people could feel, whether or not they understood the wisdom behind. In short, he habitually used common words to say uncommon things, a Schopenhauerean counsel of first-rate value.

At its best, there is something magical about this matter of Style, but is not that because there is something unplumbable about personality? Adorned or naked, romantic or austere, whether it be the organ-like sonority of Milton, the dulcet piano-lyrics of Tennyson, the grave harplings of Gray, or even the nervous banjo-thrummings of Kipling, if only it be sincere in its inspiration and simple in its humanity, it will infallibly win the hearts of the many or the few who need it and await it. "The great thing," said Thackeray, "is to write no sentence without a meaning to it. That is what Style really means." With all the immense critical apparatus of the centuries, can we explain poetry much more understandingly than the little lad who thought that "a poem is something that isn't true, but you all wish it were true, and that is put in nice, jolly words." And it is precisely nice, jolly words, when they are inevitably nice and jolly, that make Style, for they will not be jolly without their appropriate rhythm, nor nice without fulfilling their function as the indispensable parts of a conceived and considered pattern. Style is that sensitive medium by which great thoughts and feelings are registered and radiated. It is uttered harmony.

By Root-Serenity I mean what Professor Dowden meant when he wrote of Shakespeare's "culture of self-control," or what Bernard Shaw has in mind in speaking of the same master's "divine levity . . . an inexhaustible joy that derided sorrow . . . an exultation in what breaks the hearts of common men." One means indeed simply that although the artist must suffer, and suffer deeply, both actually and vicariously, as Shakespeare must have suffered before he could write his subtler sonnets and his four iron tragedies, and Dante before he could walk in spirit through his *Inferno*, and Michael Angelo before he began "The Last Judgement"—yet in spite



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of this great artistic melancholy, the creator of true art must not lose his grip upon himself. If he goes down into hell, it must not be a hell that has power over him, to undo him. I have referred above to the melancholy of Art and artists, a principle which has strongly persisted in our own literature from the time of the Saxon sagas to our own day. Its roots, perhaps, are three: recognition of the incompleteness of human life; inability to express a thought or truth with the sheer first power of that thought or truth; and failure to win more than a very slight share in the responsive sympathy of men and women. The poet is baffled at every turn by these "Thus far's," even though he may fight the better for them. But though he walks into shadow, he does so in order that he may walk through it, may see it what it is. "If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst." It is not possible for a great artist to escape acute awareness of the element of tragedy in life, for this is life's most insoluble riddle, most severe inspiration, the very centre of its storm and stress. "Tragedy at its best," writes John Masefield, "is a vision of the heart of life." Yet it is a serious mistake to suppose that Shakespeare—even though he more than once seems himself to have been tottering on the edge of dark abysses during his middle period—was on that account at any time a cynical or embittered man. To the artist—sensitive above other men—the values of the Dark as indispensable to his insight and interpretative power as are those of the light. He can spare nothing.

It is plain, of course, that Shakespeare moved through those periods suggested for us in Dowden's illuminating captions: In the Workshop, Out in the World, In the Depths, On the Heights. These four periods could be reduced to three by grouping the first two together, as the Thesis period, to use Hegel's word, and following it by the periods of Anti-thesis and Synthesis. It has been wisely said that a man's first word is *Yes*; his second, *No*; his third, *Yes* again. The first *Yes* would seem to represent the ready, spontaneous, docile, receptive attitude of Youth and Adolescence. The *No*, on the other hand, is, in the best sense, sceptical. It is not that I deny, but that I must try and test for myself all these

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values which have been handed down to me by heritage and tradition. This second period is often involved in great gloom and suffering, and from it some unfortunate artists have never emerged—witness the case of Poe. But the supremely great artist has always an anticipative foresight which enables him to find his way through the thick night and deep melancholy of that time. Shakespeare had this clue, which brought him out triumphantly into the third period, when he again said *Yes*—the *Yes* of a wise, kind, serene maturity, the *Yes* of the philosophic mind. Root-Serenity is, then, self-control actually even if not apparently continuous. It enables an artist to project himself into a favourable future in the face of an unfavourable present and, precisely because it is at once a shield and a sword, it encourages him to challenge destiny in the heroic spirit of a Childe Roland. The tragedies of Shakespeare deal, as the late Professor Raleigh has said—

with greater things than man; with powers and passions, elemental forces, and dark abysses of suffering. . . . Because he is a poet, and has a true imagination, Shakespeare knows how precarious is man's tenure of the soil, how deceitful are his quiet orderly habits and his prosaic speech. At any moment, by the operation of chance or fate, these things may be blown up, and the world be given over once more to do the forces that struggled in Chaos.

During Shakespeare's first *Yes* period, he produced such plays as *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—plays filled with the somewhat boisterous joy in living of an exuberant young man. In this same period he moves, however, toward more sensitive work in *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. Indeed, it seems to me that each one of the three periods reproduces in miniature the movement of the whole. His *No* period was initiated with the questioning, ironical spirit of *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*. Besides the dark central tragedies, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Timon of Athens* and *Coriolanus* belong also here, as do the deeper-toned sonnets. The plays of the final *Yes*—*Cymbeline*, *The Tempest* and *A Winter's Tale*—are really amplifications of that silver lining or hint of redemption which we find in each instance attaching itself to even the most profoundly tragic utterances of the second period. *The*



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*Tempest*, for example, implicitly expands and justifies those hints and gleams of final good which suggest themselves in Macbeth's recognition of the justice of his fate, Lear's lamentation for Cordelia, and Hamlet's last words—"The rest is silence." Though Shakespeare has passed through intense spiritual suffering, he has been throughout the master, not only of other men's minds, but also of his own. He has been, in the worst moments of his interior loneliness and arduous approach toward an ideal human philosophy, *at heart serene*.

Shall we ever be able to persuade ourselves to use the term Art of Art alone? An artist, we know, is no mere artisan, expert practical reproducer or imitator; nor even an artificer, expert deviser or inventor. The artisan aims at accuracy; the artificer has real talent; but the artist alone has the ideal aim and the tireless energy of genius, alone imaginatively interprets. And just as the terms artificer and artist are to be critically distinguished, so are fact truth and *vraie vérité*, formal beauty and pure beauty, conventional morality and essential morality. Perhaps the means may be found here of a reasonable solution of that "still vexed" problem: the relation of art to morality. Can they ever be reconciled? Can they consciously work together? But into the discussion of this complex subject, cognate and challenging as it is, the present paper cannot enter.

What is provable about things? asks Science, and by what knowledge may we use and govern them? What, asks Religion, is the saving truth in the relation between the human soul and the soul of the universe? What is the way to culture? asks the scholar, to the balanced education of our tastes and sympathies as well as of our understandings? What is the true nature of ultimate Being? asks the philosopher. But the artist asks simply: What does Beauty say? And in the lifelong attempt to approximate some answer to that question he finds his true task—a task of long pain but also of strange peace. As Robert Browning asserts, this world—

. . . means intensely, and means good;  
To find its meaning is my meat and drink.

And again:—

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Art remains the one way possible  
Of speaking truth, to mouths like mine at least.

. . . . .  
Art may tell a truth  
Obliquely, do the thing shall breed the thought,  
Nor wrong the thought, missing the mediate word.  
So may you paint your picture, twice show truth,  
Beyond mere imagery on the wall,—  
So, note by note, bring music from your mind,  
Deeper than ever e'en Beethoven dived,—  
So write a book shall mean beyond the facts,  
Suffice the eye and save the soul beside.

There speaks, and not in weak whispers, an apostle of Art,  
a lord of Literature.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.



## ROBERT GOURLAY

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**I**N the summer of 1817, a man entered Upper Canada, who, though allowed to remain but two years, was destined, by his activities and still more by the circumstances of his departure, to exercise a permanent influence on the life of the province. Robert Gurlay, who was born in Fifeshire, Scotland, where his family had lived for many centuries, came to Canada in his fortieth year. He was a graduate of St. Andrew's University, and a student of scientific farming. Though in possession of means sufficient to ensure him a life of comfort, he was endowed with a disposition which made such a life impossible. He contrived a quarrel with his neighbors in Fifeshire, and removed to Wiltshire, where he leased a farm from the Duke of Somerset. Here he resided for eight years, when a dispute with the Duke obliged him to seek other quarters. While in Wiltshire he was expelled from the Bath Society, an association of gentlemen and farmers, on account of his violence in expressing his views. Shocked at the condition of the poor in England, he wrote some pamphlets on the Poor Laws, and endeavored to arouse the people to lay petitions before the House of Commons for relief. His efforts to get such a petition before the House led him to denounce three members, who refused to accede to his wishes.

Learning something of the advantages offered to farmers in Upper Canada, he turned his attention to this province, and decided to emigrate hither in 1817.

A doubtful acquisition, one would say. So it turned out; but the man had many qualities, which would have been of inestimable value to the province. He commended himself highly to the leading people by his initial measure, and the energy with which he proceeded to carry it into effect.

Upper Canada was at this period in rather a lethargic state. Its people were too completely engrossed with their own affairs, and too free from public burdens to give much attention to the affairs of the province. Their loyalty to the Crown disposed them to give a good deal of rein to its representative, acting under the safeguards provided by the con-

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stitution they revered. With such a people much that was faulty in policy might exist, and shortcomings and abuses in the exercise of executive power be common before they attracted general attention. The province was not enjoying the prosperity its various resources warranted, and it needed a stranger to diagnose the malady.

Gourlay was eminently fitted for the task. He carried everywhere a sharp, scrutinizing eye, quick to detect a fault in plan or execution, whether he looked at an edifice, a city, or a scheme of public policy, and he had no rest until he had engaged the attention of the proper authorities, and laid before them a well considered measure for the repair of the defect. Imparting advice was a passion with him. No personality was so exalted as to be beyond its range. During a stay in New York, he conceived the idea that a visit of the King, William IV, to the United States and Canada, would be productive of much good, and so notified the Duke of Wellington. He improved sojourns in New York and Boston by submitting to the authorities elaborate plans for the embellishment of those cities.

Upper Candaa in its undeveloped condition made a peculiar appeal to him. It was a *tabula rasa*, to do with what he would. The first and most important thing to be done was to induce farmers to settle, and capitalists to invest their funds in the province. To this end, he would make Upper Canada known to the people at home. His plan was to prepare and publish a statistical account of the province, so authenticated as to carry conviction to every person who read it. On his way out, he drew up a series of thirty-one questions, the answers to which by representatives of every section of the country would furnish an accurate notion of the resources and manner of life in Upper Canada.

His enthusiasm mounted as he contemplated the possibilities that lay enfolded in his scheme. On landing at Quebec, he pushed his way up to Montreal, from which point he travelled to Kingston on foot. The inland waterways fascinated him. As he made his way along the banks of the St. Lawrence, he marked out the sites where canals would be necessary.

Having obtained the approval of his plans by the leading



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people at Niagara, who included two Executive Councillors, Gourlay proceeded to York, where he was equally well received. His questionnaire which accompanied an address to the resident freeholders was submitted to the Administrator, the Chief Justice, and other prominent persons. Gourlay made one exception, a disastrous one. He would hold no communication with Archdeacon Strachan, although the latter was of the Executive Council and its most influential member. For some reason, he refused an introduction to "this little man" and would not permit the Archdeacon to see the proof sheets of the address. He tried to steer clear of Strachan, he declared, but could not.

Gourlay was much annoyed when he heard some time later that his address, which had been published in the *Gazette*, and distributed in the form of a circular to the township officers throughout the province, had met with the disapprobation of Strachan. How far Strachan was moved by private resentment to express an opinion which Gourlay, who endeavored to put Strachan aside, treated as impertinence, there is no means of telling. Strachan had abundant reason of another sort for mistrust of Gourlay's questions. The last of the questions—the thirty-first—is as follows: "What in your opinion retards the improvement of your township in particular, or of your province in general."

For Strachan there lay possibilities of harm in any honest attempt to answer this question. No answer worth considering could be given that did not make pointed reference to the manner in which the waste lands had been distributed. Vast quantities had been granted or sold to individuals who had no intention of either occupying or improving their holdings, and two-sevenths of all the land was held in reserve for the special purposes of the Crown, or for the support of the Church, the lots reserved being so distributed throughout the settlements that as the land actually worked rose in value, in the same measure would the adjacent reserved lands become valuable. But the designs of the speculators, whether royal, clerical or private, were only in part realized. Experience was showing that instead of the settlers enriching the speculators, the speculators were impoverishing the settlers.

The facts stood out plain to every observer; painfully so

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to every settler. It was at this point that Strachan's interest was touched. The Clergy Reserves were his special care. Already they had been raised into an inconvenient prominence. During the last session of the Legislature resolutions had been submitted to the Assembly, setting forth the insurmountable obstacles to well-connected settlements which were offered by the reserved lands, and the exorbitance of the proportion set aside for a Protestant Clergy. The Government had endeavored to suppress the news of these resolutions by the abrupt prorogation of the Assembly, and the omission of the resolutions from the House journals. But they were published in newspapers in Kingston and Niagara. If with these resolutions in their hands, the many municipal authorities undertook an answer to question thirty-one, it was difficult to foresee where the agitation against the Clergy Reserves might end. Strachan had therefore a strong public reason for his dislike of this enquiry.

Strachan's pronouncement and Gourlay's reaction to it make it necessary to pause, and consider what manner of man Gourlay was, in so far as his personal characteristics affected the rôle into which he was born, of social and political reformer. He has made the task an easy one. His voluminous writings contain the answer to any question on these points that curiosity may suggest. He had no reticence. He was an unusually truthful man, and indeed he had no motive for being anything else, for he never seems to have had a doubt as to the wisdom or propriety of any part of his conduct.

One cannot turn over the records of Gourlay's life, whether as revealed in his writings or in the excellent study by Mr. Justice Riddell without a continual feelings of pain for the man himself and of exasperation at the thought of what benefits he might have conferred upon the province, if he could have controlled his perversity. With a sure eye for any impediments that retarded progress, and an impatient desire for their removal, he combined in a high degree a sense of the proper means to that end, and a gift of clear expression. He was also absolutely singleminded in his devotion to any cause he espoused.

As one ponders over his failures, one may wonder whether



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it was not in this last quality that his undoing lay. He was pre-eminently intolerant. Opposition set him beside himself. No answer could be soft enough to turn away his wrath, if it failed in complete agreement with his expressed sentiments. As he spoke his mind with a freedom that was quite unconscious of the effect it produced upon his hearers, one is not surprised to see his life as a long series of contacts and explosions. Enmities were aroused which on his side at least time did little to abate.

He had another characteristic arising out of his inability to appreciate the views and feelings of other people. He respected no confidences. Things told him in the careless freedom of intimate conversation were published in the newspapers with the names of his informants. Letters from his wife plainly intended for his eye alone, and friendly letters of advice were published, the latter sometimes accompanied by offensive and abusive comment. William Dickson and Thomas Clark, both Executive Councillors, were kinsmen of Mrs. Gourlay. They both opened their houses to him when he reached Niagara. He fell out with them later, and published facts and opinions learned in the privacy of their homes, which must have been extremely embarrassing to them in their characters as Executive Councillors. It was soon impressed on his acquaintances that no person, not having an itch for publicity, could safely talk to Gourlay on a topic of public importance.

But, in spite of these serious drawbacks, common justice demands that this description should not end on a note of disparagement. Gourlay was a man of shining public virtues, which he inconsiderately veiled with a screen, opaque or transparent, according as the observer was an enemy or a friend. When he was cast out of Upper Canada with contumely, he was welcomed by people in the United States as an enemy of England. He repudiated such a reception as an insult. William Lyon Mackenzie, in the full tide of his agitating activity, sought Gourlay's co-operation. Gourlay replied in what he himself described as an exceedingly coarse epistle, which he bade Mackenzie publish. Living in Cleveland at the outbreak of the rebellion of 1837, he did his utmost to

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counteract the plans of the rebels by communicating all he could learn to the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.

Gourlay's first address to the landowners was altogether commendable; but only a fortnight later he published a letter which aroused active hostility to him in Government circles and alienated many of those who had extended to him a hearty and even grateful welcome. In the session which had just closed, the Assembly had adopted resolutions, which in effect censured the Government for its course towards immigration from the United States. The Lieutenant-Governor, in genuine alarm, put down his hand and prorogued the Legislature forthwith. In his report to the Colonial Secretary as to the action he had taken, Gore declared that if the restraints on American immigration were abandoned "the next declaration of hostilities by America will be received by acclamation, and the loyal portion of the colony will be reduced to defend themselves from the disloyal." With these sentiments ruling Government House, advocacy of the open door for citizens of the United States was imprudent in a man who had been but a few months in the country, and whose chief aim should have been to avoid imputation of being a mischievous busybody. He did not sin through ignorance. In his first address, he had some words of approval for the resolutions which excited the Lieutenant-Governor's drastic measure, but was induced to strike them out. He admitted that during his first visit to York, he was made aware of the intense feeling which existed against immigration from the United States. In spite of this knowledge, however, he must needs open the subject in this letter, and charge the Lieutenant-Governor with the illegal exercise of arbitrary power in preventing this immigration. In his contention as to the illegality of the Lieutenant-Governor's action, Gourlay was clearly right. The Law Officers, who were consulted by the Colonial Secretary, gave it as their opinion that, under two Imperial statutes passed before the War of 1812, magistrates had no option but to admit and administer the oath of allegiance to Americans, against whose conduct nothing could be charged.

But to be right in such circumstances was to be danger-



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ous. The Government was sincerely, and, it may be asserted, justifiably alarmed at the prospect of any large influx of citizens of the country with which Canada had been so recently at war.

This letter of November 10 was, however, the mere adumbration of the letters soon to be given to the people of Upper Canada. Gourlay spent two months of the time during which he was awaiting answers to his questions, in a tour through the western parts of the province. He visited the farmers in their homes and informed himself as to their ways of life, their difficulties, and their notions as to the comparatively unprogressive state of their district, and there is no reason to doubt that he did his utmost to inoculate them with the germs of discontent which seethed in his own bosom.

He returned to Niagara, afire with apostolic fervor. His address to the people in February, 1818, was a rousing appeal to them to throw off their torpor, and behold the ruin that impended, if they did not bestir themselves. Their representatives had in their subserviency betrayed the trust imposed in them; £3,000 had been voted to make a present of plate to the Lieutenant-Governor. He should have been impeached, instead. His dismissal of the Legislature had had no precedent since the time of Cromwell. The Assembly had wasted its precious time wrangling about the expulsion of one of its members, for the simple reason that he had spoken the truth. The part of the Lieutenant-Governor's speech which related to immigration he branded as too silly to have been his own production. Such drivelling must have been the work of some half-starved clerk in London. He dilated upon the disastrous folly of excluding Americans with a wealth of argument which might have commanded general assent at any time except that at which it was written.

If, he declared in conclusion, the people would bring into play the virtues which distinguished them during the late war, and put their hearts into the task of setting their house in order they would soon cease to be treated with disregard at home, and hundreds of British farmers would come to settle, bringing with them the wealth which the Colony so greatly needed.

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This address brought Gourlay for the first time to the notice of the Home Government. The Administrator reported that the large landowners, who were opposing in their own private interest the exclusion policy of the Government, were being assisted by a British reformer, whose utterances were inflaming the ignorant population by their want of truth, reason and decorum. Gourlay, he stated, was insignificant, but that was no security against the mischief he might generate.

Gourlay did not escape criticism from persons who had until that time regarded him with gratitude. Indeed, his position since he entered the province a few months before was one that could only be maintained with the utmost tact. The rule of the home that children should be seen and not heard applies with equal force to strangers in a community. Hesitation to speak at all about public affairs until one has been long enough in a community to be accepted as a member of it, and modesty in any expression of opinion he may be impelled to make during the probationary period are both due to the sensibilities of those composing the community. Gourlay received several reminders of his breach of these elementary rules. One writer to the *Niagara Spectator* remarked that Gourlay's abilities must have been transcendent to enable him to discover in so short a time wrongs and abuses to which the people had been so long blind. Another said in the same paper that it was the extreme of arrogance in a stranger who acknowledged himself but a few months a resident in, or rather a wanderer through the country, to offer himself as its saviour.

These letters excited Gourlay to fury. His tone may be judged from a sentence in his reply: "Knowing it to be true that beating a fool in a mortar can make him no wiser, I cease to regard you as a man, and shall cut you up as an anatomist does a carcase." The letter is a stream of abuse through which ran a current of good sense worthy of attention, which it would doubtless have received, were it not for the effect of his vituperation. Appended to the letter was a form of petition to the Assembly representing that his pro-



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perty was being depreciated by the suspension of law, general maladministration and violation of public faith.

But he did not reserve his lash entirely for those who outspokenly opposed him. He wrote to the Administrator a letter containing some sound advice as to taxation of public lands, compensation to sufferers from the late war, and to the improvement of navigation. But, *suo more*, his suggestions were fairly smothered in buffoonery and abuse, directed against the Administrator, the Council and Strachan. Strachan was never long out of Gourlay's mind. This is rather curious as Strachan does not appear to have uttered a word in public regarding Gourlay. It is perhaps a national characteristic. No person can have associated much with Scotchmen without observing that when one happens to dislike another, the expression of the feeling takes on a malignancy outdoing all other hates<sup>1</sup>. There seemed to have been no particular reason for dragging him into the letter at all. This time he is an "arrogant priest." Strachan was greatly respected in his own communion, and these apparently unprovoked attacks must have given great offence to his people. In order, one might imagine, to complete the alienation of the members of the Church of England from himself, Gourlay turned his abusive tongue upon Strachan's colleague in the Eastern District. The Reverend John Bethune was one of the signers of a report of a meeting of the inhabitants of the township of Augusta, in which it was resolved that injurious consequences might be feared, if the statistical information being collected were placed at the disposal of a man of Gourlay's political principles. Gourlay by way of retort called Bethune a renegade Presbyterian, a fool, a busy body, and a slanderer.

With the influential classes arrayed against him, and as many of the community as were disposed to adhere to the cause of their leaders, Gourlay addressed the resident land owners a third time. The occasion of the address was the temporary dislocation of the legislative machinery. The Legislative Council set up the pretension of a right to amend a

<sup>1</sup>The author betrays his ignorance of Irishmen.—Ed.

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money bill sent up from the Assembly. The Assembly resisted, and after an interchange of communications, conciliatory on the side of the Council, and uncompromising on the side of the Assembly, a deadlock ensued with the result that the Legislature was prorogued with some important business unfinished.

This breakdown threw Gourlay into a state of violent excitement. "Good God," he exclaimed, "what is to be the end of all this?" He then directed all his batteries on the Legislature. Their sycophantic acquiescence in the abuses of government threatened all the blessings of the social compact. A new House of Assembly would be no better than the existing one. The system was radically defective, and until it was overturned, it was vain to expect anything of value from a change of representatives or governors. The people must pass outside of the system, and take things into their own hands. They must choose representatives who having met in convention will draw up a petition to the Prince Regent for the safeguarding of their privileges. "If the people do not *now* rouse themselves, they may indeed have plenty whereon to exist, but to that righteousness which exalteth a nation they will have no claim. The farmer may plod over his fields, the merchant may sit, drowsy and dull, in his store; but the life, the vigour, the felicities of a prosperous and happy people will not be seen in the land. "America will flourish, while Canada sinks into comparative decay."

There was much in this jeremiad that was profoundly true. Upper Canada was in danger of dry rot, and the danger was due in part to the civic virtues of her people. Their loyalty, and disposition to accept the measures which the government deemed for their good, coupled with their isolation into small groups by a vicious land system with its interspersed reserves for Crown and Church, tended to induce a lethargy in striking contrast with the abounding, turbulent activity everywhere manifest in the adjoining States.

But conceding the truth of the charges, was it wise to make them at the time? Had the people become sufficiently habituated to the application of the political ideas, which prevailed among the kindred people of the Mother Land?



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However these questions may be answered to-day, there is no doubt as to the answer that arose in the minds of those who were responsible for the well being of the province in 1818. Some of the expressions used by Gourlay were calculated to arouse the apprehensions of every moderate man. What could he mean by a complete change of system, if not the substitution of the present by the republican system? The convention, too, which he urged, was reminiscent of the events preceding the Revolution.

The ordinary intelligent man, who approved of the plan to gather and disseminate information regarding the province, was checked by Gourlay's later ideas, and Gourlay lay exposed to the enemies he had made. He had announced that the Lieutenant-Governor should be impeached; that the House of Assembly had betrayed their constituencies through their sycophancy; that the rulers of the Church of England were unworthy of their cloth. When we are impelled to sympathy for Gourlay in his sufferings common justice demands that we should not forget that the victims of his well-filed pen were people like ourselves, who are apt to strike out when wounded.

Full of public alarm and private resentment, the Government sought out a point at which Gourlay was open to attack. It was found partly in this address, and partly, indeed mainly, in a draft petition to the Prince Regent which Gourlay drew up for general signature. The petition was astonishingly outspoken. It charged the Home Government with neglect of Upper Canada, disparagement of the services of the militia, disregard of its promise to grant land to them, and with failing to compensate those whose property had been destroyed. The Executive Council had been guilty of scandalous abuses in the disposal of the land, and a system of patronage existed utterly destructive of moral rectitude and virtuous feeling. "It matters not what characters fill situations of public trust at present; all sink beneath the dignity of men, become vitiated and weak as soon as they are placed within the vortex of destruction." The evils had reached so great a magnitude that they could only be removed by the interference of the British Government.

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It has been suggested that in taking serious notice of this tirade, the Government showed undue sensitiveness, and that it would only excite laughter to-day. It may be so, but it happens that a century has elapsed since those words were written, and the floods of abuse poured over politicians by their opponents during that time have enabled the public to estimate these effusions at their true value, and have also rendered the politicians more pachydermatous than they were in the infancy of political warfare in the province. But there is a more serious consideration. To-day, the judges before whom a politician is arraigned are his neighbors. He is known at least by repute to the great majority of them. He has defenders as well as his opponents in the press, and in the course of the daily discussion they become fairly acquainted with the merits of any charges brought against him.

The little group who constituted the advisers of the Governor, and, under him, administered the public affairs, stood in a totally different position. Their judge was the sovereign. He appointed them, and he, alone, could dismiss or disgrace them. Neither he nor the Colonial Secretary knew anything of them personally, and if complaints reached him, the assurance of the Lieutenant-Governor might not be sufficient to save the men charged from discredit.

It was determined on the part of the Government to prosecute Gourlay for criminal libel. This was in June, when Gourlay was carrying on a vigorous campaign in and about Kingston and eastward. He had a variety of experiences, most of them unpleasant. On reaching Cornwall, he learned that his papers and pamphlets had been burned, and that the people intended burning him in effigy; in Stormont, his address was torn to pieces, and he had to listen to one denouncing his "canting professions and deceitful declamations"; in another district while he was pasting up notices of his meeting, he was followed by a man who tore down the notices before the paste was dry. At Kingston, he had a more serious encounter, nothing less than a warrant for his arrest by instructions of the Attorney General. He gave bail in £1,000 to appear at the next assizes there. A fortnight later, while at Johnstown, he was assaulted and then arrested as a sedi-



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tious person, and again had to give bail for his temporary release. On his return to Kingston, he got a horsewhipping, and seems to have deserved it. Christopher Hagerman was directed by the Attorney General to prosecute Gourlay in the pending assize at Kingston, and Gourlay, having in mind a dispute he had had with Hagerman's brother, avenged himself on both by publishing in the *Kingston Gazette* a statement that a brother of their's had been hanged for forgery many years before. He was told that he was wounding the feelings of the mother and sisters of the man, but he nevertheless persisted in his intention.

The convention of Provincial delegates which had been called at Gourlay's instance met in York on July 6. Representatives attended from all the Districts west of York, and from the Midland, Newcastle, and Johnstown Districts. Several resolutions prepared by Gourlay were adopted. It was resolved to wait upon Sir Peregrine Maitland, the new Lieutenant-Governor, on his arrival in the province, and lay before him two addresses, one to the Prince Regent which the Lieutenant-Governor would be requested to transmit, and the other to the Lieutenant-Governor himself. The latter submitted to the Lieutenant-Governor the advisability of convoking parliament as speedily as possible, in order that enquiry might be made into the state of the province, and a commission sent home with the report. It was also suggested that it might be preferable to dissolve the existing parliament, and leave the enquiry to the newly elected Assembly. It was finally resolved that the convention should remain in being until the enquiry was completed, and the results desired had been achieved.

The convention excited great perturbation in Government circles. The Attorney General searched the statutes for one that might perchance furnish a warrant for prohibiting any future meetings. The address to the Prince Regent appeared to him "insulting to both Governments, and involving every servant of the Crown in the province in one indiscriminate charge of corruption." His search was fruitless. There was indeed one passed in the thirteenth year of Charles II against tumultuous petitioning; but he could find no prosecu-

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tion under it, and he was not quite convinced that this convention came within its scope. The judges who were consulted agreed that no law was in force in Upper Canada under which such a convention could be prevented as seditious or treasonable.

This convention was the end of Gourlay's career as a political power in Upper Canada. From this time forward the rôles were reversed, and the hunter became the hunted, and as so often happens among a generous people, Gourlay's real influence began. What he could not gain by hectoring declamation, was given to him through sympathy.

Gourlay stood his trials in Kingston and Brockville, and defending himself was twice triumphantly acquitted. Some at least of the jurors in that hostile eastern district must have been repelled by his political methods, but they carried open minds with them into the court. The effect of the trials upon Gourlay was characteristic. They raised him into a state of exultation that craved martyrdom. On the eve of the meeting of the Legislature, Gourlay went to York. Before setting out he wrote an address to the Friends of Enquiry. He was on his way, he said, to imprisonment. But if a victim was wanted for public liberty, if the great principle of constitutional right required a martyr, not only his liberty but his life would be freely tendered. He would not be the first of his family who had devoted his life for a sacred cause. An ancestor had perished at the stake in Scotland for the cause of religious liberty, and if the cause of public liberty in Upper Canada required a martyr he prayed for the strength as he had the will to brave even the horrors of the flame for its establishment.

The Government was disappointed at the result of the trials, and turned its attention to the question of prohibiting further meetings of the Convention, which it feared might be convoked during the session of the Legislature. No opposition was anticipated from the Assembly, to which the convention was as repugnant as to the Lieutenant-Governor. The Assembly responded eagerly to the recommendation of the Lieutenant-Governor for the necessary legislation, and, on its own account, forbade any delegate of the convention to sit



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within its bar to listen to the proceedings. Taking up Gourlay's last letter, the Assembly adopted a series of resolutions to the effect that, while it was the undoubted right of the people, individually or collectively, to petition for a redress of their grievances, the House of Assembly were the only constituted representatives of the people; that the proceedings of the convention which had assembled for the discussion of matters of public concern was repugnant to the spirit of the constitution and tended to the disturbance of public tranquillity; that the proceedings had drawn the eyes of other countries, the sister provinces and of the Parent State as to a colony impatient of its allegiance and ungrateful for the fostering care which cherished its infancy; and that, to repel such an imputation it was desirable that such provisions should be enacted as the Imperial Parliament had found it proper to provide to meet similar occasions. The resolutions were followed up by a bill, which passed the Assembly with notable celerity, and with practical unanimity, there being only one dissentient to its final reading. The bill had a smooth passage through the Legislative Council, and so passed into law.

Gourlay rose defiantly to the occasion, but with an outburst of buffoonery, which seems to be of the essence of the man. He threw off an address to the Friends of Enquiry "Gagged-gagged by Jingo," and beginning with three lines of doggerel. After quoting the Act at length, he pointed out that its limited scope left them free to continue practically as they had been doing. They might not assemble as delegates, but the law said nothing of their meeting in any numbers in their individual and unrepresentative capacity. He urged them to hold meetings in their own districts, and to draw up sets of instructions for their representatives in the House of Assembly and impress on them their obligation to act upon those instructions. The way to control the Government was to exercise the power they held over the public revenues. To emphasize this point, they would do well to call their meetings "Purse-string Meetings."

This address was published in the *Niagara Spectator* of December 3. Less than three weeks later, Gourlay was ar-

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rested and sentenced to banishment from the province. Each issue of the *Spectator* in the interval was filled with Gourlay's outpourings. The special object of his wrath was the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland. He would have recommended a petition to the Prince Regent for Maitland's recall, but the act of the last session made this impracticable. To be effectual, a petition should be signed by the mass of the people or by their authorized delegates. It would be impossible to get a petition sufficiently signed to carry weight, and the act forbade meetings of delegates.

The first to suffer from Gourlay's reckless propaganda was his printer, the publisher of the *Spectator*. He was arrested on the oath of Isaac Swayze for a seditious libel against the Governor and Legislature of the province. Gourlay rushed to his defence and avowed himself the author of the obnoxious address. The announcement of his release was made in terms that must have excited a chuckle among the readers of the paper. The paper was dated December 24, but the publisher stated immediately below the heading that the date should be December 31. Why he did not make the correction in the headline is not clear, unless it was, as he states, that he was just out of jail and had not quite returned to himself.

In this same issue is the account of Gourlay's arrest with his own trenchant comments upon the transaction. On December 21, he was arrested by Isaac Swayze and brought before William Dickson and William Clause, members of the Executive Council. He was summarily convicted and ordered to leave the province not later than January 1, that is, within eleven days. He refused to obey the order and was committed to Niagara jail to await his trial before a regular court.

The act under which Gourlay was thus summarily disposed of was a product of a period of alarm. Smith the administrator in a report to Lord Bathurst explained the circumstances which made the act necessary. He attributed these to the open door policy of Simcoe, which led to a large influx of Americans. About the period of the rebellion in Ireland, many emigrants from that country came through the United States, and as the conduct of that Government gave cause for alarm in Upper Canada, an act was passed by the



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Legislature in 1804, which gave magistrates unusual powers in regard to immigrants.

By this act authority was given to several dignitaries—the Lieutenant-Governor, members of the Executive and Legislative Councils, and the Judges—to issue warrants for the arrest of any persons who have not resided in the province for six months, or have not taken the oath of allegiance, who have given just cause for suspicion that they were endeavoring to alienate the minds of His Majesty's subjects from his person or government, or with a seditious intent to disturb the tranquillity of the province. If the person arrested, being brought before the persons issuing the warrant, fail to convince the latter that his conduct had no such tendency or was not intended to provoke disaffection to His Majesty's person or government, then he might be banished from the province, or, if allowed to remain, be required to give security for his good behaviour. In case the person so ordered to leave the province should refuse to obey the order, he was to be confined in jail until he could be tried before a competent court for his disobedience, and if after conviction of such disobedience, he should remain in the province, he was to suffer death as a felon.

The best commentary on the monstrous powers conferred by this law is that of Chief Justice Powell, on whom fell the distasteful duty of affirming its applicability to the case of Gourlay. In a letter to Lieutenant-Governor Gore, he declares it to have created almost the most perfect tyranny which ever disgraced a Legislative act, and he goes on to observe that the enactment "subjects Earl Bathurst if he should pay a visit to this province and his looks offend Isaac Swayze, to be ordered out of the province by the enlightened magistrate, and if that disobedience which constitutes the offence is found by a jury, to be banished under penalty of death, should he remain or return, without the slightest enquiry into the cause or justice of the worthy magistrate's suspicion that he was a suspicious character."

This law being a weapon ready to the hand of any of the numerous enemies Gourlay had wilfully made during his short sojourn in the province, the wonder is that it was not

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put to use at an earlier date. The Government itself had no part in the prosecution. Gore in a letter to the Under Secretary for the Colonies on the affairs of the province, stated that Gourlay "was sinking into insignificance when two Legislative Councillors on the 44th of the King perplexed me by taking him up and ordering him out of the province. He would not go, and they have put him in gaol."<sup>1</sup> Gore declared his intention of allowing matters to take their course.

The persons who set the law in motion which drove Gourlay from the province were Isaac Swayze, M.L.A., the Honourable William Dickson and the Honourable William Claus. They have been much condemned for the part they took in these proceedings. Dickson, as a relative of Gourlay's wife, had been subjected to great severity. But, if only as Devil's advocate, it is well to recall the facts.

Gourlay had caused much distress to those connected with the public authorities. The House of Assembly deplored the impression Gourlay was creating in the minds of the Mother Country, and of the Sister Colonies, and of foreign countries. The District Council of Niagara repudiated his activities. The three persons who proceeded against him, who were all public characters, might conceivably have been moved by the same reasons as affected the Assembly and the District Council. But there was more. Gourlay had violated the confidence of a host, and had done his utmost to destroy Dickson's character as a public man. Dickson's conduct shortly before Gourlay's arrival in the province had made him peculiarly sensitive to such an attack as Gourlay had made upon him. When the Lieutenant-Governor issued an order to magistrates, requiring them to refuse the oath of allegiance to American immigrants, Dickson disregarded it as being illegal (as in fact it was). The Lieutenant-Governor therefore dismissed Dickson from the magistracy. In this state of disfavor, what could be more damaging than Gourlay's published statement that Dickson was so much pleased with Gourlay's second address in which he insisted upon the admission of American immigrants, that Dickson offered Gour-

<sup>1</sup>July 22, 1819. Canadian Archives, Q. 325, p. 280.



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lay 500 acres of land as a recognition; or, even worse, that Dickson, the Executive Councillor, had declared that if things were not ordered better, he would rather live under the American than the British Government? If ever provocation justified reprisals, this was a case.

Swayze would have had an unusual amount of charity if he could look with anything but resentment upon a man who not only blocked his application for a grant of land, but published the facts, quite gratuitously, in the *Niagara Spectator*.

When ordered to leave the province, Gourlay chose the alternative and went to jail, hoping to be released on a writ of Habeas Corpus. In this he was disappointed, and was remitted to jail to await his trial for disregard of the magistrates' order. He could have obtained his freedom at any time, if he had undertaken to leave the province, and he could have had no hope from the result of the trial at the approaching Assizes. The issue before the Court would not be the legality of the magistrates' order, but whether he had or had not obeyed it. To that question there could be only one answer. By his presence in the Court, he would furnish all the evidence necessary for a verdict against him.

Gourlay remained in what must be described as voluntary confinement for over six months. Fortunately our purpose does not require us to dwell at length upon this period. It was simply a continuation of the life he had lived in freedom. He wrote abusive letters from the jail, which evoked remonstrances, and these were followed by revilings on his part. He cries out against his persecutors in accents that touch the heart, and the pain is not assuaged by the knowledge that he, himself, was the author of all his sufferings.

On August 20, he received his sentence of banishment from Chief Justice Powell, in strict accordance with the terms of the statute of 1804, and this time he obeyed it. We shall not follow him to Great Britain, or back to the United States, and shall say but little of his return to Upper Canada, which took place in 1836. He got into communication with Head and succeeding governors, and engaged the sympathy of the House of Assembly, but, true to his character, fell into serious misunderstandings with his friends in that body because they

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insisted in doing what was practicable for him, while he was obstinate for a course which was beyond their power to take. In 1842, he was granted an annuity of £50 for his sufferings, but he would not accept it because it was not accompanied by an acknowledgment that the treatment accorded him in 1819 was not only unjustifiable but illegal.

Gourlay lived for twenty years after this last incident, making himself a nuisance to everybody whom he thought he might interest in his wrongs. He even presented a memorial to the Legislature of Massachusetts on the subject. In 1857, he induced the Canadian House of Assembly to give him a hearing, but gave so melancholy an exhibition of himself that he convinced his hearers of his complete decrepitude. He died in Edinburgh on August 1, 1862, in his 85th year.

WM. SMITH.



## ORGANIC EVOLUTION AND THE INDIVIDUAL

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"To know what is true in order to do what is right is the summing up of the whole duty of man."—*T. H. Huxley.*

### I.

IF we slowly evaporate a saturated solution of a salt, crystals will appear which are all of a certain crystal system and with angles of a particular sort or sorts. As the process continues the crystals increase in size or grow, but they do not change their shape. This is a precise kind of reaction to environment and we may consider the property of growth under these circumstances as a reaction of the individual crystals. The reactions of crystals bear no relationship to the persistence of their identity. If enough water is added they will disappear.

If living things are exposed to a certain environment they too react in a particular way. The material basis of life, protoplasm, exists in units which we call individuals. But these individuals, unlike crystals, have the supreme and fundamental property of reacting in such a way as usually to result in self-preservation. We call this adaptation and it is the great criterion of life, since non-living matter does not react in this way. In other words, it does not respond to stimuli in a self-advantageous manner.

Living protoplasm has also the distinctive property of constantly transforming energy from the kinetic or active to the potential or stored form, and vice versa. Its ultimate source of kinetic energy is sunlight, which energy is stored by green plants, and its immediate and constant source is the oxidation of food. This constant stream of energy which flows through life permits rapid responses to a changing environment. Why should they so often be self-advantageous?

One may select an answer in the supernatural, and if one does there is no object in further investigation because no explanation is possible; or we may hypothecate a natural cause and try to find the solution through the evidences of

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our senses. The latter is the working hypothesis of science and already it has borne much fruit. It may not lead us to a final solution but it is at least something to work on and it does enable us to understand some matters of great importance. If it can afford us a rational basis of conduct that surely will be well worth while.

If we examine the reactions of protoplasm more closely, we find that they are as automatic as physical and chemical processes and indeed, in many cases, are demonstrably of that nature. They are much more self-advantageous in the natural environment than under strange conditions. Moreover, many of these reactions are peculiar to the kind of living thing, and they persist, i.e. they are transmitted from generation to generation. But not entirely so. Some individuals exhibit the capacity to react still more self-advantageously after practice, and this new or changed condition, so far as can be determined, is not hereditary.

Another characteristic of living matter is growth, not like that of crystals which is by accretion, but by what is called intussusception or the interpolation of new matter among the particles of the old. This property, if unchecked or diverted, would produce forms whose internal parts would be too remote from the air's oxygen to carry on the oxidation of food at a sufficient rate for life to continue. Moreover, the difficulties of co-ordination would become unduly great. For these reasons plants and animals have never been able to exceed certain limits and many kinds cease increasing in size while still quite small, the final stage being apparently that of greatest efficiency.

But growth continues. It is now directed to the increase of numbers of individuals through the frequent detaching of parts of their living protoplasm which then grow into new individuals. This is called reproduction. In many cases these detached bits must each first join up or fuse with another to live, thus bringing about biparental or sexual reproduction. In this way the new forms may combine in one, the qualities of more than one parent.

It will readily be seen that if this process of growth were not checked, protoplasm would occupy an increasingly large



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space. It has been calculated, for instance, that if a certain microscopic animal, *Paramecium*, were to live under ideal conditions for five years, one individual would give rise to a mass of *Paramecium* protoplasm  $10^{1000}$  the volume of the earth! Similar results would be obtained with other forms of life. The ultimate checks are the earth's limitations in space for exposure of green plant tissue to sunlight, which supplies all the energy used by protoplasm, and in the materials such as water, carbon dioxide and mineral substances, which protoplasm uses and of which it is, in part, composed. But since all animals and many microscopic plants cannot utilize the sun's energy direct, but must get their matter and potential energy from the bodies of green plants, these plants do not have the opportunity to grow up to this limit.

All forms of life, therefore, have the capacity to increase far more rapidly than circumstances permit. There is universal over-production. This profound fact was the basis of Malthus' famous essay on human population and was the inspiration which led Charles Darwin to his brilliant theory to account for evolution. It constitutes his first point, which he termed 'overproduction.' Continued increase is prevented by the fact that animals eat plants and other animals as their food, which is their source of matter and energy. Green plants are controlled further by their measure of success in getting and maintaining a place in the sun. The shortage of food or a chance to make it, combined with the principle of self-preservation, results in competition for it among all forms of life. This is Darwin's second point which he called the 'struggle for existence'.

If we can imagine that protoplasm originally reacted to its environment as non-living matter does to-day, i.e. without reference to its perpetuation, but in ways having all degrees of relationship to its interests, we shall see that those kinds which react in ways resulting most completely in self-preservation would survive and reproduce more frequently than others. This process was called by Herbert Spencer 'the survival of the fittest' and by Darwin 'natural selection.' It constitutes his third point.

These three points, which refer to individuals, are facts

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which nobody can dispute unless they are confused as to what constitutes an individual, which is a matter to be considered later. By themselves they would produce a static system, except that a varying environment would result in changes in surviving numbers of the various forms. Some might even become extinct.

But there is indisputable evidence that life is not such a system. It is not proposed to relate in detail here the evidence regarding the fact of evolution. It comes from many sources and all of it supports the concept that all existing life is derived through frequent change from simple common ancestors. The fossil record, the graded series of living forms from simple to complex, comparative anatomy, the process of development of the individual, the nature of the distribution over the earth of plants and animals, serological reactions and many other points can be explained in no other natural way. The case is well presented in its broad features in almost every biological text-book and should be familiar to all.

The fact of evolution is firmly established but it is not so clear how and why it has come about. Darwin thought, and this is his fourth and final point, that in all life minute persistent changes, which he called variations, were taking place regularly at the time of reproduction. He considered that they were of all sorts and occurred in all directions, i.e. they had no relation to self-advantage. He thought that they were hereditary. He did not know what caused them. If his contention is true, then, with the exception of the cause of these variations, the problem of the process of evolution or the actual origin of new species is solved. For if new heritable variations are constantly occurring, then, owing to the struggle for existence only the fittest will survive and thus we have a process producing a series approaching perfect adaptation to the environment. In his later years Darwin concluded that some of these variations might be due to adaptive response to the direct influence of the environment. In other words, he considered that some acquired characters might be inherited.

This matter has been the subject of very widespread and



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intensive investigation for the last quarter of a century. It is, of course, quite true that the environment has direct effect upon living things and that these are in the main self-advantageous or adaptive. We acquire resistance to disease, we increase strength and dexterity through practice, we learn by experience. This applies to all species.

It is not proven conclusively, however, that any or any part of these acquired characters are inherited by the offspring. In some cases certain changes which are of the nature of a loss rather than an acquisition are heritable, as, for example, damage due to poisons such as alcohol in great excess, X-rays, radium emanations, and certain serums. These reagents have been applied to rabbits, guinea pigs and rats and, when effective, in quantities such as are never used by man *even by himself*. Defectives so produced, when fertile, would soon be eliminated in nature by the struggle for existence.

Recently the claim has been made that a certain acquired character that is not retrogressive is inherited. Harrison and Garrett found that certain insects, if fed on leaves dusted with compounds of certain metals, acquired a black colour which was transmitted as true inheritance to their offspring. This blackening or melanism is increasing in industrial districts and these authors claim that it is due to the prevalence of such compounds in factory smoke which settles on the animals' food. Melanism is probably a new character but it is improbable that it has the survival value of the natural colouration.

Certain hereditary changes also occur at times in the formation of germ cells. We call them mutations. Of thousands such now known not one is progressive or would be able to survive in nature. Most of them markedly reduce vigour and it would seem unlikely that such changes would be responsible for the great accomplishments of evolution.

Many of the variations which Darwin observed are now known to be due to hereditary factors which exist in different numbers in different individuals. The degree of expression of character depends, therefore, on the number of factors which go into the eggs and sperm and upon which sperm

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fertilizes a given egg. When the complete number of such factors is accumulated in a given pair they breed true for the character concerned and no further variation of this sort occurs. We have fixed the type and produced a 'pure line' or a race of thoroughbreds.

So there has been considerable doubt as to the occurrence of progressive heritable variations. The solution is doubtless to be found in a further study of heredity. It is to be noted that while many conspicuous hereditary characters are sharply defined and therefore easy to work out as to mode of inheritance, most are not. Genetics, or the experimental study of heredity, is a new science, only 25 years old. The easier things have been done first and have occupied most of the time devoted to the subject. The other characters such as size, height, shades of colour, vigour, length of life, and many others appear to be inherited through many factors, each responsible for a part so minute as not to be detectible separately. Might it not be that these factors are going into and out of existence at a very slow rate in some forms?

We could test this hypothesis only by breeding pure lines over long periods of time and preserving specimens to be compared with their progeny in the distant future. We might then be able to demonstrate evolution actually occurring, which would be the final link in the chain of evidence. It should not be many years now before that evidence is available.

But we would still have the problem as to the cause of these variations. There is no doubt as to the adaptive response of individuals to their environment. Other types of reaction are bred out in the struggle for existence. If now these acquired characters are inherited to a very slight extent this problem too would be solved. It could be tested by inducing the same adaptive response over very many generations of a pure line. This has been tried in a limited way. Jennings has found in certain microscopic animals that shell pattern and other characters may be progressively altered by continuous treatment with alcohol and other reagents, and that while these effects diminish after the special influence is removed, yet they are discernible for many generations.



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He likens the protoplasm of these forms to a steel spring which recovers from the effect of distortion in degree and time in proportion to the intensity and duration of the influence applied.

In these forms generations are measured in minutes. In the larger and more complex types of life generations are separated by very much longer intervals and so it would require a correspondingly longer time to reach a definite conclusion. However, enough is known already to justify the statement that evolution probably occurs most commonly by changes too minute for accurate measurement in a short space of time and that acquired characters may perhaps be inherited in small part.

### II.

We must now consider objections on the part of some people to the great fact of evolution. The literal minded who put their faith in authority may be reminded that the account of creation in Genesis makes no statement as to how long it took for the commands given in six days to be carried out. Most objections, however, are due to other reasons.

Perhaps the most common is the reluctance to consider man an animal who has been derived from other animals. This attitude, based on pride and ignorance, is quite untenable by honest intelligent people and is scarcely becoming in those who profess and call themselves Christians. Surely it is better to agree with Huxley when he says: 'Thoughtful men, once escaped from the blinding influence of traditional prejudice, will find in the lowly stock whence Man has sprung, the best evidence of the splendour of his capacities, and will discern in his long progress through the Past a reasonable ground of faith in his attainment of a nobler Future.'

The other objection to evolution is based on Darwin's second point,—the struggle for existence, and for this attitude one must have a great deal of sympathy. If progress is to be had only by the 'ruthless rule of tooth and claw', what of all the virtues we hold dear? There is, however, a funda-

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mental misconception here. Progress comes from competition among *individuals*. It is high time that this term should be explained.

Individuals are of all sorts. Many consist of a single cell of microscopic size. Others are large and contain many million cells, and there are all degrees in between. When single cells began to become associated in loose groups each still retaining all their functions except that of reproduction which became relegated ordinarily to a few, there came into existence an individuality of a second order, the colony. Here the interests of each cell became that of all, and internal competition had to give way to external strife or the colony would disintegrate. Co-operation gave an advantage to all cells over the possible achievements of any separately. And so the colony was able to survive and succeed.

As the process of internal co-operation was so successful, those forms which carried it still further were more successful still and so there grew up, as a result of the application of Darwin's principle, more and more complex forms of life with greater and greater specialization of parts. We call them multicellular individuals.

Gradually co-operation of these individuals with others of like sort gave rise to a new type of individuality—the tribe—which in its extreme forms as found in bees and ants we call again a colony. Here we have workers of special types and duties, soldiers, and those whose chief useful function is reproduction. The unit is now, as in the case of bees, the hive, and although the single bee must face the forces of nature by itself, yet the hive succeeds only through the co-operative efforts and service towards it of the various members.

Man was once a solitary animal. As such he succeeded only through a thorough-going competition with everything and everyone he met, including other men. But he is now becoming distinctly a colonial form in the biological sense. If the group—the family, tribe, society, nation, mankind it-



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self, whatever the unit may be—is to survive as such, then internal competition must give way to co-operation.

Everyone knows this quite well, as many mottoes attest, and all such group units are constantly encouraging in every way they can those qualities which would enable them to survive and succeed—co-operation at home and competition abroad. But the old inherited instincts still exist. Our natural tendencies are to look out for ourselves first. The group spirit discourages these and invokes the principle of right and wrong. It calls them sins or vices. It encourages those tendencies which promote the interests of the group. It calls them virtues.

If individuals are to function successfully they must have some system of control, some centre of domination to which the rest are subordinate. So it is in our bodies whose cells are subject, in very great measure, to our nervous systems and especially to a part of it, the brain. But our new individuals, the groups, have not yet perfected a system for the constant existence of perfect centres of control. Thus perfect co-operation and direction are impossible when control is not recognized nor policy approved. The system of virtues and vices under this condition is inadequate, but it is obvious that either extreme is undesirable.

Our great need to-day is knowledge. Only by its acquisition can we determine how best to promote the interests of mankind. For surely that is the highest ideal. The largest types of individuality, when they function well, confer the greatest benefits upon the smaller units of which they are composed.

It is not sufficient to lend all of our support to the interests of any group smaller than mankind itself. 'Patriotism is not enough.' Neither does it suffice to recognize how we have reached our present position. But this is well worth while. It removes the reproach of the well meaning moralist and it points the way to future progress. May we press on toward the mark to the end that we may truly make of mankind one brotherhood for the benefit of all!

R. O. EARL.

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## THE EARTH

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"The earth was without form."—*English Bible.*

NOT a mountain was in labour, but the whole mass of earth and moon combined. Rotating upon its axis in a period of four hours, sweeping in its path about the sun in the same period, pulsating by a unique chance of resonance in still the same period, glowing white, but already liquid, it must have presented an odd appearance to any archangel or devil who hovered near to claim possession of the newly-minted piece, so soon as it should have become cool enough to pocket. It was curiously elongated in grotesque distension, for the near-by sun drew up a huge tidal protuberance on the side toward itself, and, at the same time, drew the mass of the earth away from a lesser protuberance on the opposite side.

The body, therefore, took the form of a very much elongated pear with its stalk directed towards the sun; nothing in the universe can compare with it in oddity, except the rings of the planet Saturn. Very soon the elongation reached its limit, a neck formed near the point, and, in ultimate fission, with whatsoever surgings, splashings, spatterings you may guess, a small drop detached itself from the original mass. This drop was the moon, small in comparison with its primary, being only one-eightieth of the remaining mass, yet very large as compared with the masses of other satellites in the solar system in relation to their primaries. You may observe the fountain jet reach its prime and break into drops, these into smaller drops, until there is nothing but an impalpable mist, invisible to the eye, yet fit to serve as abutments and arch-ring for heaven's bow. So shall the moon be, and so the earth, and like chariot dust upon the air, they shall be sought and not found anywhere, except, perhaps, as new pigments on the palette of an old god. Here let it be said that in the thousand million years or more which have elapsed, second by second, the moon has receded to its present distance of thirty earth diameters; it will presently return to its original

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distance of four diameters, then, passing inside Roche's limit, will be broken up by tidal action and dissipated into space. Yet the present concern is not with the labour of the earth, whose so happy issue was the birth of the moon, but rather with the processes by which that earth, pallid, glabrous, pulsating, hugely oblate, has come to be what it is, round and ripe, a throne and a footstool, a table for divine die-casters, a chess-board for supreme pawn-shifters. Over what bridge does once-upon-a-time progress to now, and upon what compulsion does the inchoate integrate itself to the discrete?

All men in all times have tried, according to their varied powers, to look into the past, in order to account for the present; the knowledge acquired by one generation is transmitted to the next, so that the total mass of observation and deduction soon becomes considerable; but unfortunately the race which conserves any particular type of civilization expands, reaches its zenith, and then decays, leaving but a bare vestige of its accumulation to the successor which is slowly and painfully erected upon its ruins. There is ample time in the history of the earth for the rise, culmination, and decay of ten thousand phases, in this latest of which the white race is even now reaching its peak after ten thousand years of effort. It is more than probable that the discoveries of our present age, of which we are so vain, have been made and forgotten and remade many thousands of times. Yet it is also probable that each successive summit of achievement has been a little higher than the last, owing to the cumulative residuum of past cultures, a mere gleam of all but irrecoverable gold.

The problem of the age of the earth is one of great difficulty and uncertainty. Much patient effort and much learning have been applied to it. All the resources of geology, geo-physics, mechanics, mathematics, have been freely devoted to it. All knowledge of heat-conduction, of radio activity, elasticity and fluid friction have been brought to bear upon it; yet the results are no more than in approximate agreement. All that can be said is that the results obtained by different methods show the same order of magnitude.

Thus many methods have been employed to arrive at an



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estimate of the age of the earth, since it was first ejected from the mass of the sun. The first of these to be mentioned is based on the evidence derived from the planet Mercury, which now revolves about the sun in a nearly circular orbit. Originally his orbit must have been highly eccentric. The change is due to the resistance of the medium through which the planet moves. For, at the great act of creation, the space about the sun was highly charged with the dust and debris of the explosion, and the newly-formed planets were retarded in their motion by passing through the resisting medium thus placed in their way. Their orbits became nearly circular. The inference from Mercury indicates an age of the solar system of from one thousand million to four thousand million years. This is perhaps the least satisfactory method. Its interest lies in the fact that the age of the system as derived from it is of the same order as that inferred from the more accurate methods.

The resisting medium has almost vanished. Its gaseous particles have long since vanished into space, or have fallen into the sun and upon the planets, until now its only remaining vestiges are found in those particles which reflect the zodiacal light. Soon it will entirely disappear, as the dense cloud of dust caused by an explosion gradually settles and the air again becomes clear.

Attempts have been made to estimate the age of the earth by calculating the amount of salt in the ocean, and, then, by estimating the present rate of transfer of salt by the rivers to the sea, to arrive at some notion of the time required in the process. It is readily calculated that one hundred and seventy million tons of sodium are carried to the sea every year. The amount actually present in the sea is also known. Thus an estimate of eighty million years is found as the age of the earth. This is much too low. The method is extremely uncertain for it is not known how the transference of salt has varied in the past. Much of the salt in the sea, moreover, must be of volcanic origin, and much of it must have been transferred again and again from sedimentary rocks. Even with recent revisions of Joly's first estimates, the age of the earth can only be one hundred and

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eighty million years. The method is not quantitatively satisfactory.

Another estimate is based on the accumulation of sediments by denudation. Thus, Holmes elaborately calculated that at the present time the igneous rocks exposed at the surface of the earth produce a cubic mile of sediment in five years. The total volume of sediment on the earth's surface is seventy million cubic miles. A simple calculation will give three hundred and fifty million years as the age of the ocean. This again is not quantitatively satisfactory, yet it indicates that the present rate of denudation is four times greater than its average has been in the past, a conclusion in harmony with the fact that the present time is just after a glacial period and a period of mountain building, both of which would tend to increase the rate of denudation.

It seems probable that the surface of the earth has remained at nearly constant temperature throughout all geological time, and, therefore, the sun has been radiating energy at its present rate throughout that time. If we can find the total amount of energy which the sun has radiated away, we can find the time it can have been radiating at its present rate, which would give an estimate of the time required to form all the rocks known to geologists. This is Kelvin's method, or the method of the condensational energy of the sun. Here it is assumed that the sun simply cools and gives off energy similarly to a ball of red hot iron. The method gives an absurdly low value for geological time, no longer, indeed, than twenty-five million years or one-fiftieth of what is reasonably computed by other methods. The discrepancy lies, of course, in the fact that the sun, as we now know, has other and vast sources of energy unguessed at by Lord Kelvin, namely, the union of hydrogen atoms to form heavier elements.

If we knew the temperature of the earth when it was first formed, and if we also knew the rate of conduction of heat from the interior, we could form an estimate of the time absorbed in the process of cooling. This method has been freely used; but since the rate of cooling has been greatly influenced by heat furnished by radioactive substance in the



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earth's crust, the method cannot reasonably be employed independently. Yet this method gives results in harmony, in order of magnitude at least, with the other principal methods of investigation.

We know that tidal friction is operating to slow down the rotation of the earth. The time of eclipses of the moon can be foretold with extreme accuracy. Observations on eclipses are available for a period covering more than two thousand years, and these observations indicate that the earth is slowing down at the rate of about one second in one hundred and twenty thousand years. Computations based on the errors in the calculated time of eclipses indicate the age of the earth to be about fifteen hundred million years.

But perhaps the most accurate method of determining the limit of geological time is concerned with the gradual disintegration of the element uranium to form lead, since the rate of disintegration appears to be absolutely constant. This method will now be briefly outlined. It indicates that the crust of the earth must have been formed not less than twelve hundred million years ago.

The history of the method of radioactive disintegration dates from the discovery by Becquerel thirty years ago, that uranium salts give out rays capable of producing an effect on a photographic plate covered by an opaque shield. Many persons now living will recall the wonder and incredulity with which the discovery was first received. It was a new kind of magnetism, yet similar to magnetism, in so far that it was independent of the chemical condition of the element. Next Madame Curie, with infinite patience and skill, showed that uranium ore was more active than a pure uranium compound. She surmised that a more active substance than uranium was present, and, two years later, was able to isolate this substance, which we now know as radium. A new epoch in physics was inaugurated. The elements were no longer stable. Chemistry must revise its texts.

A fury of experimentation followed. Many strange things were observed. Radium occurred in nature only in the presence of uranium, and the ratio of the quantities was always the same, about one part of radium to three million

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parts of uranium. This minute proportion could not indicate a chemical combination of the two substances, but the explanation was soon found. Radium itself was undergoing a gradual change. It was found to liberate a gas called radium emanation, at such a rate that it lost half its original weight in fifteen hundred years. All uranium-bearing rocks are many millions of years old. The question, therefore, arises how any radium exists at all. The explanation, of course, is that as fast as it breaks up, new radium is formed from the break of the uranium itself, as was verified by Soddy, who prepared a specimen of uranium free from radium, and after some years demonstrated the presence of radium in his specimen.

Uranium, however, does not pass directly to radium. It gives a quantity of the gas helium. There are eight stages in the break up of uranium, but suffice it to state that the final products are lead and helium. It can be shown that the amounts of all the products of disintegration except the last remain in fixed ratios to each other, and to the amount of uranium left. Knowing the rate of disintegration of uranium to be one part in seven thousand million years, if we also know the amounts of uranium and lead or uranium and helium present in any ore, we can determine the age of the ore. The uranium-lead method is more reliable than the uranium-helium method; it gives the age of the oldest rocks to be about thirteen hundred million years.

Here, then, in generous measure is leisure and super-leisure, for world-building, a period of 40,000,000,000,000,000 seconds of time, in no one of which seconds some drop of rain does not fall, some particle of rock dissolve, some atom of uranium change to dull constant lead, some wave make toward the pebbled shore, some peak heave its shoulder a little starward.

View, then, this candent original earth, so oblate that its equatorial diameter is a thousand miles in excess of its polar diameter instead of thirty as at present, its moon bulking enormous in the lurid sky, its molten tide swelling upward as if striving to unite with hers, bending downward, more acquiescent even than its own. In a matter of ten thousand years a scum begins to form. You can see great floes of



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solidified lava undulating in tremendous waves with no shore to break their surge. The flocs unite, adhere; they are repeatedly broken up, they are overflowed by great boilings up of the molten matter beneath, but soon they form a fairly continuous crust, which year by year thickens, until now, only an Etna, a Vesuvius or a Chimborazo here and there gives vent through a slender pipe to the booming note of the Enceladus enchained deep below.

The moon was undergoing a similar process of solidification, but by reason of her smaller size the process was the more rapid. She has always presented the same face to the earth. She has constantly receded from the earth. Her tides, therefore, have become smaller and smaller, until at a certain period her crust became rigid enough to prevent any further readjustment to her increasing period of rotation; and now we see in her earthward protuberance a frozen, fossil, petrified tide which will remain until her final dissolution.

But, to come down to the earth, and explain the mode of its own development, one must note its superior mass which is eighty times that of the moon. It has been able to adjust itself to the drawing in of its girth owing to its decreasing speed of rotation, whilst the moon has not been able to do so; but with what colossal throes! The earth is now almost in a state of rotational stability. It, also, will eventually freeze as the moon has frozen, and from the moment of freezing will everlastingly preserve the shape then assumed. The readjustment of shape caused by the decrease in speed of rotation, however, has little to do with the earth's present diversification of mountain and glen, of plateau and deep, of continent and ocean. It may, indeed, have assisted in giving to the earth that vague tetrahedral tendency which requires the largest surface for a given volume, but this is problematical. The main cause of the present configuration of the earth is found in the shrinkage due to cooling. As the first crust formed quite early in the history of the earth, it constituted a rigid shell which had the new property of compressive strength, and could not conform to the continued shrinkage of the interior. The core, therefore, became too small to fit the shell. The shell then caved in, breaking along accidental

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lines of weakness, and forming ridges and valleys. Again the shrinkage proceeded. The crust held to the breaking point, then again collapsed, naturally along the same lines of weakness as before. Thus, in the history of the earth, there are six main periods of mountain building; the crust would hold as long as it could; then it would give way, not always cataclysmically, but gradually, here and there, over a period of, perhaps, ten thousand years or more, until readjustment was re-established. This is inevitable when we consider the properties of rigid bodies as distinguished from plastic bodies.

There are all degrees between rigid and plastic bodies, between solids and liquids. Ice, seemingly solid, will, in glacier form, flow like a river, curving around rocks, falling over precipices, without losing its continuity, heaving itself in billows, depositing lateral and terminal moraines, as a river of water forms shoals. You can make a tuning fork out of shoemaker's wax or even ginger bread, which will be so elastic and rigid as to sound a musical note, yet will gradually slump away to a viscous mass. Steel will resist incredible pressures, yet will flow like wax beyond these same incredible pressures. Glass shows no definite elastic limit, yet for a thousand years in church window or wine-glass, it keeps its shape. The very ether which transmits the waves of light at the rate of one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles the second, must be as rigid as steel, yet as tenuous as the breath of a fairy.

So the rocks of the earth flow, heaving up Andes and Himalayas and Rockies, and, at the same time, depressing valleys and ocean deeps, until the old earth is like the dry skin of an old orange. For the highest mountains on the earth are no farther separated from the deepest ocean depths, than are the inequalities in the surface of the paper on which you are reading these black symbols. But as fast as the skin of the earth is raised up in the wrinkles of the mountains, the rains wash it down again, the frosts crumble it again and again, the seas fret incessantly on its shores, the rivers ever etch their designs upon its surface, the winter frosts burst asunder the solid rocks. A little later, coral insect, no less



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than pine forest, has its share in moulding the earth to its present form.

The main agencies in this titanic moulding are the slowing down of the earth's rotation, due to tidal friction, the shrinkage of the crust due to cooling, and the denudation of rocks caused by the action of rivers, and by the beat of waves and tides upon the coasts.

The equatorial diameter of the earth which in old times was a thousand miles longer than the polar diameter, is now only thirty miles greater. The earth drew in at the waist and expanded at the poles, as it slowed down. The new crust must, therefore, have been under compression in the neighborhood of the equator, and under tension at the poles. Great cracks must have appeared at high latitudes, and vast flows of lava spread over the circumpolar regions. Thus the poles are now occupied by seas of ice, the North Pole completely so, and the South Pole, if itself not actually ice, yet is, at least, completely surrounded by seas. The process of slowing down of the earth was so gradual, amounting to not more than one second in one hundred and twenty thousand years, and so gently distributed, that it had little effect in mountain-building, so that the chief cause of ocean deeps, of continent building and of towering peaks, must be sought for in the shrinkage of the crust due to contraction by cooling.

It has already been pointed out that as soon as a crust formed at all, it must have been at nearly the same temperature as it is at present, for the sun's heat can have changed but little since the earth was formed, and the effect of radio-activity from the interior of the earth must have remained nearly constant.

As soon as outer skin of the earth became solid, a new era was inaugurated. A ball so long as it remains liquid may cool and shrink indefinitely, having no tensile or compressive strength. But, if the shell becomes solidified, it at once achieves the property of elasticity, which is inherent in all solids. By the property of elasticity, a solid under compression or tension will shorten or elongate proportionately to the force employed until the elastic limit is reached. Then it fails, and flows, if any outlet is provided. It is then said to fail by shear. If,

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therefore, a crust, however thin, forms upon the earth, it has compressive strength. As the liquid core continues to shrink by cooling, the crust will no longer fit that core, but is drawn by gravitation towards the centre of the earth. The crust forms an arch. When the limit of elasticity is reached, the crust must collapse upon the still molten interior; parts of it will be depressed to form the seas, parts elevated to form the mountains. Molten lava will flow upward through the cracks thus formed; a condition of equilibrium is soon reached and the process goes on anew—strain, catastrophic relief, equilibrium, strain afresh. But after each spasm, the crust is a little thicker than before. Again, there will be a difference in pressure between the outer parts of the crust and the interior parts. The outermost portion will be in tension and will open into cracks which will be continually filled by out-flowing lava, the interior portion will be in great compression; between the two there is the region of no pressure to which the pretty name Aesthenosphere has been given.

Accident, mainly, will determine along what lines crushing or mountain building originally takes place; it would be as futile to attempt to predict their exact location, as to say what pattern the seams and wrinkles on the face of a very old man will form. But there will, generally, always be coastal ranges, such as the Rockies, and the Andes. For the sub-oceanic rocks have a greater crushing strength than the continental rocks, and hence they will push up great ridges near the edges of the continents, and these great ridges will travel away from the sea coast, in frozen crests and undulations. Ossa is piled on Pelion, and Pelion again on Ossa, in inextricable confusion, with every possible geological complexity and anomaly.

The contraction theory is now generally admitted to be sufficient to account for all the mountains upon the earth's surface. Thus the Himalayas would account for a compression in the crust amounting to seventy miles, the Alps for eighty miles, and the Rockies and the Andes for about thirty miles each. The crust of the earth must be conceived of as continually in motion, slow, it is true, but unceasing, here sinking, there rising; now subject to unendurable strain, and



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heaving up a surf of Rocky or Alp, or thrusting down a Kurile or an Aleutian Deep into the central magma. Not a day without some settlement of rocks, perhaps no more than to stir the delicate needle of the seismograph, perhaps to involve a continent in horrid devastation. And on that molten core, only a few degrees cooler than when the earth was first formed, float the great continents like ice floes on a polar sea. The thickness of the shell is now five hundred miles; the strength of the rocks increases to a depth of perhaps eighty miles, then it decreases until, at a depth of two hundred miles, the rocks are becoming viscuous, and finally at five hundred miles in depth the substance of the earth is perfectly liquid, as it was in the beginning.

In all the changes thus outlined, the process of denudation had its part. No sooner were the mountains thrust up than they tended to be levelled again by the rain, to be softened in profile, their debris to be collected in the great estuaries and again uplifted to the sky. The great strokes were and are given by cooling of the crust, the final delicate modelling by the raindrops, the torrents, the tides and the glaciers, and perceptibly, yet delicately, by the agency of organic life. In former times, the tides must have exercised an important influence in the conformation of the earth when by reason of the closeness of the moon they were many hundred times greater than at present, when the newly-formed ocean would leave its dry bed to chase, witch-like, after the moon, round and round the earth.

As to how the ocean and the atmosphere of the earth were actually formed, there is room for doubt. It is quite likely that the gravitation of a fluid earth would be able to retain the gases of the atmosphere and the water vapours of the ocean; but even if the earth had not been able to do so, it could, on solidification, have produced an ocean and an atmosphere, for it is now known that at high temperatures, water and rocks, in their molten state, can mix in all proportions. Then the present ocean and the present atmosphere may have been given off by the earth during its solidification. And, since the advent of organic life on the planet, oxygen and carbonic acid must have been freely generated.

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There is in these years an exceedingly widespread interest in the processes by which the world has been brought to its present condition, and the means by which it is sustained. Among scientists there is an almost breathless expectancy for new discoveries which may be momentarily awaited. Experimenters like Michelson are turning their uncanny skill to the solution of problems concerned with relativity and radioactivity. Chemists and physicists are searching out the mysteries of the constitution of the atom, mathematicians are straining the pure powers of reason to keep pace with the demands made upon their supreme craft and art, and, most convincing of all, men of wealth are giving of their material surpluses, as never before, to cherish these little children of the light, whom to offend is more dire than to have a millstone hanged about the neck and to be cast into the sea.

ALEXANDER MACPHAIL.



## IS THERE AN AMERICAN LANGUAGE?

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OF recent years there has been a marked tendency on the part of many American writers to lay claim to linguistic independence, to assert that America has a language which is essentially different from that of England and which is developing along its own lines. Some even go so far as to say that in the course of time this American form of English will replace the speech of Great Britain as a world language. It is the purpose of this paper to examine these claims and the evidence put forward in their support.

Differences in linguistic usage between America and England have long been recognized, both by the populace and by scholars. There is a story, probably apocryphal, of a Parisian shopkeeper who displayed a placard with the words: English spoken—American understood. At the Wembley Exhibition, in order to help American visitors, a list was made of some of the more common terms which differ in the two countries and cause difficulty and embarrassment to Americans shopping in England: suspenders, braces; gasoline, petrol; molasses, treacle; penpoint, nib; shoestring, bootlace; candy, sweets, and so on. These differences, however, are not so numerous as one might imagine, and their importance has been much exaggerated by many writers on Americanisms. In London last summer at the American comedy, *Is Zat So*, one was handed a programme containing a glossary of American slang used in the play. Some of Sinclair Lewis's books have been produced in England with an index of American expressions.

In the academic world there are also signs of the growing recognition of a distinct American form of language. Two books have appeared dealing in considerable detail with the pronunciation of modern American speech.<sup>1</sup> Mencken's well-known work came out boldly with the title, *The American Language*. Prof. Krapp has written a very large monograph with the more scientific and modest title, *The English Language in America*. The University of Chicago has got under

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<sup>1</sup>Krapp's *Pronunciation of Standard English in America*, Kenyon's *American Pronunciation*.

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way the plans for a Dictionary of American English, Professor W. A. Craigie, a former editor of the Oxford English Dictionary, having been imported from Oxford to supervise the work. Finally, over a year ago a monthly magazine, *American Speech*, was started to deal with various aspects of American English, and it has received continued interest and support. Many other examples of similar activity could be given, but these are enough to show that there is a very alert and active movement in America towards the investigation of its own language, and especially the deviations from the English of Great Britain.

This attempt to establish and obtain recognition of a special form of speech for America is by no means confined to modern times. Ever since the war of independence voices have arisen in America to protest against the linguistic connection with Great Britain. It is said that one fervid patriot at first suggested that America should entirely abandon the English language and adopt Hebrew. Then Greek was mentioned as the new language, but the opponents of this idea were sceptical, and said that England might take Greek as her language and America stick to English. Even Noah Webster, though he does not go so far as to suggest the substitution of another language for England, shows in his *Dissertations on the English Language*, published in 1789, the same chauvinistic attitude. He prophesies that, owing to the separation of the two countries, there would arise in the course of time "a language in North America as different from the future language of England as the modern Dutch, Danish or Swedish are from the German, or from one another." So far Webster's prophecy has not proved correct; he could not of course foresee the enormous advance in means of communication and other factors that would prevent this differentiation. In the same work Webster also says: "As a nation we have a very great interest in *opposing* the introduction of any plan of uniformity with the British language." And from the end of the eighteenth century down to the present day there has always been a certain type of American writer who has adopted this extreme view. Whitman's views in his *American Primer* are well known and characteristic.



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The latest recruit is Mr. Mencken, of whose work we shall have to say something later.

Besides this American attitude there are two others—one an undisguised and unashamed admiration of English speech—chiefly confined to a certain social group, mainly in New England, and scorned by the real one hundred per cent. American; the other a middle position, which, while recognizing differences in English and American usage, sees virtues in both, and stresses the enormous number of features which are common to both forms of speech.

Is there any real justification for the first point of view—the setting up of American English as an independent form of speech? What are the actual differences between British and American English? Are they significant and far-reaching enough to justify the term “the American Language”? Are such differences increasing or decreasing, i.e. are the two languages moving towards separation or uniformity? These are the questions that call for an answer in discussing this problem.

At the outset a fundamental distinction must be made between two kinds of language both in America and in England—the literary language and popular speech. Failure to draw this distinction has caused a good deal of confusion, especially in the case of Mencken.

One of the most extraordinary statements ever made by a man who obviously prides himself on his logical faculty is to be found in the Preface to the first edition of Mencken’s *American Language*. He says: “I can write English, *as in this clause*, quite as readily as American, *as in this here one*.” This is surely the very height of unreason. What Mencken is comparing in the two clauses is not English and American at all, but a correct literary usage, found in both countries, and an incorrect popular usage, which is every bit as common in England as in America. The boundary between these two forms of language is of course not absolutely definite, but most observers will be able to recognize whether a certain usage belongs to the domain of the literary language or of colloquial speech.

In the literary language there is very little difference be-

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tween English and American usage. If one examines a specimen of literature by Irving, Hawthorne, Lowell, Whitman (except for a few special coinages in his case), or even by Mark Twain or Sinclair Lewis or Mencken, it will be found that, apart from a few phrases and references to specific American objects and institutions, their English will show very little difference from a contemporary British writer. As soon, however, as they begin to reproduce popular or colloquial speech, the differences increase, and there is generally an unmistakable American coloring present.

In the case of writers such as Will Rogers, Ring Lardner, Anita Loos, this colloquial speech has been used as a literary medium—following a long tradition in American literature—but we feel that the style of these writers lies quite outside normal literary prose, and it is very doubtful whether it has any real or permanent influence on the ordinary language of literature.

Apart from this very exceptional feature in American literature there are two points in which American literary style differs to some extent from that of English. A certain type of American writer shows an unfortunate tendency to drag into his narrative or discussion rather pretentious and learned-looking words, often in cases when simpler words would equally well serve his purpose. I think Mr. G. K. Chesterton has pointed out somewhere this curious feature in American speech, the frequent love of the long word for its own sake. He contrasts the lengthiness of such a word as *elevator* with the brevity of the corresponding English word *lift*, and notes the apparent paradox of the hustling American using the long word and the more leisurely Englishman the short one. This tendency towards polysyllables is, I regret to say, especially common among a certain type of academic writer. Perhaps I may illustrate this point from the latest American book I happen to have been reading—Mr. Hellman's study of R. L. Stevenson. The book is entitled *The True Stevenson: a Study in Clarification*. Now *clarification*, like *Mesopotamia*, may be a blessed and impressive word, but it seems also an unnecessarily awkward and pretentious one. One feels sure that Stevenson, superb master of English style, would



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be horrified to think that a biography of him had been called a study in clarification. There is no authority either for its use in this sense; the only modern meaning of the word recorded in the O. E. D. has to do with the brewing of beer. Turning to the book itself, one finds it full of words such as *motivate*, *motivation*, *picturization*, *to posit*, *a propellant motive*, *a negated theory*, *visualization*, *actuality*, and of course *reactions* and *mentality*. This rather irritating, highly Latinized, and pseudo-scientific jargon is certainly far more common among American than English writers, and has considerably increased since psycho-analysis became a popular subject, so that every writer can talk glibly about *inferiority complexes* and *inhibitions* and *sublimations* and *narcissism*, and all the rest of it. A student writing in the periodical *American Speech* about the English of some of his instructors, quotes one of them as talking about "certain phases in the complex of American people as shown by the viewpoint of the situation." He certainly had just cause for complaint.

This tendency, however, is not very deeply rooted in the language. It is a superficial academic jargon, generally used, one suspects, to hide poverty of thought. Certain names of trades show the same tendency towards magniloquence—*undertaker* in England; *funeral director* or *mortician* in America. Another closely related feature of American literary style, which happily has largely gone out of fashion nowadays, is the bombastic and pompous rhetorical manner. This achieved its greatest heights in political and patriotic oratory, especially in Fourth of July speeches. A few specimens of this style are given by Krapp in his recent book on American English.<sup>2</sup> Here is a sample:

"Freemen! Friends! and Fellow-citizens!

"One hundred times has the sun crossed the equator, and the earth has made fifty complete revolutions in its orbit, since the Genius of Liberty, beholding with indignation the cruel arm of the oppressor, and hearing with sympathy the cries of the oppressed, arose in the majesty of her strength and, waving her broad pinions from Maine to Georgia, she took the trump of fame, and with a blast that thrilled like electricity

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<sup>2</sup>*The English Language in America*, vol. I, pp. 307 ff.

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through every American heart, pronounced these memorable words—'Sons and Daughters of Columbia, scorn to be slaves!' "

But these things are happily exceptional. Literary style in America generally shows the same qualities of moderation and restraint as in England, and the differences in this branch of the language are almost negligible, and certainly insufficient to justify any claim for an independent American language. There is perhaps a general tendency, as Professor Sherman has pointed out, for English literary style to be more structural in character, built up into a compact unity, while American style is more a series of brilliant moments, more or less isolated, and often marked by happy verbal phrases, giving an animated and restless effect as compared with the more steady, progressive movement of English prose. But it is doubtful how far this distinction applies to contemporary British prose.

If we now turn to popular speech we shall find that the divergence between the two countries is greater.

But even in the popular speech of the two countries the differences are not so great as one might imagine. Let us glance at them briefly and try to estimate their importance. We may divide them conveniently under three heads: First, differences in pronunciation; second, in forms and syntax; third, in vocabulary and idiom. Some of the points discussed here will perhaps seem to lie outside a rigid and narrow treatment of popular speech, but the term, as I have indicated, is not quite definite, and some usages on the border line between popular and literary language can conveniently be dealt with here. I have deliberately left out the question of spelling, as it is a purely mechanical and relatively insignificant matter.

The subject of American pronunciation is rather too intricate and technical to discuss here at any length. In practice the difference between English and American pronunciation is generally sufficiently great to enable an alert observer to state from which side of the Atlantic a speaker originates. There are of course exceptions to this—some speakers have a sort of neutral or hybrid pronunciation—but in most cases it will hold true. What constitutes this difference is more difficult to say. The common idea in England that all American



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speakers have a nasal twang is of course not true, though this feature is certainly more usual in American than in England. Many American vowel sounds are usually characteristic, but practically every one can be also heard in some English dialect or other. There is a strong general resemblance between the vowels of many American speakers and those heard from many northern English speakers. There is thus no absolutely clear-cut distinction here. Almost the only vowel sound for which a purely American origin and habitat can be claimed is the well-known New York pronunciation of the *ir* sounds in words like *bird*, *first*. No exact parallel seems to be found in English speech, and America is entitled to full credit for this interesting development, which is so useful to the writers of comic supplements. In almost every other case we have in American speech a survival of an older form of English pronunciation, which has in many cases been changed in the standard language in England, but has been retained in English dialect speech. Thus, e.g., the American pronunciation of the sound of the letter *a* in *past*, *class*, *laugh*, *calm*, etc., is a survival of an eighteenth century English pronunciation; in standard English the sound has passed on to *ā*. The same stage of arrested development is seen in Northern, Scotch and Irish English.

The most universal and clear-cut distinction between American and English pronunciation is probably the intonation of these two forms of speech—the “speech-tunes” are very different—and these will often indicate a speaker’s origin when vowels or consonants give no sign. But in any case it is obvious that differences of pronunciation alone are not a sufficient basis on which to claim linguistic independence. Both Irish and Scotch speakers, e.g., have a pronunciation that is distinct from English, yet no one thinks of setting up Irish English or Scotch English as a special language; they are merely varieties of English speech, each with an ancient and honorable pedigree.

Turning to the question of forms and syntax, we find that American popular speech shows a good many deviations from standard English, but that many of these features will also be found in popular English speech. Take, for instance, the com-

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mon confusion between the past tense and the past participle of verbs. We find speakers who say, on the one hand, *I seen*, and, on the other, *I have wrote* or *He has went*. Mr. Mencken seems extraordinarily proud of this, and holds it up as one of the most brilliant and revolutionary developments in American speech. Now in the first place this habit is not at all specifically American; if he had listened to uneducated speakers in England he would have heard it just as often. Secondly, it is not even revolutionary and modern. This confusion goes right back to middle English, and is common in all classes of English speakers down to the eighteenth century.

Let us take a similar example in the field of syntax. One of the most striking features of popular American speech is the use of the repeated negative, *He didn't see nobody*, *I couldn't hardly walk*, or, to quote a rather more elaborate example which combines this with the previous characteristic: *I never seen nothing I would of rather saw*. (This is the high-water mark of achievement in American speech, according to Mencken's point of view.) In this case again we have an English usage that is of great antiquity. Every student of Old English is aware that two or three, or even four or five negatives may be found in an Anglo-Saxon sentence. In Chaucer it is also common, and not infrequent in Shakespeare. It too is also heard commonly among uneducated English speakers, and, like the previous example, is thus neither revolutionary nor specifically American.

These are only two examples out of this wide field, but a complete survey of the inflectional and syntactical characteristics of popular American speech would undoubtedly give much the same results. On this ground, therefore, no real claim can be made for a specific American language.

There remains finally the important question of vocabulary and idiom, and it is here that American speech has the strongest claim to its independence; it really does show in this field a distinct coloring of its own, arising from the special conditions of American life and the mental characteristics of the American people. Language, after all, is a reflection of life, a medium for expressing ideas that originate from life, and the nature of a language, especially its vo-



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cabulary, will vary according to the type of life portrayed and the temperament of its portrayer. Life in America differs in many essentials from life in England; the mental characteristics of the typical American, if there is such a being, are different from those of the average Englishman, and from this there naturally arises divergence in speech.

Every English visitor to America is struck by the great vitality and energy of the American people, often rather distressing to the more restful Englishman, the continual effort to be doing something, whether it is worth doing or not, the craze for experimenting, trying new methods, and scrapping old ones. These characteristics are certainly reflected in American speech, especially in the vocabulary. New words and expressions are continually being coined and old ones put to new uses. One is reminded of the English language in the Elizabethan period, when the new impulse of the Renaissance was making itself felt on the English vocabulary, breaking down tradition and bringing about innovations, some happy, others unfortunate. The modern American vocabulary seems to be in the same state of flux; the new coinages that we hear may in some cases sound deplorable to the conservative English ear, but they are certainly a sign of vitality, of exuberance in life showing itself through the medium of language. Let us take one example in which there is a distinct resemblance to Elizabethan conditions. It has often been noted that Shakespeare shows a very great freedom in his handling of the English language, and one of the most striking features in his usage is the readiness with which he makes one part of speech fulfil the function of another without any change of form, e.g., a noun may function as a verb, a verb as a noun, an adjective as a verb, and so on. Almost any page of Shakespeare will provide examples of this. Three cases of nouns used as verbs are seen in such a sentence as this of Edgar's in *King Lear*:

My face I'll *grime* with filth;  
*Blanket* my loins; *elf* all my hair in knots.

Now the modern American vocabulary shows the same tendency, especially in popular speech. From the verb *to eat* is formed a noun, *the eats*. This causes many purists to shud-

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der, but if one can overcome one's linguistic prejudices it will be found at least as expressive as *refreshments*. The verb *to think* is used as a noun, *a think*, or, conversely, the noun *steamroller* gives a verb *to steamroller*, or the noun *engineer* a verb. This tendency is, of course, not confined to popular speech; the newspapers also show it, especially in headlines; a noun becomes a verb when a person *suicides*, a very becomes a noun when there is a *probe*, and so on. It might be noted in passing that the exigencies of newspaper headlines, which have to be fairly short and highly expressive, tend to counteract the tendency towards the use of excessively long words that was mentioned earlier. Thus an *investigation* is always a *probe* in newspaper language, a *detective* is a *sleuth*, a person is not murdered in America, but is *slain*, and the murderer is a *slayer*.

This same tendency to break down the barriers of the vocabulary and to expand the language in new directions is shown in many other details of American speech. Endings, for instance, are applied by a process of expansion to all sorts of new words. Thus the ending *-ize* has been used to coin a great many new words, many of them rather ugly, to *fletcherize*, *picturize*, *institutionalize*. In the same way a word may have its application extended far beyond the bounds of its original usage. A good example is *to park*, originally a technical military term, but losing its purely technical sense as soon as it was applied to motor traffic, and later, by extension, to almost anything else.

But these are not all typically popular forms of speech, nor will they meet with undivided approval. The really valuable and vital contribution of American popular speech to the language is shown by the coinage of a great number of vivid phrases, many of which are the products of real linguistic genius. They often contain a striking and picturesque image which contrasts favorably with the colorless synonyms they replace. Compare, for instance, the popular *highbrow* and *lowbrow* with their respectable equivalents, *the intellectuals*, or *the intelligentsia*, *educated people* on the one hand, or the *uneducated* on the other. It must be admitted by an unprejudiced observer that the slang word has very distinct advan-



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tages; it is really convention that tries to ban it. This faculty of inventing a vivid, effective and unconventional phrase is undoubtedly the most striking quality in contemporary American speech, and contrasts very favorably with the opposite tendency towards over-elaboration in the literary language that we noted previously.

Is it possible to express ideas more effectively than by such terms as *rubberneck*, *bell-hop*, *crape-hanger*, *joy-ride*, *highbrow*, *sob-stuff*, *tightwad*, *lounge-lizards*, or phrases like *to put it across*, *to get away with it*, *to get cold feet*, *to deliver the goods*, and the dozens of well-known American popular phrases? The only danger about them is that owing to their very effectiveness they tend to become overworked and consequently stale and hackneyed.

This free inventive faculty at work in American vocabulary and idiom is, I think, the chief element in American speech that causes divergence from English usage. It is this type of phrase that is sometimes difficult to understand, and that often needs special explanation to an uninitiated English audience or reader. This is certainly a powerful influence, but is it strong enough to bring about ultimate separation into two distinct forms of speech? The answer is surely no. In the first place, as has just been pointed out, these expressions, through their very efficacy as linguistic short cuts, tend after a time to become overworked and trite and are therefore avoided.

Secondly, a great many of these American coinages quickly become almost as well known in England as in America owing to the rapidity of communication and the ease of cultural contact between the two countries, especially through the film, which brings American popular speech directly before a popular English audience. One frequently comes across the most obvious Americanisms in the English press. The London Mercury, probably the most important literary periodical in England, has boldly adopted as a heading for its monthly review of film productions the American expression *The Movies*, instead of the ordinary English term *The Cinema*. A really effective and useful coinage cannot be stopped by three thousand miles of ocean.

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Nor is it desirable that England should attempt to put an embargo on Americanisms. The tradition of the English language, throughout its long history, has been to absorb the material that it needed without regard to its origin. In the course of time every conceivable language has been drawn upon to enlarge the boundaries of our English speech, and the result is the wonderful copiousness of its vocabulary and its capacity to express the most delicate shades of meaning. If America can contribute to the ever-expanding resources of the English tongue her gifts ought certainly to be welcome.

To sum up: no real claim can be made out for the idea of an independent American language. The literary language shows no essential differences in the two countries. Popular speech has a little more divergence, but not nearly so much as might be imagined, and in the one field where the difference is most striking, that of vocabulary and idiom, there seems to be no real danger of the languages drawing apart.

HENRY ALEXANDER.



## CANADIAN HISTORY IN THE FRENCH-CANADIAN NOVEL

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(Concluded)

Among all French-Canadian writers of historical fiction, the most prolific, and probably the best story-teller, was Joseph Marmette, who may well have aspired to be the Dumas of Canada. In the space of ten years we find six novels from his pen.

The earliest of these efforts, *Charles and Eva*, appeared in *La Revue canadienne* in 1866-7; it deals with the raid on Schenectady under Frontenac. A criticism some ten years later in the same magazine dismisses it with the comment, "A story already forgotten." It was, indeed, too slight to last. Still, it reveals considerable power of arousing interest and holding the attention.

Marmette's next work, *François de Bienville*, was more successful. The scene is laid in Quebec during the siege of 1690. "François de Bienville loves Marie Louise d'Orsy, who returns his sentiment. John Harthing of Boston, having seen Marie Louise in a swoon, has fallen passionately in love with her. A Frenchwoman to the heart, Mlle d'Orsy has refused his offers, and Harthing swears to have her, no matter what the price."<sup>5</sup> Here we have the foundation for some harrowing adventures, which come to pass when Harthing is sent as Phips' envoy to demand the surrender of Quebec, and takes the opportunity to kidnap Marie Louise with the help of an Indian friend. The heroine eventually escapes, and Bienville triumphs over his enemy. But Marie Louise, to save her wounded brother, takes a vow to become a nun if his life is spared; she keeps her promise, and Bienville throws his life away on the field of honor.

*Le Chevalier de Mornac* is another kidnapping story. The period is a little earlier—a minor earthquake some months after the great one of 1663 plays a part in saving the captives

<sup>5</sup>J. O. Fontaine, in *La Revue canadienne*, July, 1877.

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from the stake. De Mornac, just out from France, is smitten with the charms of a fair lady of Quebec; so is the Iroquois chief Bear's Claw, who plans a raid and carries off the lady, the Chevalier, and the villain M. Vilarme, who has murdered the lady's mother and then fallen in love with the daughter. After some painful experiences in the Iroquois country the villain is killed by Bear's Claw, while the rest of the party are rescued by friends. This book has received honorable mention for its picture of Indian life and customs, the more horrible brutalities of which, however, could well be dispensed with.

*The Intendant Bigot*, *The Rebel's Fiancée*, and *Tomahawk and Sword* are other novels by the same author.

"Marmette's historical studies are generally fascinating," says Camille Roy. ". . . The author had a lively descriptive imagination, not, however, always under control; and his characters are lacking in originality." The poor things are so harassed and persecuted, they have no time to be original.

The material for these romances is derived from contemporary memoirs and chronicles; clear and detailed accounts are given of the various historical events which form part of the story.

A later period of Canadian history is dealt with in Ernest Choquette's *The Ribauds*, which appeared in 1898. The plot, which centres about the experiences of a French-Canadian family during the Papineau rebellion, begins in the year 1834, when Dr. Ribaud of Chambly loses his son in a duel with an English officer who has insulted the *Patriotes*. Hating the English because of this misfortune, the doctor is further embittered when, three years later, his daughter Madeleine falls in love with Captain Percival Smith, commandant of the fort.

When the rebellion breaks out and Smith has to march against the *Patriotes*, Madeleine exacts a promise from him not to fire upon the Canadians. Dr. Ribaud, hearing of the projected attack, ambushes the advancing troops and shoots the commander. His exultation is soon turned to remorse when he sees the effect upon his daughter of the news of her fiancé's death. But Smith is not dead after all: in order to keep his promise to Madeleine, he has arranged that another officer should take command of the company, and it is this



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obliging friend who has been killed. Percival turns up safe and sound, and the doctor gives consent to his marriage with Madeleine.

Charles ab der Halden, in his *Studies of French-Canadian Literature*, quotes with special approval the following passage from *The Ribauds*, "in which the whole history of Canada is evoked in a powerful synthesis":

This Richelieu, whose rolling waves Dr. Ribaud is thoughtfully watching, this mountain behind him, raised like an altar above the plain, these deep ravines, these immense and proud forests, have they not been the counsellors—often the abettors—of brilliant exploits, of feats of audacity, of those scenes of patriotism and devotion which history has chronicled for three centuries, among the inhabitants of this region?

First of all, in the far-off savage days, it is the Hurons, the Algonquins, the Mohawks, the Iroquois, who feel this craving for glory and mastery. They flay, scalp, and torture one another, according to the unhappy lot of the defeated. They have paddled along this river, furrowed it in every direction with their canoes. By day and night, under sun and moon, in the gloomy silence of the woods on the river-banks, they have raised their wigwams and vociferated their war-cries, more frightful than the howlings of wild beasts.

Later, there are other scenes. This time it is the struggle of civilization against barbarism. Whites against savages. Light against darkness. At this period, under M. de Tracy, were erected the forts of Sorel, Chambly, St. Jean, unshakable sentinels always on the alert, always ready, opposing their heavy bastions to the now harmless arrows of the savages. English against French, and ambushades give place to strategy. These wish to keep, those to take.

... But they struggle and strive and battle till the end for the victory which ever eludes their grasp: and when the final disaster of the Plains of Abraham had ruined all, these same valiant battlers of the Richelieu still stand firm against fate, clinging even to a hope that is impossible.

And what of the wives of these "valiant battlers"? What were their thoughts and feelings while their husbands faced the perils of forest warfare? It was left to a woman to reveal them.

"Laure Conan" (Mlle. Félicité Angers) had published in 1891 a story of the Jesuit missionaries Garnier and Brébeuf,

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entitled *A l'Oeuvre et à l'Epreuve* (*In Toil and Trial*). Eleven years later she brought out *L'Oublié* (*The Forgotten Man*), a tale of early days in Montreal. In the annals of that city, the figure of one Lambert Closse stood out with a sort of misty glory; the chroniclers spoke enthusiastically of his valor and devotion, but had failed to preserve any very definite record of his deeds. He had become a forgotten man. It was known, to be sure, that he had married Elisabeth Moyen after her ransom from the Iroquois who had massacred her parents; their marriage certificate is to be found in the Montreal archives. It was also known that he had left her a widow at nineteen, with a little girl of two years.

Around these sparse facts Laure Conan has spun a story half romance and half lyric. Dispensing with the long explanations of earlier writers, she gives us in five opening sentences a view of the frontier village of Villemarie, with its houses protected by redoubts, its palisaded hospital, and the graceful belfry "from which the tocsin sounded at each attack of the Iroquois." Thus at the very beginning she sounds that note of insecurity, of constant danger, which echoes through the whole story. At once we are introduced into the room where M. de Maisonneuve, after a hard day's work, is chatting with his secretary de Brigeac. Their conversation reveals the self-sacrificing faith of these first colonists of Montreal. Looking out of the window, they see a canoe approaching; it contains a party of Iroquois with the young white girl Elisabeth Moyen, whom they are to exchange for a recently captured chief of their tribe. Maisonneuve goes down to the beach to welcome Elisabeth, and introduces to her Lambert Closse as the man who, by capturing the Iroquois chief, has made her ransom possible. Closse escorts Elisabeth to the hospital, but the girl is so overcome with admiration of this renowned hero that she is unable to utter one word of gratitude.

Arrived at the hospital, Elisabeth passes under the motherly care of Jeanne Mance, who tells her much about the founding of Villemarie and in particular about the courageous deeds of Lambert Closse. Occasionally the hero himself visits the hospital and becomes better acquainted with Elisabeth. Then an event occurs which brings matters to a head. An old



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Iroquois chief who has been wounded in a skirmish is dying in the hospital, and sends word that he wants Closse to instruct him in the principles of the Christian religion. But this is merely a plot to destroy the formidable white warrior: when Closse is off his guard the Indian seizes a knife and attempts to stab him. The attack is foiled by Elisabeth, who is slightly wounded in the arm. Appalled by the danger she has run for his sake, Closse realizes his true feelings. He whose sole purpose in coming to Villemarie has been "to battle and die for God," now wants a wife and a home of his own. Through the mediation of Mlle Mance he makes his desire known to Elisabeth, who cannot believe that he really loves her until he comes himself and convinces her.

Their married happiness is not of long duration. The Iroquois war, which has been interrupted by a truce, breaks out again, and it is learned that hordes of savage warriors are about to descend on Montreal. Then Daulac and his young comrades set out on their desperate venture. Closse feels that he should be one of them, and broods over his absence from this heroic band, until Elisabeth can no longer conceal her distress.

"Ah! I should like to die!" she cried. "What do I care whether the Iroquois rend and burn me, if you do not care for me. Yes, I should like to die! How can I live with the thought that I am a handicap to you, a burden, a hindrance?"

"A burden . . . a hindrance . . ." he repeated in his manly, incisive voice. "Listen no more to these foolish thoughts. Listen to them no more, I forbid you," he said, folding her in his arms. "As truly as I love my God, I love you, I shall love you eternally."

A divine smile lighted up the face of Elisabeth, though she continued to weep. . . Gazing at him as if to read the depths of his heart:

"You do not regret not having gone?" she asked.

The major's forehead clouded.

"Ah! I cannot forget it," he said in a low voice, with a sombre energy. "Those children who are sacrificing themselves, who have gone to their death, are always before my eyes. Who knows what they are enduring at this moment! . . . And I am at peace, sheltered, happy, if one could be so when the land is in such great danger."

There comes a time when the tocsin rings yet again, and

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Closse runs to help repel the Iroquois, leaving Elisabeth with her baby alone in the palisaded house. "How she entreated God to have pity—to pardon the weakness of her faith. . . . And when she tried to cling to hope and happiness—to fancy her husband returning yet once more unhurt—it seemed that an invisible hand placed before her eyes a picture of Jesus bearing his cross, which she had many a time gazed upon in the hospital while watching over the wounded."

An Indian girl comes in with good news: the Iroquois have seized the redoubt, but Closse and his comrades have driven them out again. While the two young women are rejoicing, shots are heard in the distance. "Are you quite sure the Iroquois are in flight?" asks Elisabeth. "They must be far away by this time," replies the other.

"It would, then, grieve you sorely," inquires the Indian girl, noting Elisabeth's relief, "if your husband went to heaven?"

As Elisabeth did not answer, she continued:

"Listen, I do not understand that. You love him, and he would be so happy in Paradise."

"I should not see him any more," murmured the young wife.

"Yes, but he would see God. . . . Now that I have been baptized, now that I am the child of God, I feel always within me a kind of wish to die, to see my Father—and as I do my work and go my way, I think how beautiful heaven must be." . . .

Was it the good news, the calming effect of the words of the innocent Christian girl, or a succor which reached her from the invisible, impenetrable beyond? . . .

It seemed to her that a tender and powerful hand was plucking from her heart all the roots of unrest and distress. A heavenly peace surrounded and penetrated her. Uplifted with joy, she took her little girl in her arms; and, recalling how the major loved to hear the child's prattling, she exerted herself to teach it to say: "Long live my brave papa!" . . .

Meantime night had fallen, and still Lambert Closse had not come.

To see him the sooner, Elisabeth, forgetful of prudence, had more than once gone beyond the palisade. She could no longer keep still. A thrill of fear froze her to the marrow.

"Anita," she said, "you who can hear the faintest sounds so far off, do go and see if he is coming."



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The Indian girl went out; with bent head she listened long, then she entered, saying: "He is not coming yet."

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Never again would he return.

Mlle. Conan's little story, it seems to me, is unsurpassed in French-Canadian literature for insight and delicacy, and for a reflection of "the light that never was on sea or land." Its high quality was at once recognized by the French Academy.

In such a book we do not look for fresh facts to be added to recorded history: the period is too far back for tradition to throw new light on it. Laure Conan's task was the interpretation of the spirit in which the founders of Montreal fought and labored. With a deft hand she has reproduced the pervading atmosphere of lurking danger and the chivalrous, crusading, fanatical faith and sacrifice which enabled the men and women of Villemarie to hold fast the blood-soaked bit of ground on which they had planted the Cross.

Until a few days before her death in 1925, Laure Conan's literary activity continued. Two years earlier, at the age of seventy-eight, she began work on a new book, *La Sève immortelle* (The Sap that Fails Not). She intended to enter it that year for the David prize in literature, but owing to an injury to her right hand, that was not possible. Taking up the work again upon recovering, she had it almost completed when she fell ill and a serious operation became necessary. The doctors, on being consulted, gave her permission to write a few more pages. The brevity of these final chapters is significant; a few laconic sentences, the last that she ever wrote, set forth the tragic dénouement of the tale, and foreshadow the eventual triumph of a dauntless and industrious patriotism.

*La Sève immortelle* is in effect, if not in intention, allegorical. Jean de Tilly, the valiant young officer who has been wounded almost to death at the battle of Ste. Foy, typifies the French-Canadian race, in whom the love of their native soil is the ruling passion. He loves Thérèse d'Autrée, but her parents see no future for him in a Canada that has passed into British hands, and consent to the marriage only if Jean will go to France with them. He yields, but with a kind of

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shame at the thought of deserting his native land in her dark hour. This feeling works upon him more and more, and after a talk with his mother, he becomes convinced that his duty lies in Canada, and that he must give up Thérèse.

Jean's problem, it will be seen, resembles that of Lambert Closse: each of them finds his love for a woman in conflict with his sense of a call to some heroic and arduous task. Closse's calling is to battle to the death for his king and his religion; Jean de Tilly hears a summons to live and to sacrifice for the redemption and upbuilding of his homeland.

Laure Conan will write no more, but the sap fails not. A younger writer, Robert de Roquebrune, recently entered the field of historical fiction with *Les Habits rouges* (The Red-Coats), a sound and conscientious bit of work of considerable promise, based on incidents of the Papineau rebellion.

Maître Cormier, a Montreal notary, and an ardent disciple of Jean Jacques, has been fired by the eloquence of Papineau and is active in the secret assemblies and plans of the early months of 1837. While sitting in his study glancing over a list of people who can be depended on to aid the *Patriotes*, he receives a visit from an emissary General Colborne has sent to warn him against persisting in his schemes of revolution. This messenger is a young French-Canadian officer, Armontgorry, who has graduated from Woolwich with a pronounced English accent and an admiration for all things English. After Armontgorry leaves, Cormier is visited by a young friend from the country, Jérôme, son of the seigneur de Thavenet; and after he has gone there arrives an agent of the *Patriotes*, Brown by name, who with Nelson and Papineau has been going through the country stirring up the habitants. Brown has dinner with Cormier, but Cotineau, the notary's faithful servant, holds back the pancakes till the visitor has departed; he has no use for Brown and does not want to waste them on him; he looks upon the agent as a dangerous man who will get his beloved master into trouble.

Jérôme and Armontgorry spend the evening at the home of General Colborne; both are interested in the General's daughter, Lilian. Lord Gosford, the governor, is also present; there is a smouldering feud between him and Colborne: he



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believes in diplomacy, the General in blood and iron. Gosford's aim in life is to prevent a rebellion breaking out while he is governor of Lower Canada; Colborne's is to provoke a rebellion so that he may crush it, and incidentally dethrone Gosford and take his place.

Next morning Armontgorry from his bedroom window witnesses several scenes illustrating the strained relations between French and English, and culminating in the snowballing of a squad of soldiers and the arrest of the culprits. The young officer is disturbed by these incidents; proud as he is of his rank and his uniform, there is something deep in his heart that answers to the call of his race.

A ball is held in Chambly barracks, to which Jérôme takes his sister Henriette. The latter, an enthusiastic *Patriote*, disgusts her brother by dancing with "that big fat Brown," who whispers to her an invitation to attend the next meeting of the "Sons of Liberty." Henriette's interest in Brown is more political than personal; she discourages his attempted compliments. Another of her partners, a British lieutenant named Fenwick, also finds her most attractive. When dining at General Colborne's, she meets this lieutenant again. But, pleasant and friendly as he is, to her he is an alien, for Henriette sympathizes wholeheartedly with her compatriots. At the meeting of the "Sons of Liberty," which takes place at Maître Cormier's, she has the opportunity for the first time of hearing the great Papineau, and is thrilled by his eloquence, though she is keen enough also to perceive in him a certain amount of vanity and weakness.

Henriette's visit to Montreal and Chambly comes to an end, and she returns home. While seated by the fire one evening alone, she is surprised and alarmed by the appearance of her brother and Armontgorry, dishevelled and muddy; they announce that the rebellion is on. There has been a riot starting in a fight between the "Sons of Liberty" and the Doric Club; a regiment sent to keep order has been attacked, and Armontgorry in uniform has sided with the *Patriotes* against his own comrades. He and Jérôme are now on their way to join the assembling rebels. After a nap and some refreshment they go on again.

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When the British troops set out for St. Denis to crush the rebellion, Henriette sees them start, and goes with Maître Cormier and Cotineau to warn the Canadians. By pretending that she is going to visit her dressmaker in St. Denis, she gets the officer in command of the troops to give her a pass; Lieutenant Fenwick, who is charged with writing it out, tries to make a declaration of his love, but she does not wait to listen. The discovery that Brown has preceded her down the road in a buggy gives her something to think about: how could he get through, recognized revolutionary as he was? She finds him among the rebels at St. Denis, and learns that he has said nothing to them about the advancing troops; he excuses himself by saying that he has just arrived.

The red-coats come on, but the Canadians, warned in time, repulse them, capture their cannon and advance to St. Charles. There they are again attacked and defeated. In the Debartczch house a small party makes a last stand: Armontgorry, Jérôme, Cormier, Cotineau, with Henriette, who has followed them to tend the wounded, and Brown. When the troops surround the house, Brown sneaks out to join them (as Henriette has by this time surmised, he is a spy of General Colborne's); but the girl, seeing him through a window, seizes a musket and shoots him down. The soldiers attack, and Maître Cormier is killed by a ball through the forehead. Lieutenant Fenwick, rallying his men for the assault, is shot down by Cotineau, but the house is carried and the survivors made prisoners.

The rebellion is crushed, and Lord Gosford receives his recall to England. There is just one drop of comfort for him: Colborne is not appointed to succeed him, but is merely made Administrator until the arrival of Gosford's friend Lord Durham. Jérôme is exiled to Bermuda; Cotineau, with some others, suffers on the scaffold; Armontgorry faces a firing squad; and so the rebellion passes into history, leaving its legacy of crushed lives and broken hearts.

M. de Roquebrune, a descendant of the seigneurs de Rouville, has doubtless drawn on family tradition for this novel, as de Gaspé and Bourassa did before him. He seems to have produced a faithful picture of the Montreal of 1837, and to have interpreted correctly the attitude of seigneurs, priests,



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and people towards the revolutionary movement. His portrait of Papineau among the "Sons of Liberty," with his vigorous and authoritative air and his tenor's poses in presence of a lady, is lifelike and memorable. The assault on the Debartczch house is a strong piece of writing, reminiscent of Zola's "Attack on the Mill," and the fate of Armontgorry introduces a genuine tragic note. One defect of the book is the lack of a definite hero: the interest shifts from Jérôme to Henriette and from Armontgorry to Fenwick and back again. Perhaps, like Hugo's *Ninety-three*, its hero is the revolution.

In 1924 de Roquebrune followed up his first success with *D'un Océan à l'Autre* (From Ocean to Ocean), which has for its background the Riel rebellions of 1870 and 1885, and the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway. M. de Roquebrune explains in the preface that some of the good people of Paris (where he has been living lately) have a notion that we are largely halfbreeds and Indians over here, and that he hopes the book will help to get that idea out of their heads. It will if they read it carefully, but not if they just skim through it, for there are plenty of halfbreeds and Indians in the story, and they are not the least memorable of its characters. Donald Smith, Father Lacombe, Thomas Scott, and Louis Riel are also prominent and interesting conceptions. In dealing with the case for and against the rebels, moderation and fairness are noticeable in this book as in *Les Habits rouges*.

For reasons which are not at all clear, extensive liberties have been taken with the facts. To see Thomas Scott captured in the act of creeping into Riel's bedroom to lay violent hands upon him is no doubt more thrilling than to have him taken, as history records, in a sally by a party of Métis from Fort Garry. More unaccountable and unsatisfactory is the method of dealing with the 1885 rebellion. Its centre of gravity is transferred to Winnipeg, the actual outbreak in Northern Saskatchewan being slurred over. The Mounted Police force is described as only just organized, though it had been established twelve years earlier and numbered 500 at the time of the outbreak; it seems incredible that a Winnipeg halfbreed in 1885 could mistake a uniformed constable of the Mounted Police for an Orangeman. It is still more disconcert-

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ing to find Major Crozier in Winnipeg with only twenty constables at his back and responsible for the protection of ranches and railway back all the way to Calgary—at a time, too, when he and his commanding officer Irvine were shut up in Prince Albert. As there were in Winnipeg at the outbreak of the rebellion a battalion of infantry ready for service, a troop of cavalry, and a battery of artillery, and as the rebels were in Saskatchewan, to represent that city as one of the chief danger points seems beyond the usual limits of poetic license, and quite unjustifiable in a novel that claims to be historical.

In looking back over the various books considered, it becomes plain that they are novels with a purpose, and that their purpose is the strengthening of race consciousness in French Canada. With few exceptions, their theme is the contact of French and English in war and in peace—one of the most vital factors in Canadian history. The reader of British descent will find much plain speaking on the subject, and will readily perceive the bias, which of course exists, in favor of the French side of any controversy. At the same time, he can hardly fail to notice a general good-will and desire to be fair. Repeatedly we find the significant figure of the friendly British officer who wants to marry the heroine, and repeatedly the resolve is expressed to make the best of the new régime, while cleaving steadfastly to the old traditions. This literature of racial self-assertion is at the same time a record of reconciliation. And in one of its latest productions, *D'un Océan à l'Autre*, there is in addition a new tone of pride and confidence in the future of a larger and united Canada.

MARJORIE MCKENZIE.



## LE THEATRE DE NEPTUNE

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**O**N 2nd August, 1926, a belated Ter-centenary was held at Annapolis, N.S.; the Honourable J. C. Tory, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, unveiled a tablet in commemoration of the first dramatic production in British North America; for at Annapolis Royal, then in French hands and known as Port Royal, a group of French sailors and trappers had on 14 November, 1606, under the guidance of Monsieur Marc Lescarbot, advocate and poetaster, welcomed back the Sieur de Poutrincourt from an exploring voyage along the coast of Maine by presenting, for the most part with the water as stage and their boats as properties, *Le théâtre de Neptune en la Nouvelle France*. Of these light-hearted verses Professor Hicks here gives us the first English translation.\*

Marc Lescarbot, the author of the well-known *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, was born at Vervins near Laon in or about 1570. He was called to the bar, where he had a not unsuccessful career, but in May, 1606, having lost a case, was persuaded by his friend De Poutrincourt to accompany him to his new settlement in Acadia, owing to "my desire to flee a corrupted Europe and to see the New World with my own eyes."

While De Poutrincourt was on a voyage of exploration, Lescarbot was left in charge of the settlement, and welcomed his chief on his return with the entertainment here trans-

\*At the unveiling of the tablet, Mrs. Richardson, of Cambridge, Mass., read her own translation of the *Théâtre de Neptune*. This is to be, or has been, published, with the text of 1618.—R. K. H.

*Bibliographical note.* The *Histoire de la Nouvelle France* was published in 1609; in 1611 an enlarged edition appeared; this was reprinted without change in 1612; in 1617 a much enlarged edition was issued, which was reprinted without change in 1618. In all of them *Les Muses de la Nouvelle France* are included. All these editions are now rare. In 1866 the edition of 1612 was reprinted at Paris by the Librairie Tross. The Champlain Society has republished in three volumes the edition of 1618, with notes, translation and appendices by Mr. H. P. Biggar and myself.—W. L. G.

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lated. His own account of it is: "About the time we were expecting his return, whereof we had great desire, the more so that if evil had come upon him we had been in danger of a mutiny, I bethought me to go out to meet him with some jovial spectacle, and so we did. And since it was written in French rhymes, made hastily, I have placed it among the "Muses of New France" to which I refer the reader. Furthermore, to give the greater honour to his return, and our share therein, we had set up above the gate of the fort the arms of France, encircled with crowns of laurel of which there is abundance along the edges of the wood, with the King's motto; "Duo protegit unus." And underneath the arms of M. De Monts, with this inscription, "Dabit Deus his quoque finem," and those of M. De Poutrincourt with this other inscription, "In via virtuti nulla est via," both also crowned with laurel chaplets."

During the winter Champlain founded the celebrated Order of Good Cheer, in which Lescarbot was prominent. With the return of Spring all set to work again but in June a courier came with the sad news that the monopoly of the fur trade, granted to De Monts, Poutrincourt's friend and chief, had been revoked.

In the autumn of 1607 Lescarbot returned to France, and resumed his law practice, apparently with success. In 1609 he published the first edition of his *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, to which was added as a supplement a sheaf of poems, called *Les Muses de la Nouvelle France*, of which *Le théâtre de Neptune* is part. In 1619 he married a lady of noble birth and of some property. The date of his death is unknown; he was alive in 1629, for in that year he published an oration in honour of the defeat of the English in their attempted relief of La Rochelle.

While in Acadia, he seems to have quarrelled with Champlain, who speaks of him as a stay-at-home. In one respect the lawyer was wiser than the explorer, or indeed than his time; for almost alone of his contemporaries he had grasped the truth that a colony must be rooted in the soil. The history of the New World might have been altered, if Spain and France had taken to heart the words of Marc Lescarbot of



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Vervins, when he wrote: "The first mine is to have bread and wine and cattle, as we pointed out in the beginning of this history. Our good fortune does not lie in mines, especially of gold and silver, which are of no use in the tillage of the soil, nor in the exercise of handicrafts."

His verses, even if hasty, have yet a certain swing and quality of their own, and if published with an accompanying translation might well be used in School or University work. This swing and quality Professor Hicks seems to me to have reproduced admirably; I am only sorry that his translation was not written in time to be included in my own edition of Lescarbot, referred to in the note on p. 215.

W. L. GRANT.

### TRANSLATION

*Neptune:*

Halt, mighty Sagamo, no further fare  
Look on a god who holds thee in his care,  
Thou know'st me not? I am of Saturn's line,  
Brother to Pluto dark and Jove divine.  
We three of old the universe divided;  
Heav'n was to Jove, to Pluto Hell confided,  
While I, a bolder spirit, proudly reign  
O'er all the Seven Seas, my moist domain.  
Neptune, my name, I, Neptune rule the salt  
Sea waves, most potent under heaven's vault.

If man would taste the spice of fortune's savour  
He needs must seek the aid of Neptune's favour  
For stay-at-homes who doze on kitchen settles  
Earn no more glory than their pots and kettles.

I let the Dutchman follow like a line a  
Wind-swift course to farthest coast of China  
To sailors borne upon my tides I show  
Strange stars that coldly shine on Southern snow.  
By Capricorn and Cancer I convoy them  
Where boiling floods would, but for me, destroy them.  
Before King Francis' court without my aid  
The Shah had ne'er his princely gift displayed.  
An elephant it was the Persian sent him;  
If Neptune willed, 'twere easy to prevent him.  
Were I unwilling, soldier man of France  
On sacred soil had never heeled his lance.  
Myself allowed the venturing Portuguese  
To traverse unafraid the Eastern seas;

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Who else would sit inglorious on his shore  
And miss the maddening gold that men adore.  
I not consenting, pilots, merchants, sailors,  
Would squat at home as meek as cooks or tailors;  
They'd hardly venture forth beyond the county,  
If I, in short, refused my aid and bounty,  
No king could succour any brother king  
Who dwelled beyond my Ocean's parting ring.  
Thyself indeed despite thy deeds of daring  
Hads't never sighted land, my sea-lanes faring,  
Nor won the joy of landing on this coast  
—Thou whose exploits thy fellows proudly boast.  
Mine, mine the back that bore thy vessels' weight  
When thou didst choose to visit me in state.  
And yet again a hundred times I've shielded  
Thy ships and men from fate, and constant wielded  
The sea-god's power to guard thee in thy ways.  
Thus will I keep thee safe through all thy days;  
Success I thus decree for thy emprise  
Because with fearless heart in steadfast wise  
Thou hast endured, and westward boldly come  
To set on these far shores a second home,  
To stablish here for France a wide domain  
And here my laws and governance maintain.

Upon my sacred trident now I swear  
To make thy project my unceasing care;  
Never to rest from furthering thy weal  
Until my tides shall groan beneath the keel  
Of countless ships obeying thy command,  
With men to do thy will on sea and land.

Hold then thy course and fortune go with thee  
Where fate decides; for destiny I see  
Prepares for France a rich and vast empire  
In this New World, whence fame's immortal lyre  
Shall to the Old World evermore proclaim  
Thine own, de Monts' and puissant Henry's name.

Neptune ceasing, a trumpet begins to blow a loud call and encourages the Tritons to do likewise. Meanwhile *Sieur de Poutrincourt* keeps his sword in hand and does not sheathe it until the Tritons have spoken as follows:

*First Triton, apparently a pompous fellow:*

Thou mayst, great Sagamo, right thankful be  
Because a god vouchsafes thee his assistance  
In this bold enterprise which hardily  
Thou lead'st in spite of *Aeolus'* resistance.



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Now friend, now foe, the god of winds is jealous  
And treacherous plots, his fickle breath inspire,  
But sceptred Neptune, now thy champion zealous,  
Will dissipate like morning smoke his ire.

We his postilions, Aeolus notwithstanding,  
Will spread in every land thy reputation,  
Thy fame announce, our Ocean-god commanding,  
Already known to every tribe and nation.

*Second Triton:*

If Jupiter is king in heaven  
To govern wretched mortals,  
'Tis Neptune's key unlocks the seven  
Oceans' stormy portals.

We're his Tritons and we pine  
To see thy labours ended;  
So shall Neptune's glory shine  
By thy renown attended.

*Third Triton:*

The fair fame of France  
Her children enhance,  
Whose courage is bolder  
Than hearts that are older.  
Not once in past ages  
Related by sages  
Were Frenchmen more eager  
To seize and beleaguer  
The fortress of glory  
And blazon the story  
That stirs and amazes  
In chanting her praises.

So prosecute ever  
This worthy endeavour.  
With Neptune's support  
Ye shall capture the fort,  
For Neptune will back you  
When rivals attack you,  
And help from the gods  
Overcome heavy odds.

*Fourth Triton:*

The man who never risks a fall  
Proves he has no heart at all,  
But he who firm of will and brave  
Fronts the fury of the wave,  
Shows himself to be a lad  
With valour armed and virtue clad.

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Such an one will never let  
History his name forget.  
So thy name great Sagamo  
Ringing o'er the tides will go—  
Poudrincourt, whose bold advance  
Stablished here the realm of France.

*Fifth Triton, speaks in Gascon:*

I go tell you what I tink.  
Old man Neptune naughty fellow,  
Dress himself in blue and yellow,  
Look himself in glass and wink.

Went and kissed a pretty maid,  
Never asked the lassie's father.  
Did she like it?—She—well, rather  
Not—I tell you what she said.—

I dont trust a sailor man,  
Specially when he's old and dripping.  
Neptune dear you'd best be flipping  
Out of here so quick you can.

*Sixth Triton:*

Long life to Henry sovran King of France  
Who justly rules in stable governance  
The wandering peoples of his proud new realm.  
Neptune, we hope, with Henry at the helm,  
Will here be revered as he was of yore  
By faithful subjects on the Gallic shore,  
Or whereso'er their grandsire's ships have fared  
And Gallic hearts the risks of ocean dared.  
Neptune himself will promise on his side  
To their descendants aid of wind and tide,  
If loyally they recognize that he  
In things marine is high authority.

Neptune's Chariot now gives place to a Canoe manned by  
four Indians, bringing each a present to the said Sieur de  
Poutrincourt.

*First Indian, offering a quarter of moose:*

Great chief, before thee here we bow  
Humble knees and offer now  
Homage to the lily-flower,  
Symbol of the royal power.  
Loyalty we swear to thee  
Legate of his Majesty.



## LE THEATRE DE NEPTUNE

Well we know that peace will flourish  
By thy rule and thou wilt nourish  
All that righteous is and good,  
All that brings us drink and food.

Chieftain if our service please,  
Pray accept of it and these  
Poor and worthless offerings  
That our sure devotion brings.

*Second Indian, bow and arrows in hand, offers Beaver-skins:*

By felicitous conjuncture  
Hunting near where I abide  
I did make a mortal puncture  
In this busy beaver's hide.

Take it then my lord and master,  
Let it be my humble pride  
That my offering of Castor  
Warms thy noble back and side.

*Third Indian, giving Matachiaz, or belts and bracelets of wampum made by the hand of his intended:*

Cupid not alone in France,  
Love's captives leading,  
Merrily with wanton lance  
Pricks hearts to bleeding.  
Here on western shores as well  
Sparkle eyes and bosoms swell,  
When Cupid's heeding.

My lady hearing all the stir  
Over thy arrival,  
Told me that for love of her,  
Lest I find a rival,  
I must bear a load of stuff,  
Pretty things and light enough,  
All of her contrival.  
Joyfully my lord I've brought it  
Speeding for the hands that wrought it.

So accept from the fair  
These gifts that I bear,  
For I solemnly swear  
That her bright merry air  
Will become dark despair  
If I fail to declare  
That a smile debonnaire

## QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Lit the generous face  
Of his Highness' grace,  
That he deigned to accept 'em,  
In fact—that he'd kept 'em.

*Fourth Indian, carrying a harpoon:*

Red man bring no gift—no luck, bad hunting—Waw  
—beat woods all day—no moose—no deer—change  
business—give up hunting—Waw—follow great chief  
Neptune—go fishing—Waw—bring fish to-morrow for  
white chief—me hungry—men hungry—white chief  
give food—Waw—Caracona—grub—Waw.

Poutrincourt now makes a speech of thanks to Neptune and to the Indians, the composition of which the author naturally leaves to his chief. Everyone is invited to visit Fort Royal and break bread. At this point the Tritons\* sing in harmony, apparently forgetting their rôle and becoming sailors once more:—

Great god Neptune, send our fleet  
In safety o'er the waters,  
And bring us homeward all to meet  
Our loving wives and daughters.

More trumpets, general movement, gunfire and long-rolling echoes. The company moves up to the Fort, and as Poutrincourt approaches the gate, a merry fellow who had been standing waiting for him, speaks thus:

Long have we watched, great chieftain to behold  
Thy safe return. At last our hopes grown cold  
Were warmed to joy and heaven's boundless grace  
Vouchsafed the vision of thy conquering face.

He pauses for a moment, and turning gaily to a group within the gate:—

Up, then, stewards, scullions, batmen!  
Hurry, lean, and scurry, fat men!  
Clatter out your pots and dishes,  
Roast your haunches, fry your fishes,  
Pour your flagons, fill our glasses,  
Drinks for everyone that passes.  
Let them swill all they can swallow,  
Throats are dry and bellies hollow.

\*"La troupe de Neptune", which may mean the whole company of the "Théâtre de Neptune."



## LE THEATRE DE NEPTUNE

Stir your stumps you turnspit loon,  
We must have our dinner soon.  
Are those ducklings duly basted?  
Not a moment must be wasted!  
Chop the heads off forty chickens,  
Heat the soup until it thickens,  
Beat the batter soft and yellow,  
Stuff to fill a hungry fellow.

Come my lads from field and stable,  
Set your knees beneath the table.  
Come my lords and noble red men,  
Here is wine to turn your head, men:  
But before you start your capers,  
Sneeze aloud to clear the vapours.  
This play's ended, that is certain,  
Naught remains but draw the curtain.

R. K. HICKS.

## BOOK REVIEW.

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J. H. Brovedani. *Aspetti di Letteratura Contemporanea Italiana*.. (Nathan Van Patten, Douglas Library, Kingston, Ontario, and Fratelli Magnani, Milan, 1926.)

This book forms an excellent guide for all who wish to study the most characteristic works of certain representative writers. A concise introduction describes effectively the state and progress of Italian narrative art from 800 A.D. to the present time. From among the modern authors those chosen exhibit the widest differences in temperament and aims. Hence they deserve special consideration and arouse the keenest interest. The work follows a twofold plan, which adds greatly to its value. It deals firstly with the subject matter of each work, and secondly with the various criticisms raised. What is a really interesting feature in Dr. Brovedani's book is the co-ordination of views at once so authoritative and yet often so varying, and the deduction therefrom, by patient comparison and convincing argument, of original conclusions. In this work he shows himself to be a painstaking investigator in the realms of all that is beautiful or curious in literature. He is equally skilful in unearthing scattered or forgotten works, and in retracing what may be called the sources of inspiration of each author.

The study of Grazia Deledda is so logically constructed that it inspires the reader to take up again an author reviewed with such discernment and analysed with so masterly a hand. Guido da Verona is still our most original writer, and as widely read by the public as he is hardly treated by professional critics. Yet in these pages his position and powers are set forth with such clearness that certain readers will no doubt modify considerably their attitude and opinions towards him. An exceedingly minute study, as well as a powerful interpretation, has been made of the perplexing art of Luigi Pirandello. This is all the more remarkable an achievement, as Pirandello is a writer of a



## BOOK REVIEW

singular turn of mind, whose works are replete with the deepest philosophy and have raised the liveliest discussions among literary men both in Italy and abroad. Dr. Brovedani's good taste is equally evident in the selections he has made from the refined and classic works of Giovanni Verga. From these he has chosen the brightest gems and set them in the best light. The book is thus not merely a sincere and frank piece of criticism but is a work of wide and deep culture. The author is to be specially congratulated on the manner in which he has constructed a harmonious blend of all the opinions current to-day among most Italian critics. Hence the book may be read not only by the warring critics on both sides, but also, and indeed especially, by those who simply for pleasure or for academic reasons wish to be initiated into the difficult study of foreign literature.

If here and there the author does not entirely satisfy our demands as we read him, it is certainly not from lack of technical skill, but merely in the question of the space devoted to this or that work. We could have wished, for example, that he had dwelt longer on what is the most interesting part of Pirandello's work, namely, the drama; as we should have preferred greater severity in the classification of the novels of da Verona. That, however, is not a point which in any way diminishes the value of the book, since it relates merely to the personal attitude of the writer. The book is earnest and well thought out, while the style is in due keeping with the seriousness of the study.

N. FRONGIA.

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### *Books Received*

Professor W. G. Jordan's latest addition to his output is *History and Revelation or the Individuality of Israel*. Still pursuing his general line of thought, Dr. Jordan gives a brilliant little aperçu of the environment and affiliations of Hebrew thought. The book will be reviewed later.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

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### *The Imperial Conference.*

The Imperial Conference of 1926 has ended, the representatives are on their way back to their own place, and press and Opposition leaders have said the best and the worst they can about the decisions of the gathering. Almost until the concluding days it seemed likely that the 1926 meeting was going to be a futile one, for the veil of secrecy that was hung across the entrance to Downing Street roused unhappy forebodings in the minds of some and destroyed all interest in the conference in the minds of most. Colourless announcements that a session had been held, that such and such a topic was discussed, and that so and so were present, seemed to savour of the old time "secret diplomacy." Was the mystery man, Hertzog, "raising Cain" in there. Was Bruce retaliating by waving the flag of spat-wearing Imperialism in his face? Was Mackenzie King fighting again his battle of last summer, while New Zealand vowed that she would never, never, desert Mr. Baldwin, and Lord Birkenhead tried to think in terms of the Orient he "represented" and Dr. Skelton smilingly contrasted the Politics he once taught at Queen's with the politics he saw at work! Reports of discussions on cables and airships, decisions about cheap tickets for migrants, joy rides on battleships, these seemed to stamp the conference with futility, and make one wonder whether Imperial Conferences were not as useless as many other conventions to which Canadians take their golf clubs!

The last week, however, brought the conference back into head-line prominence, and allowed it to end in a blaze of glorious publicity. For the report of the Premiers' Committee, or to give it its full title, of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee of the Imperial Conference, has lifted the 1926 meeting to a position of first-rate importance, and the undergraduate of a century hence will thus be compelled by his professor of history to know at least the names of King, Hertzog, and Bruce.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

A detailed critique of the conference and report will appear in the next issue of the *Quarterly*, so little more than brief comment need be made here. The report was the result of four weeks' "long and intricate" discussion, involving a "consideration" of fundamental principles affecting the relations of the various parts of the British Empire *inter se*, as well as the relations of each part to foreign countries." Yet in four weeks it was impossible to do more than lay "a foundation on which subsequent conferences may build."

The word "foundation" scarcely fits the contents of the document; for the impression one gets in reading the report is that of looking at a picture on a movie film portraying the growth of a plant or opening of a bud. We have a record of the present stage of development of something that has been growing for at least three-quarters of a century, and that has grown so quickly since 1914 that it has run the risk of growing pains. Twice in the document is the word "evolution" used; "The rapid evolution of the overseas dominions," and "the evolution of the British Empire" are the phrases. That evolution has now in "one most important element," from "a strictly constitutional point of view . . . as regards all vital matters, reached its full development"; therefore a formal recognition that the final stage has been reached is necessary, and as a corollary, all administrative, legislative, and judicial forms "which date back to a time well antecedent to the present stage of constitutional development" must be discarded. It may be true, as the *Times* expressed it, that the report is a "picture of the Empire as it is," and "essentially a register of conditions as they exist already rather than a programme for the future"; it may be granted that General Smuts, Mr. Hughes, and the Hon. Hugh Guthrie are correct when they agree that we have merely obtained a "declaration of the *status quo*." But it was high time that the register or declaration was made and the picture taken by the official photographer; and it was equally necessary that the imperial wardrobe should be cleared of its bibs and tuckers—or crinolines.

So, in language that is more frank and explicit than that of any earlier conference, we have the statement of the "posi-

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tion and mutual relation" of Great Britain and the Dominions. "They are autonomous communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by common allegiance to the crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." There is the essence; autonomy—for Britain as well as for the Dominions; equal status and formally exit 'Mr. Mother Country'; no attempt to bind the partners together by any written constitution for the Empire, but unity through free association, a common royal head, common political institutions and ideas, and free co-operation. If the phrase "freely associated" means anything, it implies the right of "free disassociation," the right to "pull out" of the Empire as well; but few devices are so successful in keeping people at home as the announcement that they are free to run away if they wish.

The rest of the report deals with the practical implications of the above enunciation of political theory. The political machinery of former days has been frequently adjusted and altered to meet changing conditions, so a complete new set of blue prints is now supplied: the law and practice of empire has been amended and supplemented so often, here a little and there a little, that a consolidation or codification was necessary; but apart from the elimination of a few anachronisms, nothing vital is omitted and nothing vital is added. The royal title is changed for the third time within fifty years, but there is no Disraeli to add flourishes this time. The Governor-General is to be a representative of the Crown alone, "holding in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in a Dominion as is held by . . . the King in Great Britain." He is not to be the representative or agent of the British government or any department of that government; he is no longer to be the formal channel of communication between "His Majesty's Government in Great Britain and his Governments in his Dominions." So the Governor-General's mail bag will shrink to a mere wallet, and governments will post their letters direct to London.

In passing, we may ask, (1) How will a new Governor-



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General be chosen? Will the King initiate direct negotiations with Ottawa or Canberra? (2) Are we so clear as to the position of the King "in relation to the administration of public affairs" in Great Britain that we can now say definitely what the position of the Governor-General will be, e.g., in the matter of veto or refusing dissolution? The conference recognized that this point was still vague, and recommended that a committee be appointed to consider the whole matter of royal disallowance or reservation for the King's consideration in the case of Dominion bills. But royal disallowance of a Dominion measure must not be recommended by the British cabinet, for that would be a breach of the doctrine that the Dominion cabinet is "His Majesty's Government" for that Dominion, and is the only possible adviser on Dominion affairs. Finally, discussion in committee revealed the fact (or conversion) that "it was no part of the policy" of the British Government that the matter of judicial appeals "should be determined otherwise than in accordance with the wishes of the part of the Empire primarily affected"; but it was recognized that the position was so complicated that changes in the present system "ought only to be carried out after consultation and discussion."

In defining the implications of equal status and complete autonomy in the field of foreign affairs, the report traverses ground that has been well trampled on during post-war years. Any Dominion may appoint its own diplomatic representatives to a foreign capital, and may make treaties, provided that it does not thereby commit any other part of the Empire without receiving express permission to do so. The report envisages the presence of British diplomatic representatives in Dominion capitals, since the Governor-General no longer is to represent Downing Street. In short, each part of the self-governing Empire can do as it wishes in external affairs, and the other parts can dissociate themselves from any responsibility. Of course, there will be co-operation and consultation, so that presumably each part will know in general terms what the other parts are doing; but the days when Britain could commit the whole Empire are now definitely ended. So it is that the conference "heard with satisfaction"

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the story of Locarno, and "congratulates His Majesty's Government in Great Britain" on its share in making that contribution to peace; but not a word to show that any Dominion will shoulder the obligations accepted at Locarno. The Dominions cried "Attaboy!" to Sir Austen; but they made no sign of coming down from the bleachers.

The report has been blessed by its authors. Mr. Bruce, while admitting that in the conference "it may have been impossible to go as far as we individually would have liked," is satisfied with an "Empire of completely self-governing nations, jealous of their autonomy, yet proud of their imperial unity." General Hertzog is also satisfied; he has "obtained all the independence which our party has always stood for, and we are absolutely content with what we have reached. Whatever I wanted to have and to obtain has been attained at these meetings." Mr. Mackenzie King comes back smiling, and the silent members from Newfoundland and New Zealand have nodded their heads in assent.\* The press throughout the Empire has, with very few die-hard exceptions, given its blessing, and opposition leaders have failed to find any serious defects into which they could get their teeth. Yet one or two general comments may be made, though the enthusiast might say they were inspired by a desire to discover bogeys.

The report was described by some glowing scribe as the Magna Carta of the Empire. On second thoughts, one wonders whether he was a glowing scribe, or a cynic who knew the modern interpretation of the Great Charter. For to-day the historian no longer regards the Charter as the foundation stone of British liberty, as the fount whence springs parliamentary government, trial by jury, freedom of speech, no taxation without representation, and equality of all in the eyes of the law. Historians to-day talk of the "myth of Magna Carta," stress the fact that from the point of view of strong national unity it was a reactionary document, and ridicule the notion that it was the beginning of any democratic part of our national structure. They remind us that the Charter was largely a feudal triumph, dictated by the victorious nobility

\*The Newfoundland representative had expressed himself as quite satisfied with things as they were.—Ed.



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

to a prostrate king; that it was a feudal document, restoring feudal privileges to the nobles and freeing them from royal restraint and encroachments; that the bulk of the population benefited not one iota, and that the regained "liberties" (or license) would, if permanently retained, have kept England from ever becoming more than a collection of feudal fiefs, like Central Europe. If the conquerors of John could have made permanent their victory, England might for centuries have been no more than a geographical expression.

Does our scribe or cynic have this view in mind when he talks about the new Magna Carta? Does he suggest that the Dominion premiers, breathing much talk of rights but little of obligations, thinking centrifugally rather than centripetally, envisaging equality of status but not equality of burden-bearing, bore down on a Titan wearied with depression, war-debts, and idle coal mines, and extorted from him a charter of "liberties"? Britain to-day needs a helping hand; was the hand held out to her at the conference an open hand or a clenched fist? Pollard says of England that "legally, the villeins, who were the bulk of the nation, remained after Magna Carta as before, in the position of a man's ox or horse to-day, except that there was no law for the prevention of cruelty to animals." Has the whole work of the Imperial Conference lifted one ounce of the burden of debt, of defence costs, or of unemployment from the shoulders of the old land? True, "the tendency toward equality of status was both right and inevitable," and the demand for that equality had sooner or later to engross the attention of conferences; but as one reads the resolutions on the Pacific cable, on defence, and on most other topics discussed this year, one feels that there is little that is centripetal, and much that is centrifugal. There is much about the units, little about unity.

One final comment. The veto question is still unsettled, as is that of appeals to the Privy Council. The position of the Crown seems to have been strengthened and that of the British cabinet weakened by the formal admission of what were becoming accepted facts and practices. But our position in international law, in the League of Nations, and in foreign affairs, is still clouded. If, for instance, His Majesty's Gov-

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ernment in Dominion X., in pursuing its right to conduct its own foreign policy, gets into strained relations with, say, Japan; the strain leads to war; Japan declares war on His Majesty as ruler of Dominion X. Does she thereby declare war on His Majesty as ruler of Great Britain and of the other Dominions, or does she recognize them as neutrals? No less important, do they regard themselves as neutrals? It may be urged that the instance is fanciful, that all members of the Commonwealth would rally round the attacked or attacking Dominion, and that the manifestation of solidarity made in 1914 would be repeated. Perhaps, but not necessarily. There have been instances since 1919 where some Dominions have shown their unwillingness to be dragged by the heels by the British government, and the refusal of the Dominions to accept the Locarno commitments is significant of the feeling that when Great Britain thinks of herself as being a good European, she cannot rely on the support of the overseas Empire. Some day the tables may be turned, over South African or Australian policy towards Asiatic immigration. Then what?

H. H.

### *The Collapse of the British Coal Strike.*

It is difficult to say, at the moment of writing, whether the coal strike has formally finished or merely petered out. Thus ends a stoppage which began last May, which has cost the country probably over two billion dollars directly or indirectly, and which dealt the old land the hardest blow struck since 1919. The result is a hopelessly inconclusive one. The miners are going back to longer hours and lower wages, and that means even less of goodwill between owners and men than ever; the unions are financially exhausted, and sullen resentment will smoulder all over the coal fields, ever-ready to burst out into flames at what seems to be the first propitious opportunity. There will probably be no reorganization of the industry, for the owners have never admitted that anything was wrong except labour conditions. And so Great Britain misses another chance of putting one of her key industries on a modern business-like basis.

The international reactions of the resumption of mining



## NOTES AND COMMENTS

will be far-reaching. Before the stoppage, miners and owners in continental Europe were recognizing that the productive equipment of the industry was too large, and that the root cause of the whole trouble in the industry was over-production and cut-throat competition. In Germany especially the plea was being put forth that international regulation of output, markets, and prices was necessary. The British disappearance from the market silenced this plea for a time; Belgian, French, German and North American coal was in great demand, and Canadian wheat piled up in Montreal because most of the available tramp steamers were being used to take American coal to Britain. Now the competition will become even keener than ever, if the British miners do not retaliate on their victorious employers by ca' canny. We may therefore expect the proposals for international agreement to be taken out of cold storage. During the summer the iron and steel producers of Belgium, France, and Germany have come to agreement to control production and marketing, and German and British industrial and financial leaders have week-ended together. More such meetings are being arranged, and the dream of Sir Alfred Mond—a European industrial alliance to combat the United States—may be realized before Christmas, 1927. Meanwhile the British housewife is thanking Providence that she will be able to have more than one hundredweight of coal as her ration for Christmas week. For in most households the plum puddings are not made yet.

H. H.

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### *The Dominion Election.*

Our life in these modern days moves so rapidly that by December the events of the previous September appear to acquire the remoteness of the ancient or at least of the mediæval. There may therefore be justification for recording the result of the Dominion election held on September 14th, 1926. The party standing is as follows:

Liberals .. .. .	119
Conservatives .. .. .	91
Liberal Progressives .. .. .	11

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Progressives ... ..	8
United Farmers of Alberta.....	11
Labour and Independent .....	5

The Liberal and Liberal Progressive groups have therefore a comfortable working majority. Mr. King displayed not only a sound political instinct but real wisdom in bringing Mr. Forke into the ministry and assigning him the Department of Immigration. With the virtual disintegration of the Progressives as a national party in the last days of the previous session, Mr. Forke and several of his companions were left without any definite party associations and secured their election as a result of Liberal and Progressive co-operation within the constituencies. This group is capable of making a real contribution to the development of a constructive Liberal programme and will probably profit greatly through the assumption of responsibility for the administration of public affairs.

In surveying the situation by provinces one finds little change in the relative standing of the parties in the Maritimes or in Quebec. Mr. Meighen's overtures to Quebec, while causing him embarrassment elsewhere, failed to meet any response from the French Canadian. Apparently Conservatism as at present understood, has little to offer to the prairie provinces, as the party's representation was entirely wiped out from Manitoba as well as from Saskatchewan and one lone member only was returned from Alberta. In British Columbia the local provincial administration is not capable of bringing much aid to the federal Liberal cause. Here there were substantial Conservative gains presaging under new leadership the triumph of the Conservative party in the provincial field. The most significant feature of the election was the substantial increase in the Liberal representation from Ontario due in large measure to more effective co-operation with the Progressive element than in the previous election.

In general the Robb budget may be considered as the most important single factor contributing to the result of the election. In our last number reference was made to the budget of 1926 as indicating a return by the Liberal party to the true principles of Liberalism. Protection of the 'Hamon's



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gallows' variety has little to offer to Canada. The tendency of the Conservative party to become the annex of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association has caused it to lose heavily in popular esteem. The Customs scandal provided a very poor weapon with which to fight a very popular budget, particularly when most people are inclined to believe that from the point of view of honesty and integrity there is little choice between the 'ins' and the 'outs.'

There is doubtless a general feeling of satisfaction that conditions of stability in our federal politics have been restored. Mr. King's new ministry has been very well received. The nation is confronted with very serious problems—immigration, transportation, and particularly the marketing of our agricultural and other natural products. The satisfactory solution of these problems will tax the best thought we are capable of devoting to them. Neither political party has distinguished itself by sustained and courageous investigation of these problems which are at the root of much of our present economic and political discontent.

### *The Ontario Election.*

While it was probably good party politics to make the control of the liquor traffic a political issue, it is very doubtful if it was wise statesmanship. In the determination of policy regarding an issue in which the moral support of the forces of administration becomes a most important factor, it is essential that there should be an accurate gauging of public opinion. In a province where party politics are so seriously taken as in Ontario, it cannot be maintained that the recent vote gives a correct estimate of public sentiment on the liquor question. Inevitably the question of party loyalty interfered with a strictly impartial consideration of a most important social and economic problem. Mr. Ferguson may yet have occasion to regret his decision to make this a party issue.

At the same time there remains no ground for believing that had a referendum been taken there would have been a majority in favour of retaining the Ontario Temperance Act. Unquestionably, it has not in recent times retained the popular support which it at first enjoyed. It is very doubtful if we

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have yet reached the best solution of the liquor problem. Popular opinion usually prefers a second best and in the handling of such a problem as this it is fatal to be in advance of popular sentiment. To the failure to realize the importance of this principle by certain of the leaders of our 'social and moral reform' movements may be attributed the reaction against the Ontario Temperance Act.

The success of Mr. Ferguson's system of government control will depend entirely on the manner of its administration. He possesses a popular mandate providing ample authority to fashion the system as to his ministers may seem best. It will be recognized from the beginning that should it fail there will be no possibility of evading responsibility. In any event, he should be able to rely on a larger measure of moral support in the enforcement of the new law than has been available in recent years. Such support should undoubtedly aid materially in the general enforcement of law throughout the province.

D. McA.

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*Michael Pupin.*

PROFESSOR Pupin's summer home is amongst the rolling hills of quaint old Norfolk in Connecticut, with its beautiful Public Library, its public fountain, designed by Stanford White, its interesting churches, and its fine old and new houses, adorned with the portraits of grandfathers' grandfathers. It is not a difficult task to set one's imagination at work here, and conjure up the pioneering days of New England, or at least the days which followed rapidly upon them, the days when the foundation of the New England character was laid down in this new land. Shanties, of course, have long since disappeared, and been replaced by mansions; but the spirit of the olden days remains, the days so beautifully recalled by Hawthorne and Irving. "New England" this land is called, and, so far as I can see, is proud of the name.

Right in the heart of this old new land, up in the restful hills, steeped in memories, redolent of pines, lives Professor



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Pupin, building for himself a home here, fitting himself easily into old New England, interesting himself in Norfolk homes and Norfolk roads and taxes, a very wide-awake loyal American.

His door was quickly open to us, a friend of his and myself, a stranger, and we were at once in the presence of a man of marked and, indeed, distinguished appearance. Large, well-set and supple-jointed, between sixty and seventy years of age, having an ample stock of physical energy, almost massive in form, well-proportioned as to head, shoulders and frame, forehead broad, dark eye and well-defined eyebrows, a very genial smile, as the young girls in the biscuit factory, where he worked as a youth, recognized, when they sang

"Smile, Michael, smile,  
I love your sunny style",

a most attractive human being.

As we entered his study he turned to my companion with the remark that he had not been on the golf-links much lately, being engaged on a scientific matter which occupied his time fully. "One is not old," he said, "if he preserves his mentality," adding with justifiable pride, "I have been working the last six weeks twelve hours a day." He seemed, as my companion said, quite ready for another bout in the ring. In reply to some opinion from me upon his very delightful autobiography (I was referring, of course, to his recently published work *From Immigrant To Inventor*\*), he said that he had not told half the stories about himself, and, as I thought, was possibly meditating another volume of a personal nature, which would be eagerly welcomed. Listening to him as he talked one was struck with his wide and choice vocabulary, putting, indeed, some of us natives to shame. If it were not for a slight accent, which really gave a touch of picturesqueness to his speech, he would easily pass for a native-born.

Yet he is a Serbian by birth, and landed, as he has already told us, when but a boy, in New York with only enough

\*Published by Charles Scribners' Sons, New York.

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money in his pocket to purchase a piece of prune pie; but the story of those early struggles has been told in a wonderfully vivid way by himself in a volume, which is known everywhere.

Apropos of a remark made by my companion regarding the United States and its attitude towards European war-debts, Professor Pupin immediately took his stand on broad ground, saying without any hesitation that the United States should as a matter of simple justice and out of self-respect, as well as on grounds of humanity, cancel as far as possible these debts.

"I was invited," he went on, "to sit as a representative of Serbia on the Jugo-Slav commission which visited not long ago this country in order to arrange the terms of payment, and, when my confreres from Europe had spoken, I was asked by the head of the American Committee if I wished to make a statement. "May I say," I replied, "that the Serbian peasant is an honest hard-handed toiler, labouring to gain a livelihood of black bread and onions, and, if he is lucky, a bit of cheese. He is willing to deny himself the cheese to pay his debts; but do not ask him to give up his bread and onions: he will not do it." The American section of the Conference intimated that, did the matter depend on them, the Jugo-Slav commission might return home well satisfied; but the Senate—that was a different affair. It occurred to me, not being posted on the topic, however, to remark that an American Commission should surely have had more power, and should at least have repressed any mere gesture of friendliness. To this Professor Pupin replied with a very animated and outspoken criticism of some of the narrow and selfish interests which showed their heads too plainly in public life. He had, as I knew, a right to an opinion, having given much thought to the question. "American civilization," he had once written, "is a beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother," and also "To *play the game* according to the best traditions of the land, which offered me all its opportunities, was always my idea of Americanization."

The conversation touched on many topics, showing the



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Professor to be at home in subjects far removed from Physics, his special "Fach." At the same time it was our wish to draw him out if possible as to his views of the universe and its future, and he was delightfully willing to be drawn. He spoke of the cooling of the solar system, of the old moon, and of the gradual loss of vitality of the earth. "These trees and flowers and grass," he said, "what are we and they but decorations of a grave?" "The sun," he went on, "is still young and hot and vital, and there are millions of suns in our stellar system; but age must eventually creep on." In this connection the Professor made use of the technical term "entropy," and quoted the formula that the entropy of the universe tends continually towards a maximum, a cryptic saying which in popular language roughly means that the stellar system is gradually approaching a temperature at which for one thing it would not be able to sustain life. That struck both the visitors as a pretty gloomy outlook, even though it was too remote in time to be of any practical concern. Then the Professor revealed what some of his brother scientists might be inclined to call a weakness, and others a strength. "Oh, well," said he, "I have a faith. There are two realms, quite separate and independent, that of strict science and that of faith; and I do not wish to be a stranger in either." When asked how "faith" managed to maintain any footing, he replied that there were all the charities and humanities, which, he must think, were valid in their sphere, and then, when questioned further, he added with a smile, "Well, may not our stellar universe be only a corner after all, and what is to prevent other corners from stepping in and mucking up ours? I have no evidence, no proof," he went on, "but I see no insuperable objection to my entertaining the idea." Professor Pupin had evidently not forgotten the words of the Psalm taught him by his remarkable mother, "The Heavens declare the glory of God", nor the words of the Russian poet Lyermontoff,

"Night is silent and the plains are whispering  
To God, and star speaketh to star."

When we rose to leave after a most interesting hour, I

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happened to say, while thanking our host for the liberal amount of time he had given us, that I was only a theolog, and could not discuss or perhaps quite follow his physical views, he quickly retorted, "Oh, I am only a scientist; you cannot beat me in humility." That little off-hand remark was verp characteristic of his readiness in repartee as well as of his breadth and geniality: altogether, he will, I hope, excuse me for saying, a big and rare man.

S. W. DYDE.



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## WOODROW WILSON\*

THOMAS Woodrow Wilson, twenty-eighth President of the United States of America, was born at Staunton, Virginia, on December 28th, 1856, and the whole of his boyhood was passed in the southern states. His father, Joseph Rugles Wilson, was a Presbyterian minister, while his mother, Janet Woodrow, was the daughter of another. "President Wilson's father," says White, "was a Presbyterian preacher, his maternal grandfather and two of his great-grandfathers were Presbyterian preachers. And in his youth Woodrow Wilson himself married a Presbyterian minister's daughter in a Presbyterian manse. If ever a man was called and elected, foreordained and predestined to Presbyterianism, he was Woodrow Wilson."<sup>1</sup>

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But it was only in their religion that there was any resemblance between the paternal and the maternal ancestors of the future President. The Wilsons were Irish—gay, witty, and loveable. The Woodrows, on the other hand, were dour Scottish Calvinists. Both families were of the “quality” in the Southern States, but while the Wilsons mixed freely with their fellows, and were beloved by them, the Woodrows were cold and aloof, intellectual, and absorbed with the things of the spirit rather than with the joys of this world. Both strains were strongly marked in the future President, but as time went on, the emphasis tended to switch from the Irish to the Scottish. Thus during his youth and his undergraduate days he was universally known and loved as Tommy Wilson, while from the beginning of his public career he was respected, admired, feared, and sometimes hated, as Woodrow Wilson.

Delicate health and a doting family prevented Tommy Wilson from taking part in the rough and tumble of an ordinary boy's life. With a friend he would lie in the sun and dream of great and high adventures, but he did no street fighting. It is told of him that he organized a juvenile baseball club in Augusta, Georgia, known as the Lightfoots. But it was a most unusual team and held in the Wilson barn-loft meetings which were, according to Wilson, “characterized by much nicety of Parliamentary procedure.” He continues—“Every one of the little chaps knew perfectly well just what the previous question was and that only two amendments to a resolution could be offered, which should be voted upon in the reverse order.”<sup>2</sup>

The years from 1875 to 1879 he spent as an undergraduate at Princeton. His scholastic record was by no means brilliant, but in his senior year he wrote an article which was published in the *International Review*. In this article he attacked the Congressional system of government, stating for the first time those principles which were later to become so important. As a student, he seems to have been deeply interested in political science, and was prominent in debating.

On leaving Princeton, he studied law at the University of Virginia, and after an unsuccessful attempt to practice, he returned to academic life, taking his Ph.D. at Johns Hop-



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kins in 1886. . His thesis was his well-known essay on Congressional Government, a development of his Princeton article. He began his teaching career the same year, and in 1880 became professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy at Princeton. As a professor he was very popular, but we are told that his lectures were noted for their "clarity of expression and brilliancy of phrasing," rather than for any great erudition or originality of thought. This is more or less true of all that Wilson wrote and spoke.

In 1902 the Professor became President of the University, a post which he retained until his entrance into political life. He undertook drastic reforms, tending towards a more democratic organization and life in the University. In this he met with determined opposition, and was not wholly successful. He had one or two bitter quarrels, notably with Dean West, of the Graduate School. It is in the President of Princeton that we see the first development of the autocratic nature which was later to become so pronounced in the President of the United States.

In 1910 Wilson entered political life, receiving the Democratic nomination for the Governorship of New Jersey. He did not seek the office, but when it was offered to him he readily accepted, partly, perhaps, because the situation at Princeton was discouraging. He was selected in the vain hope that he would be a pliable tool of the machine. During his campaign he adopted a liberal platform, and on his election in November he used the large powers of a Governor to carry it out. This programme was cut, a few months later, by the election of a Republican majority to the legislature, but his activities during the first eighteen months of office won him a reputation as an effective reformer.

As a result, when the Democratic National Convention met in June, 1912, to choose a Presidential candidate, Wilson's name was frequently mentioned. But he was "anti-machine," and a progressive, and the conservative elements in the convention were strong. Finally, however, Bryan, the leading progressive, secured the necessary two-thirds majority for Wilson, who was declared nominated on the 46th ballot.

Wilson's platform during the campaign was largely an attack on the conservatism of the Republican Administration.

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His speeches during this campaign had a striking phraseology, a high moral tone, but little originality of thought. Though a radical, he insisted that "We need no revolution, we need no excited change; we need only a new point of view and a new method and spirit of counsel."<sup>3</sup> The split in the Republican party gave Wilson an overwhelming majority in the Electoral College, though his popular vote was a million less than that of his two chief opponents.

Inaugurated in March, 1913, Wilson's position was one of exceptional strength. He had a Democratic majority in both Houses of Congress, and in much of his reforming programme he might expect support from the Progressives. Liberals throughout the country greeted his election with enthusiasm. Walter H. Page wrote: "I cannot keep from saying what a new thrill of hope and tingle of expectancy I feel—as of a great event about to happen for our country and for the restoration of popular government; for you will keep your rudder true."<sup>4</sup>

What manner of man was this who was suddenly called, after a bare two and a half years of political experience, to assume the supreme power in a great nation? What was his character, and what the mental equipment which he brought to this task?

It is said that that jovial soul, the Reverend Joseph Wilson, caught up to a friend one morning on the street, and told him in high good humour of an announcement made by his son Tommy, not yet at University. White thus quotes the tale. The proud father speaks—

" 'See here, Will, I've something to tell you. Says Tommy to me at breakfast this morning, after he had been reading away after midnight last night,—

" 'Father,' says he, 'Eureka,' says he.

"And I says, 'Eureka, Tommy, and why?'

" 'Eureka,' he repeats, all fine and gay, 'Eureka, I have found it!' says he.

" 'Found what?' says I.

" 'A mind, sir. I've found I have an intellect and a first class mind,' says he."<sup>5</sup>

Coupled with this belief in his intellect is his ardent Presbyterianism, his faith in a righteous God. Keynes ex-



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plains Wilson's great failure by saying that "The President was like a Nonconformist minister, perhaps a Presbyterian. His thought and his temperament were essentially theological, not intellectual, with all the strength and the weakness of that manner of thought, feeling and expression." <sup>6</sup> The danger of this combined faith in his God and in his intellect is well put by White: "A mind is a dangerous gift for the happiness of a man whose faith tells him that a righteous God is governing the universe. If the man respects his mind, he is liable to confuse his wisdom with God's purpose, and so dynamite the world in a holy cause." <sup>7</sup>

That Wilson had an intellect no one can doubt. His writings are always models of lucidity and of phraseology, suggesting a well-governed and powerful machine. But it was not a first class mind. He was in no sense an original or a creative thinker; practically all his great achievements are based upon others' ideas.

This belief in the power of his own mind made Wilson most impatient of disagreement, or even of criticism. He boasted that he had a "single-track mind," and felt difference of opinion as a personal affront. This characteristic grew more marked in later life, causing him to break with almost every friend. Lansing says: "Believing that I understood the President's temperament, success in an attempt to change his views seemed to lie in moderation and in partial approval of his purpose rather than in bluntly arguing that it was wholly wrong and should be abandoned." <sup>8</sup> Hardly the mark of a first-class mind!

Another outstanding feature of the man was his utter sincerity of purpose. He has been the subject of violent attack, not only in his public career, but even in his private life, the latter apparently quite without foundation. But even his most unsparing critics have admitted his surpassing honesty of aim. Probably the most scathing phrase which has been flung at him is that of J. M. Keynes—"a blind and deaf Don Quixote." Even this, however, admits that sincerity which was an inevitable corollary of his puritanical outlook.

A man constantly engaged in the pursuit of ideals often finds the routine of any executive office irksome. Much of this (for example, the administration of the great patronage

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system of the United States) Wilson left in the hands of persons in whom he had confidence. And yet it remains a fact that the President attempted to do far too much himself. One of the commonest accusations against Wilson is that he refused to take advice and that it was impossible to argue with him. On this point it is difficult to come to any definite conclusion. The charge is advanced by men who, like Lansing, appear to have been ignored where one would expect their advice to be considered. But it is hotly denied by others, such as Tumulty, his private secretary, who had opportunities of judging.

Two books which indirectly reveal Wilson are "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," and "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House." Both of these, however, may be misleading. Page's letters give the idea of admirable advice disregarded, while the House papers would indicate that the real ruler of the United States was not its President, but that quiet Southerner who has been called "President Wilson's Gray Cardinal." But each of these books gives only one side of the picture. The President's literary executor has permitted the publication of only the barest summary of Wilson's replies to these communications.

Wilson's first inaugural address, delivered on the 4th of March, 1913, revealed the spirit in which he approached his great task, and his aims as President:—

"The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled and the judge and the brother are one. We know our task to be no mere task of politics but a task which shall search us through and through, whether we be able to understand our time and the need of our people, whether we be indeed their spokesmen and interpreters, whether we have the pure heart to comprehend and the rectified will to choose our high course of action.

"This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts will wait upon us, men's lives hang in the balance, men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do? I shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try? I



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summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward-looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me!"<sup>9</sup>

During the first year of his administration, Wilson was concerned largely with domestic matters. He assumed again that active leadership in legislation which he had exercised as Governor. It is the practice, under the American Constitution, for the President to address periodical messages to Congress. Since 1797 these had been made in writing. Wilson, acting on Page's suggestion, revived the old practice of delivering them orally, thus strengthening his hold over Congress. In his control of legislation, the President was making his position more akin to that of the Prime Minister under the Parliamentary system of Government. Here he was putting into practice those views which he had first developed as an undergraduate.

The three great measures of purely domestic concern carried through in the first year of the Administration are the Underwood Tariff Act—lowering duties, and imposing an income tax; the Federal Reserve Act, setting the currency and banking of the country on a new and more stable foundation, and largely destroying the dictatorship of the private banks; and the anti-trust legislation, passed early in 1914. In these three measures, Wilson was attacking "big business," and endeavouring to destroy the ascendancy of an oligarchy of wealth in the United States.

Wilson's Mexican policy cannot be examined here. The affairs of that disturbed country have been so complex that it is impossible to understand one phase without a long historical examination. Two aspects of Wilson's pre-war foreign policy, however, must be considered.

The first of these is the series of arbitration treaties ratified during the year 1913. In his first annual message to Congress, the President refers to these treaties, signed with 31 nations. "More and more readily each decade do the nations manifest their willingness to bind themselves by solemn treaty to the processes of peace, the processes of frankness and fair concession."<sup>10</sup>

The other is the repeal of the Panama Tolls Act. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty of 1902 provided that the Panama

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Canal should be open on terms of absolute equality to the ships of all the world. The British claimed that the United States had flagrantly violated this provision, by exempting from tolls all vessels engaged in the coastwise trade of the United States. This was limited by law to American ships. A movement for the repeal of this exemption, set on foot by Elihu Root, was now warmly advocated by Wilson. He appeared before Congress and after pointing out that the rest of the world considered this action a violation of treaty agreements, he continued—"We consented to the treaty; its language we accepted, if we did not originate it; and we are too big, too powerful, too self-respecting a nation to interpret with a too strained or refined reading the words of our own promises just because we have power enough to give us leave to read them as we please. The large thing to do is the only thing we can afford to do, a voluntary withdrawal from a position everywhere questioned and misunderstood."<sup>11</sup> The repeal was finally passed and assented to in June, 1914.

This action had a great effect in strengthening Anglo-American friendship, which had been seriously threatened by the controversy. In April of that year, Page had recorded a conversation with Grey, in which he quotes the latter as saying: "If the repeal of the Tolls clause passes the Senate, I propose to make a speech in the House of Commons on 'The Proper Way for Great Nations to Deal with One Another,' and use this experience."<sup>12</sup> Grey himself, great statesman and great gentleman that he is, says: "In each generation a country already inherits a reputation for a lifetime. It is trustee of that reputation; it must hand this on to posterity preserved, diminished or enhanced. Historians will judge it afterwards by moral as well as material standards. Nothing ensures for it more certainly a high place in history than a record that, where honour and interest appeared to be in conflict, honour was preferred to self-interest. . . . President Wilson's decision in this matter of the Panama tolls was an independent and unqualified example of putting the sanctity of a treaty above immediate self-interest. As such it was noted at the time and ought still to be remembered."<sup>13</sup>

The events of July and August, 1914, came as a terrible shock to Wilson. His whole foreign policy during and after



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the war was inspired, not by an idea, but by a sentiment—his passionate desire for peace. The accusation of cowardice, so often made, is unjust. He desired peace above all else, but not Bryan's "peace at any price." One of the great tragedies of Wilson's career is that, master as he was of the English language, he was often unable to foresee the distorted meaning which could be given by enemies to a phrase, by divorcing it from its context. "Too proud to fight," and "Peace without victory" are outstanding examples. Further reference will be made to this.

During Wilson's boyhood in the South the Civil War had raged, and certain incidents had left an indelible impression upon his mind. Though he was himself a Southerner, and his father and nearest uncle were both attached in non-combative ways to the Confederate army, many of his relatives fought with the North. He saw clearly the effects of defeat in a formerly happy and prosperous community, and this was not offset by any passionate admiration for "war-heroes." "And so," says White, "because his kinsmen were not fighting men, war to Tommy Wilson became to Woodrow the man not a glorious adventure, but a cruel barbarous business that always preceded a wicked peace."<sup>14</sup> This being his vision of war, is it any wonder that he tried by every means in his power to prevent such disasters, and to make them impossible for the future? We have seen that before the close of his first year Wilson was congratulating his country on the arbitration treaties which it had secured. But he desired to do more than ensure peace for his own country. It was at the peace of the whole world that he was aiming.

His first attempt was Colonel House's famous visit to Europe in the spring and summer of 1914, which House himself called "The Great Adventure." House's position in this and subsequent trips was a most extraordinary one. He had no credentials of official position and worked with a typically American disregard of the hallowed usages of diplomatic practice. The ground had been to some extent prepared by conferences with the Ambassadors in Washington, and House proceeded to hold personal and absolutely private interviews with those in charge of foreign affairs in the countries he visited. He came as the "personal representative" of the

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President, and not even the American Ambassadors were fully apprised of the purpose and progress of his negotiations.

He was attempting to act as an intermediary between the various Powers, in bringing about some understanding which would make wars impossible. He went first to Berlin, where he saw, in addition to all the important officials, the Emperor himself. Thence he proceeded to Paris, and on to London, where he held many conferences with Sir Edward Grey, in an effort to arrive at some definite proposal which he could submit to the Kaiser.

House was much alarmed by conditions in Germany, which he described as "militarism run stark mad." He wrote to Wilson from Berlin on May 9th, 1914: "Unless someone acting for you can bring about a different understanding there is some day to be an awful cataclysm. No one in Europe can do it. There is too much hatred, too many jealousies."<sup>46</sup> The best hope, he thought, was some form of agreement between Germany and Great Britain upon naval armaments and for arbitration of disputes, and it was for some such understanding that he worked. But it was not easy. "I find that both England and Germany have one feeling in common, and that is fear of one another. Neither wants to be the first to propose negotiations, but both are agreed that they should be brought about, though neither desires to make the necessary concessions."<sup>48</sup>

The exiled German Emperor has said: "The visit of Colonel House to Berlin and London in the spring of 1914 almost prevented the World War."<sup>47</sup> What might have been accomplished in a few more months it is impossible to say. But it was too late.

From August, 1914, Wilson's whole foreign policy was directed to bring about peace, if possible, but if that was not to be done, at least to keep his own country from being embroiled. It is easy, but not profitable, to speculate upon the result of an immediate entry by the United States. Most certainly it would have shortened the war, and Wilson is frequently reviled for having missed this great opportunity to save mankind from the horrors to which it was subjected. But it is highly improbable that he could, at the beginning,



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have carried his country with him into war, and while he could probably have done so long before the moment actually chosen by him, yet it is not fair to judge his actions entirely in the light of our present knowledge.

His first act was his proclamation of neutrality, issued on the 18th of August. "The United States must be neutral in fact as well as in name during these days that are to try men's souls. We must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another."<sup>18</sup> Many found this impossible. Few people are so constructed as to be able to watch such a struggle without feeling preference for one side or the other. To Wilson, however, this was not only a possible, but the most desirable course. He wanted to keep his country out of the war, not only for its own sake, but for the world's. The one great neutral nation would be able to play an important part in the speedy restoration of peace. Convinced of the righteousness of his course, his "single-track mind" could admit no arguments even tending to turn him from it. This probably explains his growing coldness towards Page, who made no attempt to be neutral in thought, but sympathized warmly with the people among whom he was living.

For the first nine months of the war the President endeavoured to make this position clear to the belligerents on both sides, and to protect American neutral rights. He attempted to secure the adoption of the unratified Declaration of London of 1909, with its new application of the principles of naval warfare. Failing in this, he commenced his famous series of "notes," designed to secure the observance of the established rules of international law, as interpreted by the United States. These notes, continued for more than two and a half years, gained for Wilson an unenviable reputation as a great talker, and nothing more.

He fought for the maintenance of neutral shipping rights, insisting on "The Freedom of the Seas." To the Allies, he complained that they had extended the list of contraband and the principles of blockade beyond anything justified by international law. In this he ignored the fact that the British

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doctrine of "continuous voyage" was merely a development of a rule largely relied on by the Americans during the Civil War. To the Germans, he objected that their sinking of merchantmen was clearly illegal. When the German Admiralty proclaimed the waters surrounding the British Isles to be a war zone into which merchantmen entered at their peril, he protested strongly. His note of February 10th, 1915, said:

"If the Commanders of German vessels of war should act upon the presumption that the flag of the United States was not being used in good faith, and should destroy on the high seas an American vessel or the lives of American citizens, it would be difficult for the Government of the United States to view the act in any other light than as an indefensible violation of neutral rights which it would be very hard to reconcile with the friendly relations now so happily subsisting between the Governments.

"If such a deplorable situation should arise, the Imperial German Government can readily appreciate that the Government of the United States would be constrained to hold the Imperial German Government to a strict accountability for such acts of their naval authorities, and to take any steps it might be necessary to take to safeguard American lives and property and to secure to American citizens the full enjoyment of their acknowledged rights on the high seas." <sup>19</sup>

The sinking of the *Lusitania*, on May 7th, 1915, with a loss of 124 American lives, put Wilson's principles to the test. Readers of his despatches expected him immediately to remove his glasses and prepare for fight. But he merely polished them, and sat down at his typewriter to prepare another note, and at the same time delivered one of his most famous and most unfortunate addresses. Speaking to a body of newly naturalized citizens at Philadelphia, he said: "The example of America must be a special example. The example of America must be the example not merely of peace because it will not fight but peace because peace is the healing and elevating influence of the world and strife is not. There is such a thing as a man being too proud to fight. There is such a thing as a nation being so right that it does not need to convince others by force that it is right." <sup>20</sup> It is easy to



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see what was meant here. Just a month before Wilson had expressed the same thought in what is known as the "America First" address, delivered to the representatives of the Associated Press: "My interest in the neutrality of the United States is not the petty desire to keep out of trouble. . . . But I am interested in neutrality because there is something so much greater to do than to fight, there is something, there is a distinction waiting for this Nation that no nation has ever yet got. That is the distinction of absolute self-control and self-mastery. . . . Now I covet for America this splendid courage of reserve moral force." <sup>21</sup>

The effect of the Philadelphia utterance was disastrous. The one phrase, "too proud to fight," was taken from its context and blazoned forth to the world as an illustration of the President's cowardice. Page's disappointment knew no bounds, while even House was "distressed."

Though many had expected immediate war, their disappointment was lessened by the tone of Wilson's first note on the Lusitania, which contained a forceful arraignment of the German war-methods. But as the months went on, Allied sympathizers grew more and more despondent. Germany merely hedged, and received nothing more formidable than a new note. By these notes, the President succeeded in obtaining from the Germans, in September, a promise not to sink liners without warning. Their tone, however, was too strong for the pacific Secretary of State, Bryan, who resigned.

In March, 1916, the "Sussex," an unarmed French channel steamer, was sunk without warning by a German submarine. The American note, delivered some three weeks later, was in effect an ultimatum. "Unless the Imperial Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight-carrying vessels, the Government of the United States can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether." <sup>22</sup> The German reply was so couched that the United States was able to accept it, and war was again averted. The submarine campaign now ceased to attract American attention, until the German Government announced, on January 31st, 1917, that

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it would resume "unrestricted submarine warfare."<sup>1</sup> Four days later diplomatic relations were severed. War was at once declared, but in view of the continued sinking of American merchant ships the President on April 2nd read his famous war message to Congress.

During the period from the outbreak of the war to the entry of the United States, the President's attitude, and that of his country, had changed completely. It has been said that he would probably not have been able to carry the country with him into war during the earlier stages of the struggle. This is shown by the success of the slogan, "he kept us out of war," during the campaign of 1916, in which Wilson was re-elected. But this cry was neither invented nor, apparently, used, by the President himself. He was then beginning to see that war was inevitable.

As early as October, 1915, Wilson had realized that it might not be possible to keep his country out of the war, and had begun to prepare for what might happen. In his second annual message to Congress (December 8th, 1914), he could still speak of "a war with which we have nothing to do, whose causes can not touch us, whose very existence affords us opportunities of friendship and disinterested service which should make us ashamed of any thought of hostility or fearful preparation for trouble."<sup>23</sup> But less than a year later, speaking to the Manhattan Club, he advocated a more complete preparedness: "Force everywhere speaks out with a loud and imperious voice in a titanic struggle of governments, and from one end of our own dear country to the other men are asking one another what our own fate is, how far we are prepared to maintain ourselves against any interference with our national action or development."<sup>24</sup> The third annual message contained the same thought, and outlined plans. The steps taken were small, but they showed the way the President's mind was moving..

In January, 1916, at Milwaukee, he said: "I feel that I am charged with a double duty of the utmost difficulty. In the first place, I know that you are depending upon me to

<sup>1</sup>One must not forget the humiliating conditions under which American vessels were exempt. They must follow one definite route, and, as one American paper said, be "striped like a barber's pole."—Ed. Q. Q.



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keep this Nation out of the war. So far I have done so, and I pledge you my word that, God helping me, I will if it is possible. But you have laid another duty upon us. You have bidden me see to it that nothing stains or impairs the honour of the United States, and that is a matter not within my control; that depends upon what others do, not upon what the Government of the United States does. Therefore, there may at any moment come a time when I can not preserve both the honour and the peace of the United States.”<sup>25</sup> Throughout the electoral campaign of 1916, while his followers were shouting “He kept us out of war,” Wilson himself was clearly stating his position.

Many of Wilson’s critics have failed to realize the strength of the American dislike of intervention in European affairs. Washington had warned his countrymen against “entangling alliances,” and the famous Monroe doctrine, with its principle of no European interference in American affairs, had implied the corollary of no American intervention in the concerns of Europe. Wilson saw that this traditional feature of American policy must be abandoned. Two extracts will serve to illustrate his reasoning on this line. Both are taken from addresses made by him during the campaign of 1916:—“America, up to the present time, has been, as if by deliberate choice, confined and provincial. Henceforth she belongs to the World and must act as part of the World.”<sup>26</sup> And, speaking of Washington’s warning: “It does not mean—if I may be permitted to venture an interpretation of the meaning of that great man—that we are to avoid the entanglements of the World, for we are part of the World, and nothing that concerns the whole World can be indifferent to us.”<sup>27</sup>

Realizing as he did that his country must almost inevitably come into the war, it became a matter of tremendous importance to Wilson that she should enter upon the right issue. If war must come, let it be in a just cause. Thus only could it be waged by a united America, all striving together for the great cause. From the first month of the war, Wilson had attempted to bring about peace, and this idea he continued even into the war—“a war to insure peace.” It is therefore important to consider Wilson’s various peace moves, as in them he was not only striving to end the war, but clari-

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fying its issues, and endeavouring to get a clear statement of the aims and objects of each side. War to him was so terrible that it could be justified only if waged for the highest purposes.

The President's first effort for peace was in August, 1914, when he made an offer of mediation, which was not accepted by either side. Little was done during 1915, but in 1916 he began to prepare for another peace drive. His campaign speeches are full of references to the objects for which alone the United States would be justified in fighting. During 1916, also, occurred the famous incident of the "House memorandum." House's negotiations, commenced in 1915, appear to have been of so tortuous a nature that it is unthinkable that Wilson fully approved. He was going, he said, "To ask the Allies, unofficially, whether or not it would be agreeable to them to have us demand that hostilities cease." The demand was to be made "upon the high ground that the neutral world was suffering as well as they, and that peace parleys should begin upon the broad basis of both military and naval disarmament."<sup>28</sup> Having had the move explained to them, the Allies would not resent strong language, but would accept the proposal. If the Central Powers accepted it would be "a master stroke of diplomacy." If, as was more probable, they refused, the United States could then enter the war against them.

In January, 1916, House went on his second mission to Europe. There were long conferences in England and Germany, and finally on February 17th a memorandum was drafted in London. After outlining the basis on which the various belligerents would be asked to end the war, it continued: "Should the Allies accept this proposal, and should Germany refuse it, the United States would enter the war against Germany." This was submitted to Wilson, but he was not yet prepared to go so far, and inserted one word, which destroyed the whole force of the offer. As amended by him, the memorandum merely stated that "the United States would *probably* enter the war against Germany."<sup>29</sup>

Page felt very strongly that this whole move was inopportune. To House, he said: "If the British public learns that this is going on, you will be lucky if you are not thrown



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into the Thames.”<sup>30</sup> At any rate, the Allied statesmen could not accept it. Sympathetic as he always was towards anything making for peace, Grey says: “We believed, and the French believed, that the defeat of the German armies was the only sure overthrow of Prussian militarism.”<sup>31</sup> From it, however, they learned what to expect from a peace based upon the mediation of the United States.

Wilson’s next important move was after his re-election. On December 18th, 1916, he sent identical notes to all the principal belligerents, asking them to state the terms on which they would consider peace. During the month of November he had discussed this move with House, who strongly disapproved, feeling that the moment was not well chosen. The President read to House his draft of the note, which contained the sentence: “The causes and objects of the war are obscure.” House urged him to delete this sentence, and has an interesting comment on the President’s knack of hitting upon unfortunate phrases: “It was a wonderfully well-written document, yet, strangely enough, he had fallen again into the same error of saying something which would have made the Allies frantic with rage. I have called his attention to this time after time, and yet in almost every instance where he speaks of the war he offends in the same way.”<sup>32</sup> When the note came, this sentence had been dropped, but there was one almost as objectionable. It read: “The President takes the liberty of calling attention to the fact that the objects which the statesmen of the belligerents on both sides have in mind in this war are virtually the same, as stated in general terms to their own people and to the World.”<sup>33</sup>

Wilson was careful to explain that the note should not be taken as a proposal for peace, or even an offer of mediation, but merely as a feeler: “It may be that peace is nearer than we know, that the terms which the belligerents on the one side and on the other would deem it necessary to insist upon are not so irreconcilable as some have feared, that an interchange of views would clear the way at least for conference and make the permanent concord of the nations a hope of the immediate future, a concert of nations immediately practicable.”<sup>34</sup>

The German reply was evasive, while the Allies refused

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to consider any peace not based upon "complete restitution, full reparation, and effectual guarantees." On the 22nd of January the President addressed the Senate, outlining his idea of a just peace, and incidentally the purposes for which the United States, if she became a belligerent, should fight. In the first place, the peace must be "a peace without victory." Here is another unfortunate phrase, but this time Wilson appears to have realized the danger, for he explained: "Victory would mean peace forced upon the loser, a victor's terms imposed upon the vanquished. It would be accepted in humiliation, under duress, at an intolerable sacrifice, and would leave a sting, a resentment, a bitter memory upon which terms of peace would rest, not permanently, but only as upon quicksand. Only a peace between equals can last."<sup>35</sup> He then proceeded to discuss particular terms, notably—government by the consent of the governed, freedom of the seas, limitation of armaments, and guarantees against all future wars of aggression or conquest.

The War Message of April 2nd, 1917, is probably the best known of Wilson's addresses, and is a truly inspiring utterance. He declared that they were making war, not against the German people, but against their autocratic government, and that the menace of such an oligarchy must be forever destroyed. This address contained another of Wilson's striking phrases, but one this time which was open to no misconception: "The world must be made safe for democracy." The conclusion of the address was an exalted appeal: "It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried in our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority, to have a voice in their own government, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her



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might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.”<sup>36</sup>

Throughout the remainder of the war, Wilson\* continued these high and noble statements of purpose, hoping not only to encourage and inspire the forces of the Allies, but also to awaken some echo even in the hearts of the German people. These statements culminated in an address to Congress on January 8th, 1918, in which Wilson first stated the now famous “Fourteen Points,” as the basis of a just and lasting peace. These requirements, he said, were founded upon “the principle of justice to all peoples and nationalities and their right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak.”<sup>37</sup> It was upon the strength of the Fourteen Points that the Central Powers, ten months later, asked for, and were granted, an armistice, and it was to draw a treaty in accordance with them that the Peace Conference met in 1919.

The whole story of the Peace Conference would require an examination out of all proportion to the space here available, while in its broad outline it is too well known to require retelling here. At its commencement, Wilson’s power was at its height. Arriving in Europe, he went on a veritable triumphal tour of the Allied countries. The whole world looked to him as its leader. At the close of the war, a French writer said of him: “During this war it has been toward Wilson that our leaders have most turned. We looked at him as one might look at a clock. What does Wilson say? What does he think? What will he do? Such were the only question of the peoples.”<sup>38</sup>

Wilson stood for a “new order,” which was based upon two interdependent principles. The first was “Self-determination”—government must rest upon the consent of the governed. This was of great importance in determining the various territorial provisions of the treaty, though it was applied with unequal success. The second, to which Wilson attached supreme importance, was the principle enunciated in the famous “Point XIV”: “A general association of nations

\*Wilson’s supreme contribution to the war was that he at once introduced the draft.”—Ed. Q. Q.

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must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small nations alike.”<sup>39</sup> The idea of a League of Nations, though not original with the President, had long been in his mind, and to him it was the one great need of the world, the only possible foundation of lasting peace.

To secure the adoption of the Covenant of the League, Wilson was forced to retire from many of his strongest positions at the Conference. He sacrificed his dictatorship in practical matters, and succeeded only in launching the League. Was not all else temporary; could not all injustices be rights, if only the League of Nations was established? It is everlastingly to his credit that he secured the adoption of the Covenant as an integral part of the Peace Treaty, and this with the aid of only a few idealists like himself, and in the face of the indifference of the majority and the open hostility of a few.

The creation of the League of Nations is at once the crowning glory and the supreme tragedy of Wilson's career. As the spokesman of the American people, he persuaded the rest of the world, but he could not persuade those for whom he spoke. For his failure at home various causes have been assigned, but Wilson himself must bear the brunt of the blame. There is very little doubt that he could have secured the adoption of the Treaty in the United States, had he gone about it differently. But the old distrust of his opponents came to the fore, and his “single-track mind” led him more and more into a position of isolation. During the years 1918 and 1919 he dropped his place as leader of a nation to become leader of a political party. During the Congressional elections of 1918 he made the cardinal mistake of appealing to the country to return a Democratic majority to Congress, in order that the war might be successfully terminated, and a just peace secured. The imputation of disloyalty to his political opponents was, though probably not intended, too patent to be forgiven. A Republican Senate was elected, and instead of endeavouring to conciliate his opponents by consulting them, the President ignored them in choosing his Peace Commission. On his return to the United States, he would not



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explain or modify, but insisted on the adoption of the Treaty as a whole. He never appears to have seriously entertained the thought that anyone could have any ideas which would be better than those which had been worked out by his own "first class mind." The result was the rejection of the Treaty, and the strong statesman had shown himself a weak politician.

After this decisive defeat, Wilson's career virtually closed. He felt that the labours and struggles of a lifetime had gone for nothing, and had been definitely shown that the nation disapproved his policy. He had returned from Europe broken in health, and his campaign in favour of the Treaty resulted in a complete collapse. Though he remained President until March, 1921, he took no further active part in affairs, and after the inauguration of his successor he lived quietly in Washington until his death, on February 3rd, 1924.

The strength of Wilson's character is conclusively shown by the attitude taken towards him by the various authors who have dealt with him. Almost without exception they show him as either a paragon of all the virtues, or as a devil incarnate. One picture is as false as the other. As White points out, "We are not dealing with a marble statue, but with a flesh-and-blood man,"<sup>40</sup> and "he was neither God nor fiend."<sup>41</sup> He had both faults and virtues, and both were strongly marked.

Foremost among his failings must be placed his vanity and irritability. To these must be attributed his confidence in his own power and judgment, and his impatience and intolerance of opposition or even of advice. Page, knowing him, found it necessary to load his earlier letters with flattery which is frequently repellant. His political judgment at times was poor. Making the peace a party issue was only one of his many blunders in this way. Nor was his judgment of men above reproach. It was coloured by his vanity, which kept him from gathering about him advisers of outstanding ability, and left him alone and aloof. On House alone did he lean to any extent, and even House he cast aside as he approached the climax of his career.

Against these faults we must place his virtues, of which his sincerity and nobility of purpose stand out supreme. Seldom has a statesman had so exalted a conception of his own

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destiny and of that of his country. Though this may have been impossibly high, yet an impractical idealist may do much for the advancement of a nation and of the world.

The tragedy of Woodrow Wilson lies not so much in his defeat by his country as in the fact that the people he so loved fell short of realizing his ideal of a great nation taking its place at the head of a brotherhood of nations, joining with them in preserving the peace and happiness of the world.

A. B. HARVEY.

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## CHINA AND WESTERN CULTURE

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THE rapid train of events which are occurring in China to-day are causing the eyes of the world to be focused upon China. The situation in China is the result of the cultural penetration of Western civilization with its philosophy of action and the conscious pursuit of some objective. Whether the intellectuals of China will admit it or not, it is due to the influence of Christianity that there is the Intellectual Renaissance and the rising national consciousness to-day.

The philosophies of China teach the doctrine of inaction, and Lao-Tze, the ancient sage, said, "If you endeavour to overcome nature, nature will eventually overcome you." This saying is in direct contrast to the West, which has sought to overcome nature, although it must be admitted that man has now developed a machine-made civilization to such an extent that it is beginning to be out of control. If two philosophers stood together watching a waterfall, assuming that one of them is a Chinese and the other a Westerner, the Chinese would admire the beauty of nature but the Western philosopher will immediately begin to calculate the amount of horsepower lost. That the philosophies of China are a harmonious rather than an aggressive influence is evidenced by the fact that Confucius never encouraged sending missionaries to outside countries to preach his doctrines, while, on the other hand, Jesus said that He did not come into the world to be ministered unto but to minister unto others, and actively encouraged his disciples and followers to spread the Gospel wherever possible. The characteristics of Chinese civilizations are essentially different from that of the West, having developed independent of outside influences. Her sages teach self-restraint, modesty and respect for personality, and it is due to these influences that the conscious pursuit of an objective to an ultimate and brutal conclusion is restrained, if by so doing, the rights of personality must be trampled upon. Bertrand Russell and other modern philosophers admit that the civilization of China is one which does not interfere with the rights and liberties of other people.

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The philosophy of the West is an aggressive and active force, constantly striving for the attainments of a definite goal. The West owes a great deal to Greek culture, and the influence of Greek philosophy is felt in the tendency to encourage the passing of society out of the stage of custom into the conscious pursuit of an ideal. It is this spirit of adventure and constant striving as opposed to the Oriental doctrine of non-resistance that has raised the Western nations to the present stage of economic development. Thus the theory is evolved of the "survival of the fittest" which teaches that man is doomed to endless struggles in the endeavour to control nature. This doctrine maintains that individuals must overcome individuals, nations must overcome nations and civilizations must overcome civilizations. This doctrine has operated throughout the whole history of the West, and civilizations have overcome other civilizations to be in their turn overcome. Western civilization, therefore, is dynamic, aggressive and progressive, but unbalanced from the point of view of Oriental philosophy.

With the development of science and rapid means of communication the Orient can no longer remain isolated from the rest of the world, and in order to gain the respect of the materialistic nations of the West who have always been used to measuring others with the economic footrule, it is essential to develop a machine-made civilization. It is the cultural penetration of the West that is responsible for the growth of a scientific reasoning, the development of industries based upon up-to-date modern methods and a further impetus to a modern system of education. The revolution of 1911 which resulted in the overthrow of the Manchu Dynasty and the establishment of a republican form of government can be directly traced to the influences of Christianity. For owing to the ushering in of a new political theory at the end of the nineteenth century in Europe, which resulted in the overthrow of tyrannical monarchies in various parts of the world, the democratic conception of political responsibility and of individual freedom has begun to penetrate China. It is due to these forces that the new culture movement, popularly called the Renaissance movement, has begun to spread and to encourage the younger generation to be skeptical towards every-



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thing traditional. Young China has now begun to have a scientific attitude on the problems of the world. This intellectual awakening towards an acceptance of the materialism of the West has begun to take shape in the growth of industries based upon up-to-date methods, in the rapid development of the mass education movement, and, at the same time, in the growth of the spirit of nationalism.

The ancient philosophers of China taught that nations become strong, not by killing off their enemies, but by bearing with them, coming to terms with them, and finally civilizing them. The West with its display of force could not understand the psychology of the Chinese and thought it was a sign of weakness. There is a Chinese proverb which says, "Those who are right need not talk loudly." Therefore, the greater the display of force and battleships, the louder the table-thumpings and the more insistent the ultimatums, the more the Chinese are convinced that the case is inherently weak. On the other hand, the Western military mind does not sanction any show "of weakness," for prestige to the Westerner can only be maintained with a strong hand. In order to maintain peace, the Western world has placed a great deal of stress upon law and legislation, yet the enforcement of law depends upon the strength of the police and the militia. The aim of Chinese philosophy is to train a people to be thoroughly self-governing, not in a political, but in a moral sense. A restraint of modesty and ethics has been idealized rather than restraint imposed by law, therefore the Chinese are a people whose restraints are inner and not outer, moral and not legal. As H. G. Wells says, "No other people have ever approached moral order and social stability through the channel of manners. No other nation has such a tradition of decorum and self-respect." The military-minded man of the West would immediately point out that China's bondage to the Western Powers is due to her weakness, and that no nation would be morally and ethically developed to such an extent that a field of exploitation without fear of retaliation would be left unexplored. According to the Western mind, China's plight is due entirely to her fault in not accepting the doctrine of force. Young China is beginning to view force and militarism in the same perspective as those of Western

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nations, and to base her life on principles which she knows to be inferior, but which she must do to gain the respect of foreign Powers.

The war psychology which has developed is the result of the operation of the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." It has become inevitable that constant preparation for war, the construction of battleships and the continual search for new means of annihilating the human race should result from the inculcation of the war psychology. Thus the slogan, "Be prepared for war as a means of peace," is exceedingly popular, in spite of the fact that a heavy burden must be borne by the tax-payer for the maintenance of fleets and land forces.

With the development of the industrial revolution in Europe the nations began to struggle with each other for supremacy. The nation that has the source of raw material, the means of production and markets for the sale of the manufactured material is the most powerful. No one European nation is fortunate enough to have a monopoly of these three factors; and even in the case of such raw material as oil, coal and iron, which is most essential to the existence of a State, a nation may have a large supply of one or two of these essentials, but seldom, if ever, is it possible for a country to have all three in large quantities. Realizing the importance of these things in the struggle for world supremacy, ways and means are devised to secure the markets and raw materials. The part which oil plays in world politics cannot be underestimated, for oil is lighter than coal and it is rapidly becoming the new source of motive power for battleships. It is said that the American oil interests have an understanding with the French Government; that is why America has supported all that France has done to Germany in recent years. During the Great War, when Europe was busily engaging in the destruction of mankind, Japan seized the opportunity to present the Twenty-one Demands because she needed coal and iron. While France acquired the iron of Lorraine by the Treaty of Versailles, she needed Ruhr coke in order to work it profitably. It is for this reason that France pounced upon the Ruhr. As Bertrand Russell writes, "Our way of life demands strife, exploitation, restless change, discontent and destruction. Efficiency directed to destruction can end only in annihilation,



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and it is to this consummation that our civilization is tending, if it cannot learn some of that wisdom for which it despises the East."

While the doors of Canada, the United States and Australia are closed to the Oriental, there is beginning to develop the spirit of self-determination and the doctrine of "Asia for the Asiatics," which contains aspirations just as legitimate as those of the white nations themselves. This feeling is becoming manifest in the rising national consciousness and the spirit of nationalism. It is interesting to note that what happened to Germany in the early part of the nineteenth century is beginning to find its counterpart in the situation in China. Previous to Napoleon's oppression of Germany, national consciousness hardly existed there. In fact, German culture was French at the beginning of the eighteenth century, and Leibnitz wrote his philosophy in that language. But after centuries of invasion of Germany by the French, Swedes, and Russians, German nationalism gradually took shape and grew in proportion until it resulted in the Great War. The nationalism which exists in China to-day may have disastrous consequences on the future of the world if no reasonable, conciliatory attitude towards China's aspirations to independence be taken so as to eliminate the moral factors involved in China's present hostility.

The causes of the present unrest are the existence of the unequal treaties, which include the vexed question of extra-territoriality, tariff autonomy and leased territories. While the existence of extra-territoriality is an infringement on the territorial and administrative integrity of China, it is argued that so long as China is in the present state of political unrest it would be futile to talk about abolition. Critics fear that with the withdrawal of these rights, foreign lives and property will be in danger. It is an accepted principle of international law that a State is responsible for reparation in case justice is denied to aliens within its territory, and the abolition of extra-territoriality does not release China from her duties in protecting aliens within her realm.

In view of the fact that the Criminal, Civil and Commercial Codes have been revised to conform to Western standards and that the judiciary has been reorganized, China has

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a legitimate claim to administer her own laws. It is recognized that under *rebus sic stantibus*, all treaties are subject to unilateral denunciation if the conditions under which they were made change so much that they no longer have a reasonable or rational basis. This doctrine means that where the conditions have so changed that a limitation which, when agreed to, was not of so serious a character as to endanger the life or the essentially vital interests of the obligated State, becomes so by reason of changes in political, economic or other conditions, there is the right to denounce the limitations or the treaty which it contains. This is the policy which China's diplomats are determined to follow and the treaty with Belgium was the first to be abrogated.

With the development of science to the extent where the physical unification of the world has been made possible, the problem which remains to be solved is how the races of the world can live together in harmony instead of endeavouring to cut each other's throats. The impending catastrophe can only be averted by facing realities, by an open-mindedness upon the issues at stake, and by the spirit of forgiveness on the one side and the taking of a reasonable attitude on the other. The future of Christian missions in China depends to a great extent upon the treatment of the Chinese question, and any precipitated blundering will only endanger the peace of the world.

EDWARD BING SHUEY LEE.



## MUST WE YIELD TO THE SPELL OF SCIENCE?

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### I.

FOR a hundred years the prestige of science has been steadily increasing until at the present time that prestige is so immense as to overshadow every other intellectual interest. Crime, sport, scandal and war still easily hold their own against science in the struggle for a place on the front page of the daily press, but these are not intellectual pursuits and therefore are not the real rivals of science. Among its intellectual competitors science is easily supreme and can count its votaries by the tens of thousands where theology, philosophy, history and criticism have to be content, each with its thousands or hundreds of followers.

There are obvious reasons for this prestige of science. Men desire health, goods, comforts, luxuries, amusements, playthings, sightseeing, constant excitement, dazzling panoramas, the sense of living in a big world, and science increasingly meets all these needs. Science has increased the quantity and often improved the quality of the things we eat and wear. By the increased facilities of transportation which we owe to science, the whole world's products are within the reach of all who effectively demand them. Whoever has a radio set may listen in to the best concerts and get entertainment, however barren of amusement or cultural elements his immediate neighborhood may be. But why dwell long on familiar facts? Anyone who has dwelt half a century in or near the great centres of life in North America has lived through the most extensive transformation of the externalities of life that the world has ever seen. And because science has done all this science has attained a new prestige in the world and driven into the background those other intellectual pursuits which have not been able to meet such widespread and persistent needs.

A less obvious but quite genuine reason for the increasing prestige of science is the keen satisfaction it has brought to man's instinct of curiosity. It may well be that those who wish to enjoy are far more numerous than those who wish

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to know, but at any rate science has met the needs of both classes. Science has made possible not only the exploration of the more inaccessible places of the earth as it now is—such as the North Pole, the South Pole, the high mountain tops and the uninhabited regions, but also has dramatized for us the long story of the earth's evolution before the human race was born. Through the telescope and the spectroscope it has satisfied much of our curiosity concerning the nature, extent and movements of the countless hosts of heaven which the night reveals to us, while through the microscope it has brought us all sorts of curious knowledge of multitudinous tiny creatures of which our fathers had no faintest conception and through mathematical analysis has piqued our curiosity by adding to our perceived world a realm of wonderful imperceptible entities called electrons, atoms, ions and the like. Even the human mind itself which our fathers assumed, but did not dare to explore, has been made the object of widespread curiosity through psycho-analysis, abnormal psychology and the psychology of religion. Our curiosity has grown as science has increasingly satisfied it until now there is nothing in heaven or earth that someone is not eager to analyse and explore.

To satisfy curiosity is surely nobler than to meet merely sensuous needs, and to its satisfaction of legitimate curiosity science owes much of its present prestige. But it may rightly make a still higher claim. If we interpret the word spiritual in a broad sense, science may claim that it is a great spiritual value. Crude human nature is credulous, lying, selfish, passionate, partial, fearful, impatient and very loath to discipline itself. Through religion and morality the higher and more conscious classes in society have tried to subject this crude human nature to discipline, organization and education. But they have always found human nature a tough proposition. Religion has often fostered itself on credulity, bred endless dogmatisms and fanaticisms, increased man's natural fears by its hells and demons, developed man's selfishness by offering it the good of a world beyond and by its powerful appeal to emotion made mental impartiality and objectivity impossible. Morality has often lost all its relevance to the human situation and become fanatical, terrifying and inhu-



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man. But science, on its higher levels at least, takes crude human nature more successfully in hand. Through long years of scientific pursuit along theoretical lines, the scientist destroys his native tendency to credulity, disciplines his passions and desires, compels his will to believe to wait on the evidence, crushes the desire to make personal reputation out of cheap discoveries, trains his intellect to be impartial, dispassionate, impersonal and objective, and, by thus subjecting himself to nature, obtains a mastery over nature which destroys the very sources of inherited fear and superstition in his own mind. Scientists of course are not all free from petty passions and personal whims, but at least the greatest of them, such as Newton, Darwin, Kelvin, Pasteur, Einstein, have shown a reverence for fact and an impartiality of judgment which are seldom found in the other intellectual classes. Men differ sharply in the world of science but their disagreements seldom become as acrimonious as—to use a phrase of Huxley's—"the caterwauling of the literary classes," or the *odium theologicum* which has always made the professional study of theology so hazardous to one's peace of mind.

There may be other reasons for the prestige of science, but these three will be enough to show how that prestige has been gained. No other intellectual pursuit can point to equal triumphs whether practical or theoretical; no other method of exploring the unknown has ever led to such discoveries as the scientific method has had to its credit during the last hundred years.

As a natural result of all these brilliant triumphs the lesser scientists have sometimes lost their heads and become contemptuous of other intellectual workers. Since the days of Laplace, scientists have looked forward confidently to the time when science shall be able to reduce everything in this universe to a single mighty formula. They have laughed any other kind of knowledge out of court as not only improbable but in the nature of things impossible. They have declared that science alone can offer any remedy for the varied ills from which men suffer. They have dismissed religion as a mere inherited, pre-scientific superstition or at best a comforting but really baseless and useless sub-

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jective illusion. They have declared that the future of man is quite safe in the hands of science, because man's greatest need is to get rid of subjective whims and fancies and to base his life on sound knowledge of the objective world.

Such was the proud claim and such the dominating position of science in our practical and theoretical life in the first decade of the twentieth century. Then like a bolt out of the blue, came the Great War to shatter, for many of us at least, the scientific illusion along with a good many other illusions.

### II.

The Great War, I contend, gave us at least one powerful reason for not yielding lightly to the spell of science. The war was a new kind of war because it was preceded by a new kind of science. We woke up to discover that science's most spectacular achievement was new weapons of destruction. The new chemistry made possible the poison-gas and the high explosive shell. Man's mastery of the air had thrilled our imagination before the war but now we saw the aeroplane used—more extensively than before or since—to drop bombs on the non-combatants of defenceless cities. The horrors of the sinking of the *Lusitania* and a thousand other vessels made us less proud of the scientific ingenuity that had invented the submarine and the torpedo. We saw the armies of all the nations using the mighty invisible forces of nature as the armies of Alexander, Caesar, Hannibal and even Napoleon had never dreamed of using them, but as we looked at the awful destruction which these forces wrought, it was borne in upon us that mere physical power can be used as easily and as successfully for evil as for good. And when the war was over and reckless men began to talk about future wars and how they were likely to be prepared for, we saw that the progress of science, instead of being a beneficent thing, might so arm the will to destruction as to lead to the suicide of the human race. Then, with our insight sharpened by the destructive uses to which science had been put in the war, we turned our thought back to the industrial world that had preceded the war. We looked at the tremendous increase of wealth which science had made possible through the use of machinery and of steam and electrical power, but we saw at



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the same time that the society which had been enriched by the new wealth was torn by chronic industrial strife because the power which science gave had been used by any one who could possess himself of it for any purpose whatsoever without any reference to its ultimate effects upon humanity. And as we brooded over these hard facts we were forced to the conclusion that the moral and social values of physical science have not been commensurate with its material achievements. It has quickened enormously the pace of industry, but has not kept social justice in step with the evolution of machinery and mechanical power. It has revolutionized war but not taught men to control their war-like propensities. It has exploited the material world but ridden roughshod over human life. A hundred years of increasing application of science to industry and war have shown us, as Prof. E. A. Ross says, that "science has no resources for quieting the greed, jealousy and hatred of men." It can supply us with all sorts of instrumentalities for achieving our chosen ends but has no power of guaranteeing that those ends shall not be destructive and suicidal.

Before the war we were superficially optimistic concerning the value of science. Science had given us a new insight into the evolutionary process and a new sense of power over the forces of nature, and we felt that with the help of science we might do pretty much as we pleased with the world, so absorbed were we with the material promises for the future which science held out to us, that we did not notice the profound indifference to human values or the nihilistic fatalism which lurked in the background of scientific theory. But when the war had dispelled our superficial optimism and filled our minds for the moment with moral despair, many of us got a fresh vision of the dark hinterland of the world-view of physical science. We suddenly recalled the famous passage in Balfour's "The Foundations of Belief" which we had read in our youth, which ends with the words: "Man will go down into the pit and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the universe, will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. 'Imperishable monuments' and 'immortal deeds,' death itself and love that is

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stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that is be better or worse for all that the labor, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect." We recalled also some of the darker utterances of Bertrand Russell in more recent times concerning the universe and man's destiny in it. We turned back to James Ward's "Naturalism and Agnosticism" and read with freshened insight his exposition of the mechanical theory of the world. We learned anew that the universalization of the mechanical method is the trend and aim of the physical sciences; that the mechanical theory reduces reality to a system of blind forces acting according to unalterable law; that it demands a mechanical conception of life and treats the living organism as a machine operating under definite laws that may be precisely stated (if not now, at least in the future) in the terms of physics and chemistry; that it reduces mind and mental process to brain and neural activity and limits truth to the results obtained by measuring and weighing the physical objects about us; that it rejects all values or concepts of worth or at best assigns them only an illusory or epiphenomenal existence; and, finally, that it regards man as a helpless plaything of the blind forces of nature, as Balfour says, "his very existence an accident, his story a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets."

All these naturalistic conceptions had been formulated long before the war but we were so occupied with the stupendous practical achievements of science that we paid little if any attention to its theoretical basis or its mechanical account of life and mind. But the war gave us a chance to realize what the mechanizing of life *feels* like. Multitudes of people became parts of a great military machine; liberty was curtailed; initiative was reduced to a minimum; personal choice was treated as a political heresy; all actions were directed from headquarters; life was reduced for millions of men to playing the part of a cog in a vast machine and the world's reaction to that temporary necessity assured us that the human spirit can never regard a life within a mechanism as anything but a nightmare. The deep cry out of the soul of youth against the mechanizing of life through the necessi-



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ties of war made us feel that there must be something wrong with the naturalistic, mechanistic philosophy. Men may profess such a philosophy when they are actually experiencing freedom, but when the mechanism grips their own being, something in their deeper nature rises up and protests against it as not only unjust but unnatural and untrue.

### III.

But it is one thing to protest against a mechanical philosophy because of its destructive consequences and quite another thing to show that it is false to the facts which it tries to interpret. In some of our happy creative optimistic moods the mind affirms the reality and supremacy of the spiritual with the unhesitating conviction of an Emerson, but gray hours come when the flame of faith burns low and then we feel the need of such reasoned assurances as reflective thought alone can give us. All our *feelings* cry out against the naturalistic, mechanistic world-view because of its solid indifference to everything we hold dear and because of its absolute poverty of ideal content, but nevertheless it is so impressive because of its simplicity and intelligibility and so fascinating because of the sublime remorselessness of the fate which it represents as about to overtake us, that we are afraid it may be true and hardly dare to raise our feeble intellectual protest against it. But we must take our courage in our hands and, like David of old, face the mighty Goliath even though with only a sling and a few stones.

In the first place, we may remind ourselves that back of all sciences and back of the mechanistic world-view lies *the mind of man*. We spell the word science with a capital S and then declare that Science affirms so and so or Science denies so and so, and submit our minds to Science's verdicts as though we were listening to the oracles of some demigod. But there is no such entity as *Science*. As Renonvier wittily remarked: "I should like very much to meet this person I hear so much about, called Science." There is no such person. There are many sciences and each one consists of a body of observed facts and a system of judgments or generalizations concerning those facts, and behind the facts and the generalizations alike we must place a human mind or a succession of human

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minds. The mathematical and physical sciences present to us to-day such massive and extensive structures of truth that we are apt to forget that not a truth was built into those structures without first taking form in some human mind, any more than the Gothic cathedrals of Western Europe, whose builders are for the most part quite unknown, "grew as grows the grass." The poet may say that in his effort to show how the spirit of the age took possession of the architect's soul, so that "he builded better than he knew," but nevertheless every stone in those vast temples was put where it is by a human hand and in conscious fulfilment of a human design. So all our sciences are conscious human constructions. The laws of nature which they announce were not gathered from superficial observations made as easily as children pick blue-berries. They were hard to find—so hard, indeed, to find that during thousands of years of civilized life men had not found them at all. They are not snap-shots taken by some holiday-maker with a scientific camera. They are ideal concepts arrived at slowly and painfully by the selective, synthetic, yes, creative activities of many minds through many generations. Man's mind affirmed order in nature long before he found it, that is, he made a knowledge-claim before he attained real knowledge. By desiring order he looked for it and by looking for it he found it.

There is a curious tendency among some scientists and philosophers to-day to belittle the human mind and dwarf it into nothingness by setting it over against the mighty physical universe, but they forget that it was and is by the mind that the vastness of the physical universe has been and is being discovered, and that it is the mind that sets the stage, on which it is to fight for its life against its own mechanistic offspring. Whatever truth there is in our sciences is due to the living dialectic, the creative activity, of the mind itself; whatever glory comes to Science for its practical or theoretical achievements should go by right to the human mind; whatever gloom and despair have sprung out of the naturalistic world-view we owe first of all, not to the impression which the concrete world makes on the imagination of the unsophisticated man, but to the analysis and reconstruction of the experienced facts by the sophisticated naturalistic philoso-



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pher. Behind the sciences stand the scientists and they work with a mind which the sciences did not make, which evolved, we know not how, out of the evolutionary process, which is still evolving and which may be mistaken in its most solid-seeming generalizations, and indeed is likely to be mistaken when it arrives at judgments so devastating that the very motive for further investigation or even for life itself fails.

In the second place, it has become increasingly clear during the last few years, not only that each science serves a limited purpose and interests itself only in a particular phase of reality, but also that scientific concepts are not literal transcripts of the perceptual materials dealt with but highly abstract symbols whose usefulness is strictly limited to the purpose the scientist has in mind. Pearson and Wach taught us this two decades ago or more, but the lesson has been brought up to date by E. W. Hobson in his Gifford Lectures on "The Domain of Natural Science," and by A. S. Eddington in his brilliant essay on "The Domain of Physical Science," in the English book called "Science, Religion and Reality." The appearance of the latter essay in a book whose title includes the word 'religion' need not frighten away the careful reading of Hobson and Eddington will show how the great Cambridge scientists who may be named with J. J. Thomson, Bertrand Russell, A. W. Whitehead, and others as leaders of the scientific thought of England. A scientific reader, because Eddington himself is one of frankly scientific men now recognize the abstractness of their procedure and the limitations of their purpose.

It is obvious that science must concern itself with the general rather than with the individual. There could be no science if every aspect of every individual, in the field with which any one science deals, had to be completely described and accounted for. The scientist must strive to minimize the importance of the purely individual element and show that it is only one more instance of the general. Yet after all there remains in the world the irresoluble element of individuality. No two objects of any kind in the inorganic world are exactly alike unless we make them so by definition. In the organic world the individual is plainly unique. No two leaves on the same tree; no two thumbs of human beings; no two instances

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of human hand-writing; no two faces or voices or personalities are completely identical. Every thing, every creature, every person has its or his own uniqueness. The concrete world is infinitely divergent. And it is hard to believe that a principle which is so pervasive has no significance. It may turn out in the end that the differences are more unimportant than the similarities and that science in looking for and synthesizing the similarities, gives us after all only truths of very limited usefulness. The mortality statistics of an insurance company furnish pretty accurate information as to how many of its policy-holders will die during the year, but no *individual* can find out from the statistics whether he is to be one of the number; so science by eliminating individuality with all its unique and fluctuating outlines, all its loose ends and all its oddities arrives at the conception of an order of a uniform and even mechanistic nature, but the individuality remains nevertheless and must be counted in and reckoned with in our practical if not in our theoretical dealings with life and the world.

The claim of physical science to be *exact* which has been urged so often and so strongly as a point of superiority to the social sciences and philosophy is now presented in a new spirit and with an entirely new emphasis. It is exact only because it limits itself to what Eddington calls *pointer-readings*, i.e., responses of weighing-machines and other indicators to the objects dealt with. "In its actual procedure," says Eddington, "physics studies not inscrutable qualities (such as mass, substance, extension, duration, atomicity, etc.) but pointer-readings which we can observe. The readings, it is true, reflect the fluctuations of the world-qualities; but our exact knowledge is of the readings, not of the qualities. The former have as much resemblance to the latter as a telephone number has to a subscriber. . . . The chain of connection of the entities of the world is the province of physics, but the intrinsic essence of those entities is now recognized to lie outside of its province. . . . The physicist is concerned only in working out the exact scheme of inter-connection of the pointer-readings and is not professionally interested in the entities which these have displaced. When he has arrived at a theory that all the pointer-readings work out correctly, he



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has reached the extreme limit of his task." Physical science takes into account only the measurable aspects of the external world as the theory of music takes into account only the measurements, time-relations, etc., of the notes of the scale; but as the latter does not give us the real tune or melody of the composition, so the former omits all aspects of reality that have not the specialized property of measurability or of which no pointer-readings can be made. Professor Eddington admits frankly that "physics is now in the course of abandoning all claim to a type of knowledge which it formerly asserted without hesitation."

If some such attitude as this had been publicly espoused by scientists three-quarters of a century ago, how much verbal argument, printer's ink and bad feeling would the modern world have been spared! No professional man likes to be robbed of his public function or be told that he is merely beating the air because his intellectual labors lead to no exact conclusions. The theologian and philosopher would never have developed any excessive suspicion of or hostility towards science if the scientist had stuck to his pointer-readings and not developed the materialistic, mechanistic philosophy which denied any basis whatsoever for a humanistic or religious or idealistic world-view. No religious man can reconcile himself to a view that deliberately excludes all mind from reality and treats as illusory his most immediate and unchallengable knowledge, that is, his knowledge of his own self, but he can and will have no objection to the physicist who admits that he eliminates mind only because he has no need for it in his own scheme.

In the third place, we may refuse to yield to the spell of science because we have convinced ourselves that the scientific method of arriving at truth is not the only method available. With all the triumphs that science now has to her credit, it would be impossible to deny, even if we had any motive for so doing, that by counting, weighing, measuring, photographing and describing things and bodies and minds (in their wholeness or in their parts) from a point of view outside of them, vast bodies of accurate and useful information and considerable power of manipulation and prediction have been and will be achieved. By treating the various entities about which

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we are curious as objects *out there* with an objectivity of their own to which the subject makes no contribution, by going all round them and taking snap-shots of them from every possible outside view-point and then making a continuous series of these snap-shots, we do certainly succeed in getting a practical hold on them. And yet, successful as this method has been, it is not the only method that we actually do use or the method by which our most intimate knowledge of the objects we are most deeply interested in, has been gained.

For example, we do not come to know *ourselves* by the scientific method alone. We do not need to be an inorganic thing in order to acquire knowledge about it, but we must first *be* our self before we can *know* our self. The behavioristic psychologist might describe in scientific language the behavior of my body in my moments of joy or grief or surprise or pain or remorse or expectation or hope, but he could never get the *feel* of these experiences, could never begin to know what they *mean* for me, unless by an act of sympathetic, imaginative insight he could project his self into the heart of my experiences. Only by being a lover or a mother or a mystic or a sufferer or a penitent can one know what love or motherhood or faith or pain or remorse really mean to those who deeply feel them. No observation from the outside, however many may be the viewpoints or however perfect its instruments and its technique, can ever penetrate to the living centre of our specifically human experience. Here at least we must *be* in order to *know*. It may well be that the act of knowledge ordinarily follows the event which it knows, but in knowing ourselves the being and the knowing may almost be regarded as the same act. I do not need to observe and classify and generalize, in the usual scientific fashion, in order to know what I mean by pain or disappointment or shame or hate. The knowledge is attained with the achieving of the experience. Whatever we may call this method of knowledge, it cannot be disputed that it is different from the scientific method, or that it is the method by which we get our most intimate knowledge of ourselves.

It would seem also that some such method of penetrating human character is constantly used by the great dramatists and novelists. Any critical reader soon knows whether the



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characters of the play or the story are put together from the outside, as it were, or grew, like a plant, from a living seed. Characters in fiction often become so living and real to their creators that they seem to create themselves and their life-situations as the story proceeds. They are not put together out of the odds and ends of observation of human beings that the novelist has accumulated in his memory or his notebook. George Eliot could never have created Dinah Morris or Maggie Tulliver by synthesizing certain traits that she had observed in the women and girls of her acquaintance. She knew Dinah and Maggie from within because she had the potentialities of those characters in her own nature. Shakespeare was the greatest psychologist that ever lived if we mean by a psychologist one who can penetrate to the motives of human action, who knows how the minds of different types of men will respond to certain stimuli and who can represent in the most accurate and moving way the emotions that human beings actually experience in the dramatic situations of life; and yet Shakespeare had never made the kind of analytic and behavioristic study of human conduct on which our newest type of psychology insists so dogmatically as the only method by which we can attain any real knowledge of the human mind. The great creative literature of the world which has peopled our minds with a multitude of imaginary characters, more real and influential often than the actual characters of history, was produced by the geniuses of the race before the scientific method, as we now know it, was either used or formulated. Homer and Dante and Shakespeare and Molière and Thackeray and Balzac and Dickens had not studied man as the anthropologists do to-day, but they knew man's mind by an intuitional insight more penetrating than the anthropologist, as such, is ever likely to attain. Even to master the great creative literature one must have some of the insight which went to its creating. No mere mastery of the language or the stage-craft of a Shakespearean tragedy can bring a comprehension of the play as a whole; one must almost be present in imagination at the genesis of the play in the dramatist's own mind before one can appreciate fully the completed work. It is hardly likely that any one will deny the greatness of the contribution which the dramatists and novelists have made

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to our knowledge of human nature, and certainly that contribution was made by a method other than the method of science.

Similarly, our understanding of the great spiritual heroes of the race does not depend in the last analysis on the scientific method. Take Jesus of Nazareth as an example. The scientific method has added immensely to our knowledge of the *milieu* in which Jesus lived and in which his mind was formed. We know far more than our fathers did about the contemporary spiritual movements which may have influenced his thought or moved his will to creative action. But the mere mastery of the *milieu* of Jesus does not guarantee the kind of insight into the spirit of Jesus which is necessary before we can claim to know his inner mind or feel the moral passion that drove him out into his self-chosen mission or share the religious certainties which sustained him in his daring career. We must do his will if we are to know his doctrine, or, in other words, we must achieve some measure of his spiritual elevation if we are to share his thoughts or enthusiasms or his hopes.

One may admit freely the value of the intuitional method of knowledge in the three spheres where we have seemed to find it and yet refuse to go further and acknowledge its validity in metaphysics or our apprehension of the totality of things. The cautious mind just now is very shy of metaphysics. The totality of things looms so large, thanks to the work of science, that we hesitate to confront it as a whole with our thought or feeling and are content either to attack it piecemeal or to put off our curiosity concerning it with a few extremely timid and tentative affirmations. Yet the urge towards metaphysics is native to the human mind and is sure to make itself felt again. And our problem is: Can intuition play any part in the mind's construction of a world-view or must we restrict ourselves to scientific generalization and philosophical dialectic? Already Bergson has put in a strong plea for intuition as the true method in metaphysics, and although his vogue is not now what it once was, the seed-thought which he planted more than twenty years ago is not dead and may blossom again in new ideas and new mental



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efforts. Certainly to one who takes evolution seriously, it ought not to seem strange if the structure of the human mind should turn out to be our best revelation of the structure of reality. The mind (or, if anyone prefers it, the mind-brain) has not evolved *in vacuo* but in the midst of a world which has pressed upon it in manifold ways. We used to say that the earth was our mother but now we are obliged to say that the whole universe has conspired to produce us. Whatever else J. E. Boodin's "Cosmic Evolution" has achieved, at least it has driven home to our consciousness the fact that there is interaction between world and world and that the life-process is not of mere earthly parentage. The mind is what it is because the world is what it is. It has taken on the structure of the reality whose child it is. It is a microcosm in which is reflected something of the nature of the macrocosm which gave it birth. It has had survival value for the creatures that possessed it because it gave insight into the nature of the reality to which they had to adjust themselves in order to live. The great mathematician turns his eyes away from the material world altogether and by working with abstract symbols, long divorced from their sensible originals, produces a vast structure of apparently useless truths which often turn out to be just what the experimental student needs in his study of concrete reality. By unfolding what is implicit in the mind's simplest affirmations, such as the axioms, the mathematician seems to be unknowingly reading off the hidden structure of the external world. And if the universe has conspired to produce the mind, if the mind is a microcosm whose axioms when mathematically unfolded throw light on the structure of the macrocosm, why should we be surprised if some philosophers affirm that the best method for reaching metaphysical truth is not generalization or dialectic but the direct intuitions of the mind itself when it is most flushed with psychic energy, most wide awake over a large field of experience, and in the closest feeling *rapprochement* with the Totality of Things? Plainly such a method must not be used uncritically but, in the light of its achievements elsewhere, it would seem over-critical and over-cautious to close the door of metaphysics against it. Nature seems to be experimental in her own processes and that fact is good reason why man

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should not close any avenue to metaphysical insight that may suggest itself to the bold experimenter.

### IV.

Whatever significance there may be in the foregoing considerations, most unprejudiced people would probably agree in two judgments: they would acknowledge our immense debt to science, the scientific method and the scientists; and they would affirm with equal conviction that science alone cannot evoke all that is great and good in human nature. Knowledge of the external world is only one of our needs. There is a world of moral, aesthetic and religious values of whose great riches the human spirit must take possession if it is to live the healthy (that is, whole) life which is its fundamental urge. And the main reason why we must refuse to yield to the *spell* of science is because the most immediate use to which science is being put is the mechanizing and externalizing of life by our present business organization and this threatens to blunt, if not to extinguish, our spiritual sensibilities.

R. J. HUTCHEON.



## DOMINION AUTONOMY AT THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE 1926

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DISPARITY of opinion as to the character and effect of the proceedings of the Imperial Conference is due, first, to the natural desire of men to take from a document that which they would like to see in it, and, secondly, to the fact that the Report of the Conference is in some respects inconsistent, in others indefinite, and in still others difficult of interpretation. Perhaps the best way to proceed will be to extract from the Report those parts which may well be relied upon by Canadian nationalists as supporting their view of the nationalistic character of the proceedings of the Conference, noting some implications and qualifications, and afterwards to refer to such clauses as are better liked by imperialists.

*Equality of Status.* The principal sentence in the Report declares that Great Britain and the Dominions

“are autonomous Communities . . . equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another, in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown. . .”

Equality of status means that the Dominions are sovereign—that is, perfectly independent states. The United Kingdom is a sovereign state, and the status of the Dominions is said to be equal to that of the United Kingdom. That being clear, the language of the declaration very accurately describes the form of association known as a Personal Union, namely, the case of countries which have no political relations one with another; whose governments are perfectly separate and independent of each other: one may be at war while the other is at peace; and the only link or connection is allegiance to the same sovereign. In former times there were many instances of Personal Unions. While the Hanoverian kings reigned in the United Kingdom (1714-1837), they were sovereigns also of Hanover. The two countries had nothing in common but their king, and on occasions one was at war while the other

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was at peace. Norway and Sweden, between 1814 and 1905, formed another example. These passed, and now there is but one existing example of a Personal Union, namely, that of Denmark and Iceland; and the most interesting question connected with the proceedings of the Conference is to ascertain in what measure it provided for the realization of the idea, or in what measure it envisaged continuance of the present imperial relation.

*Each its own Master.* That the Conference really meant to declare for equality of status is made reasonably clear by its further assertion that "every self-governing member of the Empire is now the master of its own destiny." Canada cannot, of course, be master, or mistress, of "its own destiny" if, in any respect, it is under extraneous control—if, for example, it may be plunged into war by the action of some other government.

*Nomenclature.* Another noteworthy indication of the intention of the Conference to establish equality of status is furnished by the fact that at former Conferences the British government was referred to as "His Majesty's Government," and the Dominion governments as "His Majesty's Government in ——." Now the British government is to be known as "His Majesty's Government in Great Britain." The incongruity of continuation of the term *Dominion* as applied to the Dominions was not dealt with by the Conference. Sir John A. Macdonald's demand of sixty years ago that Canada should be designated as *The Kingdom of Canada* still awaits concession.

*Governor-General.* The Conference declared that

"it is an essential consequence of the equality of status existing among the members of the British Commonwealth of Nations that the Governor-General of a Dominion is the representative of the Crown, holding in all essential respects the same position in relation to the administration of public affairs in the Dominion as is held by His Majesty the King in Great Britain and that he is not the representative or agent of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain or of any department of that government."



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That declaration is very valuable as an indication of the intention of the Conference to terminate the imperial relationship, namely, the relationship of dominant and subordinant; and that view is strengthened by the further statement that in future the Governor-General is not to be the official channel of communication between the Dominions and the British government. In future, communication is to be "between government and government" direct—that is, between governments on an equal footing.

Implicit in all this is the possibility of the King choosing, for a time at least, to reside in Dublin or Ottawa, in which case it would be in order that he should appoint a Governor-General for the United Kingdom. During past absences, a Commission, appointed by the King prior to his departure, has discharged his duties. In the future will a Governor-General suffice? Implicit, also, is the elimination of the British government in connection with the appointment of Governors-General in the Dominions. And with that would come the question of the continuation of the ineligibility of Dominion citizens for appointment to the highest of their own official positions.

*Things to be done.* Although the Conference declared that the Dominions are equal in status to the United Kingdom, it recognized that a good deal had to be done before the equality could become an actuality. It said that:

"Existing administrative, legislative, and judicial forms are admittedly not wholly in accord with the position as described in Section II of this report."

It then proceeded to "examine these forms," but not wholly with a view, as might have been presumed, to bringing them into accord with the declaration of equality of status. Four points were considered, as follows:

1. *Disallowance.* Our constitution provides for the disallowance—that is, the nullification—of our statutes by the British government as that government may wish. The power has not been exercised for a number of years, and at the Conference it was authoritatively stated that for the future no disallowance would take place. But that is merely

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a declaration of policy or intention. The power to disallow remains and ought to be ended.

2. *Reservation.* Our constitution also provides that the Governor-General, instead of assenting to bills passed by our Senate and House of Commons, may reserve consideration of them for the British government and that unless within two years assent is given they remain inoperative. Referring to this subject, the Conference said that

“apart from provisions embodied in constitutions or in specific statutes expressly provided for reservation, it is recognized that it is the right of the government of each Dominion to advise the Crown in all matters relating to its own affairs.”

But arrangement of that sort is quite inconsistent with Dominion equality of status. While there remains, either “in constitutions or in specific statutes,” anything qualifying the right of a Canadian government “to advise the Crown in all matters relating to its own affairs,” there is no equality.

3. *Extraterritorial Jurisdiction.* At present, Canada is unable to regulate the conduct of her citizens at any places beyond her geographical area. Every sovereign state has jurisdiction over its own citizens, wherever they may be, and, for violation of regulations, may punish them when they return within its own territory. Canada has no such power. She cannot, for example, prescribe rules for observance by her fishermen or her aviators when beyond the three-mile limit from her shores. Up to this time, the British parliament has assumed to exercise that jurisdiction over Canadians. And as far as is revealed by the proceedings of the Imperial Conference, it would appear that the Premiers assented to the continuance of the practice by agreeing to place on record

“that the constitutional practice is that legislation by the Parliament of Westminster applying to a Dominion would only be passed with the consent of the Dominion concerned.”

Practice of that kind is, of course, utterly inconsistent with the idea of equality of status.



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4. *Colonial Laws Validity Act.* A British statute known as the Colonial Laws Validity Act, 1865, provided that

“any colonial law which is or shall be in any respect repugnant to the provisions of any act of parliament, extending to the colony . . . shall to the extent of such repugnancy but not otherwise, be and remain absolutely void and inoperative.”

There can be no equality in status so long as that statute remains unrepealed. It hits us and limits us in various ways. For example, our legislation with reference to shipping must in some very important respects conform to the provisions of the British Merchant Shipping Act or be declared *ultra vires*. Our Admiralty Courts, although constituted by Canadian law, and the judges paid by Canadian money, are given their jurisdiction by a British statute, and it is quite incompetent for our parliament to alter the provisions of it.

*Reference to Committee.* Subject to what has been said with reference to these last three points—namely, reservation, extraterritorial jurisdiction, and the Colonial Laws Validity Act—the Conference determined to set up a Committee to “inquire into, report upon, and make recommendations concerning” them. It will be observed, however, that the committee will be bound by the principles enunciated by the Conference. It will not be free to remove the inequalities between the United Kingdom and the Dominions in these respects.

*Merchant Shipping.* Dealing with Dominion subordination with reference to merchant shipping, the Premiers assented to the employment of some language which will make difficult the removal of Canadian inability to take complete control of regulations with regard to merchant shipping. They were induced to agree to the statement that “the practical aspects of the matter” must be considered; that there were “difficulties in the way of introducing any immediate laws”; that it was necessary “to take into account such matters of general concern as the qualifications for registering as a British ship,” etc., etc. Subject to these declarations, the Conference agreed to the summoning of a special sub-conference—

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“To consider and report on the principles which should govern, in the general interests, the practice and legislation relating to merchant shipping in the various parts of the Empire, having regard to the change in constitutional status and general relations which has occurred since existing laws were enacted.”

It will be observed that the sub-conference will be limited in its action to consideration of what ought to be done “in the general interests.” If there is to be equality of status, Canada must have complete control over all legislation affecting her shipping.

*Appeals to the Privy Council.* The Colonial Laws Validity Act interferes with Canadian freedom with reference to the administration of justice. In 1878, our parliament passed a statute providing that appeals in criminal cases should be finally determined in Canada. Last February, the Privy Council in London declared that that statute was *ultra vires*—that Canada was powerless to prescribe finality for the administration of criminal justice. And the basis for that decision was the Colonial Laws Validity Act, there being in existence an English statute providing that all cases might be brought to the Privy Council. The Report of the Conference contains the statement that it is

“no part of the policy of His Majesty’s Government in Great Britain that questions affecting judicial appeals should be determined otherwise than in accordance with the wishes of the part of the Empire primarily affected. It was, however, generally recognized that where changes in the existing system were proposed which, while primarily affecting one part, raised issues in which other parts were also concerned, such changes ought only to be carried out after consultation and discussion.”

Subordinate countries (such as Japan and Turkey were and China still is) may be compelled to agree to regulations prescribed by dominating Powers with reference to the administration of justice. Canada is said to be in no way subordinate “to any other country.” But the above sentence appears to indicate that the system which Turkey, by the display of military force, recently brought to rough termination is still



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in full operation in Canada. There is little of equality in that. The United Kingdom has complete control of the administration of justice within her territorial limits. Canada ought to have the like.

*Forms of Treaties.* The Annex to the Covenant of the League of Nations, containing a list of the original members of the League, mentions the "British Empire," and underneath those words, in a column on a wider margin, appear "Canada," "Australia," "South Africa," "New Zealand," "India." The enumeration is faulty, for there is no specific mention of the United Kingdom; and the term "British Empire" includes all the other places mentioned. This anomaly is not to be repeated. Treaties in future will be made in the name of the King, and the signatures will be those of the representatives of such of the states as are taking part in them. There will be no representatives of the "British Empire." The representative of the United Kingdom (when the United Kingdom is a party) will sign as such. There is equality in that provision.

*Plenipotentiaries.* Very many years ago (1859), the fiscal unity of the Empire was terminated by the assertion, by Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir A. T. Galt, of the perfect freedom of Canada to enact such fiscal legislation as her parliament approved. If the declaration by the Conference of the Dominion's equality of status with the United Kingdom goes into operation, the political unity of the Empire will be terminated. And the disappearance of diplomatic unity is being provided for in various ways, among others by the provision that when a plenipotentiary to represent a Dominion is to be appointed, the King in making such appointment is to act on the advice of the government of the Dominion concerned. Whether, if a Dominion advised the King to appoint some individual inimical to the British government, that government would intervene between the Dominion and the King, is a question that time alone will solve. But if we are to have equality, the British government ought to have no better right to interfere with Canadian advice than the Canadian government to interfere with British.

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*Ratification of Treaties.* Sometimes a treaty to which a number of nations are parties contains a clause providing that it shall come into effect after ratification by a certain number of the parties, and the question arises whether, for the purpose of computation, Great Britain and the Dominions are to count as one, or as separate units. That question is now answered by a provision declaring for enumeration of the states as separate units rather than as members of one empire. That is equality.

*Representation at International Conferences.* Whether the states are to act as one at international conferences, or as separate units, is a matter involving, first the form of the invitation to attend the conference, and, secondly, the wish of the states. If it is desired that the representations should be separate, then

“an effort must be made to ensure that the form of invitation from the convening government will make this method of representation possible.”

*Exequaturs.* When a consul is appointed to a foreign country, his position, if he be acceptable, is established by the issuance to him by the receiving country of a document termed an exequatur. Hitherto all such documents have been issued in London. If the man proposed was a professional (*Consul de carrière*), no communication with the Dominion to which he was assigned was thought to be necessary. In the case of other proposals—proposals very often for the appointment of a man already resident in the Dominion concerned—it has been customary to consult the Dominion before the issue of the document. Hitherto, exequaturs with reference to appointments in the Dominions have been signed by the King and countersigned by the British Foreign Minister. For the future, approval of the proposed appointee will be a matter for the Dominion concerned, and his exequatur will be countersigned by the Minister of the Dominion. That is equality.

### *The Imperial Point of View*

So far we have extracted from the Report of the Imperial Conference such parts as are grateful to the feelings of



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Canadian nationalists. The Report of the Conference, however, contains several provisions inconsistent with the extracts, and more particularly with the declaration of equality of status.

*The British Empire.* The sentence which contains the declaration of equality refers to the United Kingdom and the Dominions as being "communities within the British Empire." That, of course, is a flagrant contradiction of the declared equality. For the Empire always has been, and is, composed of two parts—the superior or dominant part, and the inferior or subordinate part. The British parliament always has been, and is, dominant over every part of the Empire. Gradual and limited concessions have, from time to time, added to the political powers of the Dominions, but in many respects they are still subordinate. And so the clause in the Report contradicts itself. It declares that the Dominions are parts of the British Empire, and are therefore subordinate in some respects to the United Kingdom. And it also declares that the Dominions are "in no way subordinate" to the United Kingdom "in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs." Perhaps the solution may be that the Conference intended to say that the communities *are* within the Empire, and *will be* sovereign when the purposes of the Conference are fully carried into effect. But as against that, much can be said.

*British Commonwealth of Nations.* The same sentence contains also the statement that the United Kingdom and the Dominions are "freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." But there is no such thing as a Commonwealth of Nations. A commonwealth is a political organism, of democratic character, possessing legislative and executive functions, and it is quite erroneous to speak of a Commonwealth of Nations. The United States, more than any other political organism, may be thought to furnish an example of such a commonwealth; and if you wish to introduce a foolish novelty, you may so refer to it. But it would be better to speak of it as a Commonwealth of States. And, undoubtedly, it would be still better, and more correct, to adhere to the well-worn phrase, a Federation of States. I do not know what the Conference meant by a British Common-

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wealth of Nations; but I do know that there is no such thing; that there is no organism anywhere that looks in the least like what one might be induced to go in search of under that name; and that there is no organism of any kind of which the British communities are members, except the British Empire and the League of Nations.

*"Flexible Machinery."* The declared equality of status undergoes very marked diminution by the statement that

"the principles of equality and similarity, appropriate to status, do not universally extend to function. Here we require something more than immutable dogmas. For example, to deal with questions of diplomacy and questions of defense, we require also flexible machinery—machinery which can, from time to time, be adapted to the changing circumstances of the world."

It is difficult to imagine what this means. The contemptuous reference to equality of status as "an immutable dogma," and the assertion that it does "not universally extend to function" leave it a rather bald and useless declaration. The Dominions would seem to be regarded as little better than soft-nosed torpedoes—the imitation articles which are made use of in practice. They look like torpedoes, and, to a certain extent, act like torpedoes, but when they hit something and are supposed to blow it into fragments, they do nothing because they are soft-nosed. Similarly, the Dominions look like sovereign states, and, to some extent, may act like sovereign states, but when they are supposed to function effectively as sovereign states, they simply cannot because they are only very faulty imitations.

This much, however, may be said for the equality of status idea, that nowhere in the report is there any provision, or any suggestion of provision, for any machinery with reference to diplomacy and defence, other than that which would be possessed by the Dominions as sovereign states. If the Conference had in view the retention by the British government of control over the subjects of diplomacy and defence as applied to the Dominions, we should expect to find that something to that effect would appear in the Report. On the contrary, the Report recognizes that the Dominions are



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themselves engaged in diplomatic affairs, and attend to their own defence.

*Foreign Policy and Defence.* This last statement, however, is subject to the qualification contained in a later paragraph of the Report, which reads as follows:

“It was frankly recognized that in this sphere (the conduct of foreign affairs), as in the sphere of defence, the major share of responsibility rests now, and must for some time continue to rest, with His Majesty’s Government in Great Britain.”

The implication here is, that in foreign affairs and defence there is one responsibility. But that is out of harmony, not only with the idea of equality of status, but with the statement that

“Practically all the Dominions are engaged to some extent, and some to a considerable extent, in the conduct of foreign affairs.”

And the only declaration upon the subject made by the Conference (aside from that already quoted) is one which, if it places a limitation upon Dominion power, subjects the government of the United Kingdom to similar restriction. The clause is as follows:

“the governing consideration underlying all discussions of this problem must be that neither Great Britain nor the Dominions could be committed to the acceptance of active obligations except with the definite consent of their own Governments.”

*War.* The stipulation that the Dominions cannot “be committed to the acceptance of active obligations, except with the definite consent of their own governments,” leaves untouched and unmitigated the chief element in Dominion subordination, namely, that when the United Kingdom is at war all the Dominions automatically become belligerents. And although, as indicated in the last quotation, the United Kingdom cannot by treaty pledge the active co-operation of the Dominions in the event of war, it may pledge its own, and in that way involve the Dominions in ensuing war. The Dominions may, indeed, decline to participate actively. But they cannot be neutral in the sense of being entitled to ex-

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emption from attack by a British enemy. That is not equality.

*Locarno.* The impropriety of the United Kingdom imposing "active obligations" on the Dominions was recognized in connection with the proposed Anglo-American-French treaty of 1919, and in subsequent negotiations. The Locarno treaty of 15 October, 1925, between Germany, Belgium, France, Great Britain, and Italy, providing for war in Europe under certain conditions, stabilized the practice. It contains the following clause:

"The present treaty shall impose no obligation upon any of the British Dominions, or upon India, unless the Government of such Dominion, or of India, signifies its acceptance thereof."

New Zealand and Newfoundland would have been willing to accept the obligations of the treaty. Probably Canada, South Africa, and the Irish Free State demurred. And probably also, Australia would have concurred with New Zealand and Newfoundland if unanimity could in that way have been secured. The Report of the Conference contains nothing upon these points. Each state is left to act as it pleases. And to that extent war-solidarity is negatived.

*What it Means.* If, now, we are asked to say what all this means, the only answer is that no short summation is possible. Is there anything new in the deliverance of the Conference? There is. (1) The Conference of 1917 declared for "complete control of *domestic* affairs" by the Dominions, and "an adequate voice in foreign policy and foreign relations." It is a long step from that to a declaration of equality in status and recognition of a separate voice, in some respects at least, in foreign relations. (2) The relation of the Governor-General to the Dominions has undergone fundamental improvement. (3) Countersignature of exequaturs by the Dominions concerned, instead of by the British Foreign Minister, is new and important. But *is* the political status of the Dominions equal to that of the United Kingdom? The Conference, in one sentence of its Report, so said, but in the same sentence contradicted it by declaring that the Dominions are "communities within the British Empire"; and there are vari-



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ous other provisions quite inconsistent with the idea that the Dominions are sovereign states. And so we conclude that the Report of the Conference, as a verbal expression of the relations between the United Kingdom and the Dominions, is defective in some respects, uncertain in others, and in its main pronouncements inconsistent. But, nevertheless, its significance, for the student of the development of political status from colony to sovereignty, is unmistakeable. To him it will appear as in some respects outranking even the Durham Report. And the "muddling through" in the history he will see more than matched in the deliverance of the Conference.

JOHN S. EWART.

Ottawa.

## THE ANIMAL STORY IN CANADIAN LITERATURE

E. Thompson Seton and Charles G. D. Roberts

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WHILE the achievements of Canadian poets have already received a full measure of recognition both from the critics and the public, less emphasis has been laid on a literary form which has originated and developed in Canada, a true product of the soil, namely the realistic animal story. The honour of its creation belongs to two writers who, in spite of their different temperaments, interests and tendencies, have both contributed to the development of that *genre*: a naturalist, Ernest Thompson Seton, a poet, Charles G. D. Roberts. To what extent is their claim to originality justified? What is the exact importance of the contribution of each to this common work? Such are the questions we shall attempt to answer, after a rapid survey of their predecessors' writings, designed to show what had already been accomplished in the field of animal fiction in modern times before them.

### 1. *The Animal in Modern Fiction*

The prehistoric sculptures representing bisons, and reindeer, carved with rude instruments in the childhood of the human race and still to be viewed in the dim recesses of several caves, prove that the first subjects ever reproduced by the hand of man were animals. Similarly, a survey of the earliest literary works of most civilizations, folk-tales or fables, preserved in writing or brought down through centuries by oral tradition, reveals traces of the profound interest primitive man took in his fellow-creatures. After a considerable intermission, the nineteenth century saw beasts reinstated as the chief characters of some narratives, a fact for which it is not difficult to account. When man ceased to be amused by primitive tales such as those alluded to, he began to acquire a higher conception of himself and to look down upon animals as inferior beings. Although he used them as vehicles for his thoughts, he could not be expected to take an interest in them and represent them for their own sake. Christianity



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greatly strengthened that attitude: giving a soul to man and to man alone, it increased the distance that separates him from his fellow-creatures and is partly responsible for the lateness of the recognition of animals' rights. "Ill treatment of animals," Schopenhauer said, "arose directly from the denial to them of immortality." At the Renaissance, Christian beliefs were still weighing too heavily to allow writers to devote much thought to animals. In the age of rationalism that followed, the Cartesian theories held their sway and, until the Romantic period, man was exclusively interested in man, to the prejudice of nature and animals.

A great change, brought about by many causes, manifested itself in the nineteenth century. The wide expansion of human interest in every direction, the main characteristic of the period, may be given as an explanation, besides more special factors to be considered later. Religion lost ground, partly under the influence of Darwin's theories and some began to think that we may not, after all, be so very different from the beasts. At the same time, humane ideas spread and became strong enough to cause certain steps to be taken towards the protection of animals. Legislation took their defence for the first time in 1822, when the British parliament voted the Martin Act (from the name of its enactor, Richard "Humanity" Martin). Societies for the protection of animals came into being, the first one in London (1824). In 1872, the United States government forbade all forms of hunting within the limits of the Yellowstone park; later, the same regulation was applied to other territories in the United States and in Canada. Finally, a reaction against the fretful and artificial life of the great modern towns has led to a return, in imagination if not in reality, to the unspoiled wilderness and its untamed dwellers.

Sir Walter Scott and Dickens having introduced domestic animals in their works as characters of secondary importance, sharing their masters' fortunes and occasionally assisting them, it was easy and natural to conceive stories wherein animals would be the central figures. Humanitarians understood, as Spenser said, that "much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample than by rule." Perhaps because most of these writers are concerned more with the mes-

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sage their tale is to carry than with the tale itself, their stories have little value as literature; they are mentioned here to show the filiation between the various kinds of stories rather than because of their intrinsic worth.

In French, Victor Hugo, whose pleadings on behalf of humanity are not one of his least titles to fame, contrasts the donkey's instinctive dislike at harming a fellow-creature with the boys' cruelty towards the toad (*Le Crapaud*). Pierre Loti tells the simple and uneventful story of two cats because he feels an infinite tenderness for these frail beings but also, and still more, as he said himself, because "the two cats whose story I am going to tell are associated in my memory to a few relatively happy years of my life."

In English, the best work of that kind is probably Ouida's *Dog of Flanders*, an artless tale which reveals a tendency to sentimentality not surprising in a lady whose chief source of interest lay in animals. It is the story of a dog who, after having been ill-treated, almost beaten to death by a first master, is picked up and carefully minded by an old man and his grandson, a young villager in his teens. The dog develops a lifelong devotedness towards his rescuers, shares his young master's troubles and dies with him. Ouida's love of animals is counterbalanced by a marked misanthropy which leads her to show, like Hugo in *Le Crapaud*, that dumb beasts such as Patrasche may sometimes be morally superior to men. To the same vein belong *Rab and his Friends*, by Dr. John Brown, another tale of a dog's attachment and love; Miss Sewell's *Black Beauty*, the life-story of a horse, and several works by a Canadian authoress, Miss Saunders, which enjoy a great popularity due to their educational, not to their literary merit. Lastly, Mark Twain has written an antivivisectionist pleading, *A Dog's Tale*, all the more sentimental as it is told by a dog who does not clearly understand the motives of men's cruel actions.

Stories dealing with wild animals constitute a later development which may be looked upon as the resultant, the combination of various trends. In the first place, they are an extension of the tame animal story with humanitarian intentions, new species being depicted, man being relegated into the background and ultimately disappearing altogether.



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During the contemporary period, some naturalists who were both scientific observers and distinguished writers, recorded the results of their studies in charming unpedantic writings which acquired a great popularity not only among specialists but also among the cultivated public. Such are Fabre in France, W. H. Hudson in England, John Burroughs in the United States. It is legitimate to suppose that their works gave to some other authors the idea of rendering these subjects still more pleasant to the profane by building up imaginary tales with facts observed here and there.

In spite of their essential originality and of the new spirit that pervades them, some modern wild animal stories and especially the earliest of them all are derived from anecdotes on hunting. Lastly, strange as this may appear, folk-tales have in a few cases furnished contemporary writers, especially Thompson Seton, W. A. Fraser and probably Kipling, with their inspiration. Most of those primitive stories consist in legendary and fanciful explanations of a natural phenomenon or of an animal's attributes, by means of sudden transformations and supernatural interventions. Incidentally, let us notice that etiological tales such as these are to be found in many tribes, but nowhere are they more relatively numerous than among the Red Indians of North America.

However carefully one may review the fiction of the past century, one finds that Canadian authors of wild animal stories have had very few precursors. *Une Passion dans le Désert* by Balzac is probably the earliest instance of a story in which a wild animal plays an important part. A French soldier, captured by the Turks during the expedition of Egypt, flees on horseback until his mount dies of exhaustion in the midst of the desert; he slumbers in a cave and, on awakening, sees a panther sleeping at his side. Just as he prepares to strike her, she wakes in her turn; emboldened by the danger, he caresses her and she enjoys the voluptuousness of that contact so much that she stays with him and runs after him when he tries to escape. A few days elapse; the panther, as if suddenly enraged, bites the soldier's leg and receives a mortal wound in the fight that ensues. Naturalists would scorn the highly imaginative plot; nevertheless, Balzac has cleverly

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combined the panther's feline sensuality and jealousy with her latent ferocity in a most vivid portrait.

Charles Dudley Warner, the well-known American essayist, has made a small but most important contribution to the animal literature; with the exception of an Arabian poet called Labid, he was the first to present a narration of events as they appear from an animal's point of view. The pages of his bearing the title *A-Hunting of the Deer* (1878), are a plea on behalf of the innocent victims that man slays for his sole pleasure. In a first part, he describes the various methods of killing deer and contemns the sportsmen who, without any sense of fair play, boast of success achieved after having put all the odds on their side; although full of humour and biting sarcasm, this introduction weakens the effect of the story proper, which shows the writer now relying on sentiment to carry his conviction. It begins with the description of a doe feeding with her fawn, one morning, on the slopes of a mountain, a sweet picture of maternal love and happy confidence. Suddenly, the doe hears hounds barking in the distance; she hesitates, starts to run, but the fawn which she refuses to leave behind her impedes her flight. The barking of the dogs, louder and more ferocious, tells her they have found her fresh track. Having coaxed her young one to lie down in a thicket, she trots straight towards the coming hounds, turns at right angle after some time, thus saving her fawn. She bounds along triumphantly, no obstacle delaying her, but her forces weaken faster than those of her pursuers. Half exhausted, she reaches a pond which may be her salvation if she can swim quickly across. But two men watch her from a canoe; they soon overtake her and end her agony by cutting her throat. In the afternoon, the fawn goes forth from its hiding place and wanders disconsolately along the shore in search of its mother. Like Ouida and Miss Saunders, Warner aims at developing humane ideas; his story, like theirs, appeals chiefly to the feelings of his readers, but he deals with a wild animal and, in order to heighten the emotional value of the tale, presents the whole action from the standpoint of the hunted doe, two facts that make him the precursor of Roberts and Thompson Seton.

Those writers' debt to Kipling is of a different nature.



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The latter's first animal story published, *Bertram and Bimi*, relating how a monkey became jealous of his master's newly-wedded wife and kills her, belongs to the same class as Balzac's *Passion dans le Désert* and Poe's *Murders of the Rue Morgue*, in which a wild beast manifests its violent elemental passions in its relations with men. In *the Rukh*, wherein Mowgli is shown as a youth living with men and marrying, is the stem from which the other Mowgli tales, those of the *Jungle Book*, ultimately budded; Kipling's imagination, working backwards, produced the stories of Mowgli's childhood spent with animals that form the chief part of the first *Jungle Book*.<sup>1</sup> Kipling treats animals as if they were endowed with human brains and—a still more striking fact—he does not preserve their traditional characters. His wolves, to whom Mowgli owes his life in the same way as the founders of Rome, are no bloodthirsty haunters of the wilderness, but the most loyal and devoted of friends; Shere Khan, the tiger, is presented as a mean and cowardly enemy, while Kaa, in his rescue of Mowgli, displays a chivalry not commonly associated with serpents. All this proves that Kipling writes as a poet, not as a naturalist. Reality is not his concern: instead of gathering a sufficient store of facts to make his tales true to life, he prefers to let his imagination sharpen the features of the animals he may have caught a glimpse of in the Indian jungle, to look upon some of them (the monkeys in particular) as symbolical of certain classes of men. At their publication in 1894 and 1895, the *Jungle Books* were hailed by unanimous applause and at once enjoyed a considerable success. This caused some writers to imitate them; for instance, in 1899, there appeared a book called *The Taming of the Jungle* by Dr. C. W. Doyle, in which the scene is laid in India and which is directly inspired by Kipling's writings. Upon Thompson Seton and Roberts, who created and popularized an altogether different type of animal story, Kipling can claim no direct influence; nevertheless, his success acted as a powerful incentive upon them, and it seems safe to say that,

<sup>1</sup>Kipling's works contain a few more animal stories, not so characteristic as those mentioned above: a satirical allegory, *The Walking Delegate*, and some etiological tales written for children in *Just So Stories*.

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were it not for him, animals would never have had a very large place in their works of imagination.

### 2. *E. Thompson Seton*

A perusal of Thompson Seton's earliest writings clearly shows that his own conception of the animal story did not come to him of a sudden but was the result of attempts made in various directions by a man who, all his life, had been passionately interested in natural history. The first of these, *A Carberry Deer Hunt*, appeared in 1886 in *Forest and Stream*, a magazine for hunters and fishermen. Dealing with his experiences in the hunting of his first deer, it is, in his own words, "a strictly truthful diary," a record told in the first person, aiming above all at accuracy and giving lengthy particulars of his doings, interesting to no others but sportsmen. The second original variety of Thompson Seton's stories is exemplified for the first time by *Why the Chickadee goes Crazy once a Year* (1893). Mother Carey warns the little birds that live in North America that, as cold weather is coming, they should fly southwards. Most of them follow that advice but the chickadees think it is sheer nonsense. When the cold does come, they are out of their wits for a few days, during which "they look for the Gulf of Mexico in squirrels' holes, but finally make the best of it and resume their singing." A little later, in *Raggylug*, Thompson Seton explains that the roses once armed themselves with thorns in order to be protected against the animals that used to ill-treat them. These stories belong to the same vein as etiological Indian folk-tales and may have been inspired by them. That hypothesis appears most probable when one recalls that Thompson Seton knows and admires Indian life, from which he has borrowed many features in the organization of his scouting league.

From mere diary notes, the record of actual observations on one hand, from stories partaking of the nature of folk-tales on the other, Thompson Seton passes to a more polished and more realistic form. It is uncertain whether that change is the result of his own thoughts or is to be attributed to the influence of Roberts' early stories, at that time not numerous and published only in magazines. *Lobo*, the tale of a wolf



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(1894), is his first attempt at a more ambitious treatment of his material. It seeks to entertain rather than to present a minute record of events; it is more carefully written and contains less precise details than the *Carberry Hunt*; notwithstanding a certain romantic tendency, it is on the whole far more realistic than *Why the Chickadee* . . . Since that time, he has endeavoured in many stories to make others share his conviction that killing beautiful creatures solely for one's pleasure is unworthy of civilized men.

Thompson Seton is to be considered primarily as a naturalist. An examination of his methods of composition will demonstrate this, his stories being built in the very manner one might expect from a student of nature. He watches animals, notes down little facts about their appearance, customs, tastes, etc., then attributes many of these, observed in various individuals of the same species, to a single one. This perfectly legitimate device, by means of which the story remains scientifically true, is justified by the desire of giving a full presentation of a wild animal's life, from which the most eager naturalist can only hope to witness fragments. Consequently, most of Thompson Seton's narratives are told in what may be called the subjective manner: while the tale as a whole is the author's invention, it is nothing but a mosaic composed of facts that have either been witnessed directly by himself or related by other observers or again surmised from the traces they left. The animals in his works are always seen through the eyes of the writer, who appears as the direct follower of the nineteenth century tame animal story writers, enlarging their field but retaining their method. In particular, he shows, like them, a marked partiality to his heroes, due to his sympathy for animals and also to his desire of increasing the interest of his tales; he rejoices at their triumphs, bewails their sufferings, calls the impassible forces of nature to their help.

His stories may be divided into two groups. Some relate an animal's life and adventures, during a certain period, more especially its relations with men, relations that may be caused by the fact that the animal is domesticated (dog in *Wully*, pigeon in *Arnaud*), by a man's wish to destroy a beast that tries to escape, often by accomplishing extraordinary exploits

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(*Lobo*), or again by the naturalist's desire to take observations and gain a more intimate knowledge of wild life (*Johnny Bear*). His more elaborate tales are biographies, partial, i.e. stopping before the animal's death to avoid a tragical ending, more frequently complete, and of which an important part is devoted to attempts at killing the hero. The biography, the favourite form of story for a naturalist, enables him to convey more information about animals since they can be shown at all the stages of their development with all the habits and tendencies particular to these respective stages.

Not content to show animals in action, Thompson Seton cannot always refrain from adding comments and general considerations: his desire to teach is manifested in a number of short didactic passages scattered in his writings. *Krag*, for instance, is interspersed with paragraphs on social conventions among animals, on the qualities required from the leader of a herd or pack, the advantages of zigzag bounding, and so forth. This tendency concurs with the juxtaposition of small facts to impair the unity of the tales. In some of the shorter stories, such as *Lobo*, a number of brief episodes are discreetly inserted in the main plot, but the difficulty is greater in biographies. Mr. Seton made some attempts to obviate this. Monarch, the Bear's life is compared to a river, flowing down from a mountain, the birthplace of both, leaping over or breaking all the barriers or obstacles it encounters until it reaches the plain where it ends, landlocked; Wabb's life appears as a period of strength between two ages of weakness; again, the sentimental climax at the end of other stories may help to give a feeling of completeness. None the less, the reader too often feels that the tale is a "plotless," inorganic succession of small incidents.

Realizing that such tales would appeal especially to children, Thompson Seton has written many of them in the manner of juvenile books. Truly, most animal stories are well suited to children, although some have a genuine interest for adult readers. Besides their usefulness due to the information they convey about creatures that often capture youth's fancy, the simplicity of the psychological processes described and the brisk succession of events make them better suited for young readers than many other forms of fiction. In some of Thomp-



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son Seton's tales, the language is excessively simple, the vocabulary very limited, the animals shown as thinking, feeling and acting like men; these stories give information by means of questions and answers, display a constant care to avoid all unpleasant incidents and contain a tendency to moralize which, for instance, transforms some episodes in *Bannertail* into veritable Esopic fables. Such tales, which however form only a portion of his work, can appeal only to young children and remain outside the sphere of literature.

Thompson Seton belongs to a school of nature study that looks upon animals not as mere automata, led blindly by their sole instincts, but as creatures enjoying the faculty of reasoning, of course to a lesser degree than man. "We and the beasts are kin. Man has nothing that the animals have not at least a vestige of; the animals have nothing that man does not in some degree share."<sup>1</sup>

Although he may believe in a closer resemblance between man and beasts than many, this interpretation, which underlies all the tame animal stories that preceded his, is a condition *sine qua non* of realistic representation of animal life. Creatures entirely governed by instinct may be the objects of the most fascinating observations, but they present no purely human and therefore no literary interest. Thompson Seton often chooses as his heroes unusual, exceptional individuals, i.e. animals endowed with a particularly large share of strength and intelligence. Their remarkable features make them easier for the naturalist to distinguish from their fellow-creatures in the wilderness; above all, they enable the writer to attribute uncommon performances or exploits to them and thus create admiration and amazement in the reader. He presents a series of animal heroes, of "animal great men" who improve the physical condition of their descendants, transmit new methods of defence and livelihood to them and thus have a most beneficial influence on their species.

Probably because of the exceptional endowments of Thompson Seton's animals, instinct, presented chiefly as a warning sent by nature to her children or as a sure means of recovering impaired health, plays a very small part in

<sup>1</sup>Note to the reader, *Wild Animals I Have Known*.

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their lives. The knowledge that guides their actions originates from their own personal experience, Thompson Seton assuming that they have the faculty of generalizing, or from the teaching of their parents, whom he repeatedly shows performing certain acts referring to hiding, scenting, or hunting, in the presence of their young, in order that they may repeat and learn them. It must be confessed that Thompson Seton seems too ready to call upon intelligence to explain the different habits and actions of animals. One instance will suffice to illustrate this: noticing that big animals such as bears stamp their claws on some trees, he surmised that this marking is either a declaration that they consider the surrounding district as their own private range or a means of exchanging information with other animals who recognize the various impressions and smells. Upon that theory is built an important episode in *The Biography of a Grizzly*: a small bear, seeing Wahn's mark, rolls a log under the tree and, standing upon it, imprints his claw much higher, thus terrorizing Wahn who is convinced that a bear of monstrous size inhabits the same region. Curwood cannot be blamed for ridiculing this absurd incident, in his *Grizzly King* (p. 71). Again, Thompson Seton describes some schemes imagined and carried out by animals and so ingenious as to be hardly credible. His animals can also exchange ideas between themselves. His anthropomorphic tendency is in a few cases so strong as to make his heroes appear as actual men in disguise. The old Wahn, weary of an existence embittered by enemies and disease, deliberately shambles to a crevice whence poisonous gas emanates and thus commits a sort of suicide. It is hardly conceivable that man's hobbies, derived from his sense of property, should be shared by an animal like Silverspot, the crow, who owns a collection of shells and bits of earthenware which he digs up and handles in his leisure moments.

The relative importance to be given to the above remarks should not however be exaggerated; it is only fair to add that, in spite of an incredible fact here and there, the general impression left by Thompson Seton's tales is one of satisfactory verisimilitude. Most actions attributed to animals are in perfect keeping with the amount of intelligence commonly ascribed to them; nay, some clearly illustrate intellectual limita-



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tions. Thus a captured bear buries the trap that holds him, believing that he will thus no longer be tied.

Although not proportionally numerous, the passages tainted with anthropomorphism brought disapproval from a few competent naturalists and were the cause of what is known as the "nature-fakers controversy." John Burroughs opened the campaign in 1903 with an article on *Real and Sham Natural History*; a strong opponent of instinct, he refused to admit that Thompson Seton's stories are composed of true facts: "True as romance, true in their artistic effects, true in their power to entertain they certainly are, but true as natural history they as certainly are not," and he supports this affirmation by an examination and refutation of a few characteristic episodes. Some years passed, during which Thompson Seton's success encouraged others to follow him in the new path of the animal story. In his turn, President Roosevelt censured those writers who present fiction labelled as fact, thus starting a polemic which was to rage during many months in American periodicals. "Mr. Thompson Seton," he said, "has made interesting observations of fact and much of his fiction has a real value. But he should make it clear that it is fiction and not fact." While this controversy had disastrous effects on the reputation of other nature writers, in particular on that of the Rev. W. J. Long, it left Thompson Seton's almost undamaged as his works contain but a small proportion of incredible incidents. It can hardly be denied that occasionally, carried away by his desire of making a captivating tale, he oversteps the limits of scientific truth. Nevertheless, we subscribe to President Roosevelt's statement: there would be no cause for such discussions if authors of animal stories, and Thompson Seton in particular, instead of boasting of the absolute truthfulness of their books, would acknowledge that they use natural history just as some novelists use history, not primarily to teach but to entertain. No one denies all merit to Sir Walter Scott's and Alexandre Dumas' novels because of the inaccuracies they may contain, but when historical facts are required, more reliable authorities should be consulted.

It remains true that the great danger that besets the

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animal story writer is the tendency to humanize too much—for, up to a certain degree, humanization is permissible, nay desirable, in modern as well as in Esopic fiction. Thompson Seton has not always avoided that danger: carried away by his admiration of animal nature, he has occasionally attributed incredible exploits to his heroes, not frequently enough to impair the value of his stories materially.

It is astonishing to notice that he has failed to perceive how descriptions of nature, provided they were discreetly inserted into the stories, would have heightened the interest and beauty of those. With the exception of a page at the beginning of *Krag* and a shorter fragment in *The Sandhill Stag*, the scenes of the dramas are never described. Yet, nature has a place in Thompson Seton's works, not as the scenery but as a powerful deity, a protecting mother who sometimes listens to her children's prayers and intervenes on their behalf, to avenge them as in *Krag* or to save them as in *Silver Fox*. When, at the end of a long hunt, Domino the fox is brought to bay on a spit of land jutting into a river and dives into the water, Thompson Seton, in the manner of a Greek chorus commenting upon the drama and entreating the gods, addresses the river, in whose power the fox's fate now lies:

"O River, flashing the red and gold of the red and golden sky, and dappled with blocks of sailing ice! O River of the long chase that ten times before had saved him and dashed red death aside! This is the time of times! Now thirty deaths are on his track and the track is of feebling bounds. O River of the aspen dale, will you turn traitor in his dire extremity, thus pen him in, deliver him to his foes?"

We are next told that the fox successfully swims across, in spite of the strong current which engulfs his fiercest enemy, the cruel hound Hekla.

Writing most frequently in a simple and straightforward style, Thompson Seton sometimes excels in the humorous presentation of facts, the accurate and original rendering of some scenes. Yet in his descriptions, too often abstract and dry, we miss the numerous and vivid details with which Roberts composes his pictures and which make them so easy for the imagination to visualize. A distinguished naturalist but



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not a born writer, he falls short of the artistic standard attained by his "fellow of the wild"; if the reader contrasts their respective treatment of the same subject, namely the description of a forest on fire and of its various dwellers taking shelter in a pond (*Monarch*, ch. IX, and *Red Fox*, ch. XIV), he cannot fail to come to that conclusion.

If we now seek what is the author's aim in composing his stories, we find that, besides the desire of amusing by means of tales of adventures, a desire which he shares with most authors of imaginative literature, Thompson Seton writes with several objects in view. In the first place, he wishes to convey to his readers his admiration of wild animals, his keen sense of the glory of life, his almost pagan love of physical strength and beauty.

"There is no greater joy to the truly living thing than the joy of being alive, of feeling alive in every part and power. It was a joy to Krag now to stretch his perfect limbs in a shock of playful battle with his friends. . . it was a joy to press his toes on some thin ledge, then sail an impossible distance across some fearful chasm to another ledge. . ."

Also, Thompson Seton eagerly desires to preserve wild life threatened with complete destruction by the daily holocausts of hunters; "My chief motive, my most earnest underlying wish has been to stop the extermination of harmless animals; not for their sakes but for ours, firmly believing that each of our native wild creatures is in itself a precious heritage that we have no right to destroy or put beyond the reach of our children." In order to stop that work of destruction, he has more confidence in appeals to sympathy than to reason: hence the sentimental element, either under the form of direct addresses to his readers or, more frequently, of touches inserted in the narrative and designed to create pity for suffering animals.

A third object impels him to write animal stories, namely his desire to popularize natural history, to present scientific facts in the most attractive form. Repeatedly, this study has shown that he is a naturalist first and foremost. Hence the great stress he lays on the scientific aspect of his work and the corresponding neglect of its literary side which displays

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no very great inborn gifts. Nevertheless, while appraising the value of his work, it must be borne in mind that he had the boldness to devoting much energy to the animal story at a time when that literary form was not highly appreciated; he proved that there was a "demand" for tales of animals and induced others to deal with the same subject. As the next part of this study will show, he thus influenced Roberts who had conceived animal stories at an earlier date but had drawn very little from that vein before its popularity was consecrated by the success of Thompson Seton's *Wild Animals I Have Known* (1898).

To be continued)

MICHEL POIRIER.



## THE ORIGIN OF LIFE

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PROBABLY all experimental efforts to solve the problem of the origin of life have been dominated by the shadow of the Aristotelian "category." The debate which reached its height in the middle of the last century was definitely so governed and diligent search was made for the sharp cleavage by which the definite animate arose from the equally definite inanimate. The great contribution of Pasteur was to close this avenue of approach by showing that full fledged living organisms do not suddenly arise from inanimate matter, and his pronouncements were so precise and apparently so completely settled the problem that very little work has been done in the subsequent sixty to seventy years. Notwithstanding sparsity of experimental data if the rapidly developing biology and chemistry be examined in the light of a different concept very suggestive indications of the origin of life may be observed. By a different concept I mean the method of thinking which seems to have arisen during the last generation, a logic which has no very sharply defined categories, which permits an act to be both right and wrong, which may allow a body to be neither black or white but both, or which permits it to be neither animate nor inanimate but both living and dead. The latter is perhaps a rather bold stroke especially as it does not permit of proof and hence can only be advanced as a product of philosophical faith.

### II

If we look back through the great vista of geological time we see unmistakable evidences of a constantly changing fauna and flora, many plants and animals once abundant no longer exist, while most present forms appear only in recent fossil records. As we look far back in this rock record it is apparent that earlier forms were simpler in structure and less complex in behaviour than contemporary life. And the further back we search the greater the simplicity until the oldest sedimentary rocks which contain any evidence of life suggest that at one time the only living creatures were similar to the simplest forms of life now in existence. But as we

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look back still further there is even clearer record of a lifeless earth, an earth of rocks and water containing mineral compounds dissolved from the rocks, an atmosphere of water vapor, nitrogen, carbon dioxide and perhaps oxygen, with a temperature not very different from the present. A barren spectacle and an inhospitable setting for the beginning of life, yet in the course of the evolution of the earth when these conditions developed, conditions which would permit of the existence of life, promptly, geologically speaking, life appeared as the records in the sedimentary rocks bear witness.

### III

It is an old suggestion that life may have arrived or still is arriving upon the earth from other heavenly bodies. Arrhenius has recently proposed the possibility that spores of bacteria or of ultra microscopic organisms floating into the upper strata of the atmosphere may be propelled through space by the force of light. He calculated that under such conditions the time of transit from the nearest stellar system would be about 9,000 years, and from Mars to the earth, twenty days. But the acceptance of such theories, in themselves improbable, does not bring us any nearer the mode of origin of life: on the contrary, it is banished to some conveniently inaccessible corner of the universe and we are placed not only in the position of affirming that we have no knowledge of the origin of life, which is unfortunately true, but that such information can never be acquired.

### IV

We may get some insight into the problem if we compare the well-known requirements of existent organisms with the apparent condition of the earth just before the advent of life. Such a comparison indicates at once that one of the most ubiquitous forms of life, the green plants, would have found these conditions favourable.

A green plant must have for growth and development merely a supply of water, carbon dioxide, oxygen and certain mineral compounds, nitrates, sulphates, phosphates of calcium, potassium, magnesium and iron, a suitable temperature and light of suitable intensity and wave length. These evidently are the conditions of the earth which preceded life.



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Under such circumstances the green plants thrive and develop their own complex food substances from simple inorganic compounds. This is the fundamental feature, the synthetic process. Not only does the green plant supply its own food by this mechanism, but the body of the green plant is eventually utilized by the colorless plants, the bacteria, moulds and mushrooms, and more conspicuously by animals. It is a significant fact that at the present time all living organisms (with the exception of a small group mentioned later) obtain their food directly or indirectly from these green plants or by means of the food synthesizing mechanism of these plants.

In this process the simple substances carbon dioxide and water enter into combination to form carbohydrates as sugars, starches and like compounds or fats. With these or earlier products of the combination of carbon dioxide and water, nitrogen, taken up from soil or water in the form of simple nitrates, combines to form proteins. At the same time this is an energy storing reaction. Carbon dioxide and water only combine under the influence of energy, radiant energy, brought into the sphere of the reacting substances through the agency of the green chlorophyll and the products of the combination, the carbohydrates, fats and proteins contain this energy in potential form. The result of the synthesis then is a series of complex organic compounds rich in potential energy. These food substances together with traces of several mineral substances taken into the green plant cells and incorporated into the living substance, become living matter or these same substances taken into the animal body there become living. The whole structure and energy of life therefore depends upon the building up of the energy of sunlight into these organic compounds which constitute living matter. The energy transformer is the green cell of the plant and directly or indirectly at the present time the energy of all that lives as far as we have definite evidence (with the one exception noted later) arises from this source.

If a green plant, therefore, had made its appearance upon the lifeless earth it is very easy to see how it could have itself developed and at the same time provided for the development of less favoured organisms. It is very difficult to imagine, however, how green plants could have been the first forms to develop in an inorganic world. Of all the compli-

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cated chemical substances concerned in the structure of living matter green chlorophyll is one of the most complex and, as we had just considered, it is the catalytic activity of this substance which gives the green plants their peculiar position. In the green plant chlorophyll, like the other substances of the living tissue, is synthesized indirectly as a result of its own catalytic activity, but it is difficult to conceive how such a substance as this could develop spontaneously.

Hence though green plants constitute the present chief mechanism through which inorganic matter and energy is transformed into organic and the living, they do not appear to have been the primordial forms.

There is one other group of organisms extant capable of living under such conditions as existed in the lifeless earth, the nitrifying and the sulphur bacteria. Like all the bacteria these are very minute and structurally very simple, but they differ from all other bacteria in their ability to exist on pure inorganic matter. Nitrifying bacteria are widespread in the soil the world over. The form nitrosomans in particular probably represents the simplest known physiology. This organism is capable of building up its body substance from purely inorganic matter, essentially the substances utilized by green plants. Instead of utilizing light, however, it obtains its energy from the oxidation of ammonia.

These organisms then like the green plants would have been able to live in a lifeless earth. There is some geological evidence too of their existence in the oldest rocks carrying any fossil remains which suggests that they were at least among the earliest creatures on the earth. But even the simplest nitrate bacteria possess protoplasm, the fundamental stuff of all living material. The direct synthesis of this substance from the inorganic would constitute a tremendous jump.

### V

As recently emphasized by Osborn the primal earth, air and water contained all the chemical elements and at least three of the most simple but important compounds, water, nitrates and carbon dioxide necessary to the formation of protoplasm.

The orderly sequence of events leading to this state of the



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earth from an earlier condition in which life could not have existed, the late Benjamin Moore of Cambridge found significantly suggestive of the later changes which culminated in life or possibly continue to result in life. Cosmic and geological history indicates that the evolution of the earth, especially the stages just preceding the first life stage, is to a large extent associated with cooling.\*

Such a sequence of events can in many respects be experimentally repeated in a crucible. At a sufficiently high temperature matter exists only as elements; at a lower temperature compounds as oxides can remain in equilibrium and the compounds become more and more stable as the temperature decreases; at still lower temperatures salts as the chlorides of the alkalis and carbonates of calcium and magnesium remain in stable combination. At much lower temperatures large and complex compounds consisting of many atoms are found and, with further cooling, combination of complex molecules may exist in semi-stable colloidal aggregates. Moore has repeatedly stressed the fact that, as environmental conditions permit, matter tends to aggregate; to form atoms, binary compounds, large molecules, colloids, structures of increasing complexity, a condition of matter which he refers to as the Law of Complexes.

In the same way that complex inanimate matter has arisen spontaneously from simpler types, living matter may arise from the inanimate by further complexity. It is true that we completely lack experimental evidence but at the same time the hiatus is by no means complete. A hundred years ago Wöhler demonstrated that an organic compound, urea, previously supposed to arise only in living matter, could be synthesized from inorganic matter. Many organic compounds have since been synthesized. Perhaps the most significant is the formation of higher carbon compounds from atmospheric carbon dioxide and water. In an earlier section attention was directed to this reaction as it proceeds in green plants and to its fundamental importance in the present link between existing life and the inorganic. It was observed that in the green plant the synthesis of sugar from carbon dioxide, water and light energy is effected through the catalytic agency of the

\*Various phases of this problem have been discussed in three recent papers in the *Quarterly*.

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green pigment chlorophyll. Recently, however, it was shown that exposure of carbon dioxide and water vapour to ultra violet light of certain wave lengths especially in the presence of colloidal iron or uranium results in the formation first of formaldehyde and eventually in various sugars and amino acids as formed in green plants.

Whether or not this is the nature of the synthetic reaction in the green plant does not of necessity concern the present problem, but it is of the greatest significance to observe that purely inorganic material under suitable energy conditions and in the presence of inorganic catalytic agents unites to form complex compounds; compounds which until very recently were supposed to arise only from the inorganic through the intermediary action of the living green plant cell. This in no way constitutes the synthesis of living material, but it does show that one step heretofore regarded as a vital reaction proceeds spontaneously when environmental conditions are opportune. The products of the reaction are still dead, but at the same time they represent a tremendous departure from the low energy containing stable inorganic compounds from which they originated. In other words, the law of complexes extends to the formation of the complicated compounds which are the direct building stones of living matter.

Probably all matter may exist in several forms. The simple hydrogen atom, for example, as Bohr first demonstrated, exists in a low energy containing inactive form and a high energy containing active form. Principal Irvine of St. Andrews has very recently shown the same to be true of certain sugar molecules: his gamma sugars are so reactive that they are only known in combination with something else. One form of the substance changes to the other under appropriate environmental conditions. The reactive form of the molecule is the form in which it occurs in living matter, the inactive form in dead material.

The law of complexes, however, does not cease to operate with the formation of large and intricate molecular structures. Inorganic matter and more conspicuously organic substances tend to unite under suitable environmental conditions to form colloids. These consist of molecular combinations frequently of great complexity and instability which show at the same



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time the greatest degree of susceptibility to the influence of external stimulation by different forms of energy.

Such observation of the tendency of matter to spontaneously enter into more complex forms does not bridge the gap between the living and the non-living, but at least directs the attention to intermediate forms which may be neither dead nor yet living in the categorical sense. Our knowledge of the complexity of colloids is in its infancy; we may expect to find colloidal complexes of higher compounds of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen and nitrogen, together with mineral elements which are more reactive and amenable to external stimulation than any yet recognized. At the same time we may look for primordial life in something vastly simpler than the bacteria or the protozoa and indeed this is just now one of the most popular phases of biology. Certain of the ultramicroscopic viruses and particularly the bacteriophage may with about equal evidence be regarded as living or dead.

The problem of the origin of life therefore seems to rest upon the acquisition of knowledge of more complex chemical structure and simpler biological form: on this common ground it must be a problem of quantitative analysis rather than qualitative or categorical logic.

GUILFORD B. REED.

## ONE POINT OF CONTACT BETWEEN MARLOWE AND SHAKESPEARE

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CHRISTOPHER Marlowe in his first literary flights felt himself free as an eagle, hampered by nothing, not even the stars. Tamburlaine, the Scythian Shepherd, in whom we can easily trace some of the lineaments of the poet, refers to himself, not as a mortal man, but as "The Scourge of God,"<sup>1</sup> and regards physical suffering as a personal disgrace, somewhat as a wild beast may bite at its own wounded paw. "Generally," writes Dowden, "Marlowe gives us an impression of power, of vastness, though it be the vastness of chaos, where elemental forces hurtle blindly one against the other."<sup>2</sup> "Of all English poets," thinks Whipple, "Marlowe most reminds us of Byron."<sup>3</sup> "The first great English poet," writes Swinburne, "was the father of English tragedy and the creator of English blank verse."<sup>4</sup> "He had some of the finest qualities," comments Dowden further, "that go to the making of a great poet."<sup>5</sup> Nash, it is true, the vitriolic contemporary of Marlowe, was of a different mind, when he described Marlowe's line in *Tamburlaine* as "swelling bumbast of a bragging blank verse," and as the "spacious volubilitie of a drumming deca sillibon."<sup>6</sup> Even Whipple speaks of Marlowe's verse as a "Strange compound of sublimity and rant,"<sup>7</sup> and Swinburne permits himself to criticize in *Tamburlaine* "the stormy Titanic truculence which blusters like a simoon through the noisy course of its ten fierce acts."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup>And so appears, indeed, on the title-page of the first edition of the play, "Tamburlaine the Great, who from a Scythian Shepheard by his rare and woonderfull Conquests, became a most puissant and mighty Monarque, And (for his tyranny and terrour in Warre) was termed, The Scourge of God."

<sup>2</sup>E. Dowden, *The Old English Dramatists*, p. 48.

<sup>3</sup>Edwin P. Whipple, *Essays and Reviews*, vol. II, p. 17.

<sup>4</sup>Swinburne's Christopher Marlowe in *The Age of Shakespeare*, p. 1.

<sup>5</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 54.

<sup>6</sup>In an epistle, "To the Gentlemen Students of Both Universities," which he contributed to Robert Greene's *Menaphon*.

<sup>7</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 17.

<sup>8</sup>*Op. cit.*, p. 1. Has not Swinburne's own style just caught a switch of the tail of Marlowe's hurricane?



## CONTACT BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND MARLOWE

It is a poor compliment to Shakespeare to seek to magnify him by dwarfing his predecessors and contemporaries. Marlowe strikes across the poetic firmament like a comet, while Shakespeare in comparison arrives as a glimmering star, or, indeed, as a thief in the night: Marlowe reached his zenith at a leap; Shakespeare has to climb. It would be untrue to say that if Marlowe had lived he would not have produced something more perfect dramatically than *Doctor Faustus* or *The Jew of Malta*; but it is probable that these plays and other great fragments from the same hand indicate his limitation. "How greatly it was all planned!" says Goethe of *Doctor Faustus*, and we cannot but endorse the judgment. Still there is always a vast gap between plan and execution. Marlowe's unique quality was hardly dramatic constructiveness. He had not the patient sleuth-like pursuit of a Shakespeare, the strength to stand the strain of mighty intellectual and imaginative effort, the unfaltering diligence, without which genius remains in a measure unfulfilled. There is nothing more remarkable in Shakespeare than his steady all-round development. Few critics will dare to say that they discern *Lear* or *Antony and Cleopatra* in *Titus Andronicus* or even in *Richard III*, or can detect Falstaff in *The Comedy of Errors*. These later masterpieces would never have been written except for a power of self-criticism perhaps never surpassed in literature. There is such a thing as a self-imposed Gethsemane of genius.

But this paper seeks to confine itself to one point only and draw from it what seems to be its legitimate moral. Shakespeare, when thinking of Marlowe, his predecessor in work although not in time, was proud to acknowledge his indebtedness. Some critics, recent as well as early, have taken a satisfaction, almost malicious, in pointing out how much Shakespeare made use of the thoughts and words of others. But Shakespeare, I am sure, had he chosen to do so, could have placed his finger on many an imitation and many a borrowing, which these critics have never so much as suspected. He could have given them long odds at their own game. In fact his ability to catch the spirit of his forerunners and contemporaries is a very vital part of his own genius.

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One of these borrowings I am now to consider. In *As You Like It*, written probably in 1599, we read (III. 5. 80),

“Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might,  
Whoever loved that loved not at first sight’.”

The ‘saw of might’ is a line quoted from Marlowe’s *Hero and Leander* (line 76), which was, so far as is known, first published in 1598, five years after its author’s death, and constitutes, so J. Q. Adams says, the only direct allusion made by Shakespeare to a contemporary. Yes, the fiery young author of this famous line had been in his grave five years, sleeping well after the fitful fever of his life, when there appeared in print one of the finest poems in the English tongue; and Shakespeare immediately quotes from it. Ben Jonson, too, in his *Every Man in his Humour* (iv. i), appearing even earlier, it may be,<sup>9</sup> than *As You Like It*, also quotes from it. Shakespeare uses one line and Jonson eight (ll. 199-204, 221-2), Shakespeare and Jonson together heralding the glorious birth, surely a convincing proof that the poem made a deep impression.

On this quotation in *As You Like It*, Sir Sidney Lee says: “In *As You Like It* he parenthetically and vaguely commemorated his acquaintance with the elder dramatist by apostrophizing him in the lines”<sup>10</sup> already quoted. Hudson, on the other hand, says, “This line is from Marlowe’s translation of *Hero and Leander* . . . The poem was deservedly popular, and the words ‘dead Shepherd’ look as though Shakespeare remembered him with affection,”<sup>11</sup> and Professor Adams adds, “Shakespeare inserted a definite allusion to his early friend and master, Christopher Marlowe, calling him with some display of affection ‘dead shepherd’ . . . a possible indication of close relations with Marlowe in early days when as a young “upstart” from the country, he was struggling to find a place in the theatrical world.”<sup>2</sup> Dyce remarks, “These words sound not unlike an expression of pity for Marlowe’s sad and untimely end.”<sup>13</sup>

<sup>9</sup>The dates are confusing and do not need to be discussed here.

<sup>10</sup>Sidney Lee, *A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 136.

<sup>11</sup>*The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*, vol. V, p. 79.

<sup>12</sup>*A Life of William Shakespeare*, p. 291.

<sup>13</sup>*Marlowe’s Works*, i, xlviii.



## CONTACT BETWEEN SHAKESPEARE AND MARLOWE

Surely Dyce, Hudson and Adams are right and Sir Sidney Lee wrong. For, consider. The discipline of the histories, perhaps as severe as any poet has ever imposed on himself, had been undergone successfully. After that long sustained trial, Shakespeare spreads his wings in the most innocent and beautiful self-abandonment. The court has necessarily been his theme, and one of his chief tasks has been to unfold the properties of government, to tell what majesty should be. And now, this having been well done, he is off with a pack on his back to the wild wood. Duke Senior embodies the spirit of emancipation in his well-known speech, which begins (II. 1. 1):

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
More free from peril than the envious court?

Quite possibly the word 'shepherd' in the apostrophe is meant to carry the reader back to the unforgettable days, when Tamburlaine, 'the Scythian Shepherd,' flashed across the stage. Be that as it may, the woodsman and shepherd are everywhere in evidence in *As You Like It*. The banished Duke and his co-mates live "under the greenwood tree," or, if they have any other domicile, it is carefully ignored. Rosalind and Celia enter the forest and take up the business of tending sheep. Orlando and Oliver follow. All the chief characters gather in the open air. If Shakespeare does not actually quote Marlowe's

"Come live with me and be my love,  
And we will all the pleasures prove,  
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,  
Woods and steepy mountains yields,"<sup>14</sup>

the out-of-doors bacillus is in his blood. The chief characters of the play are flanked by others, Silvius, a shepherd, in love with Phœbe, a shepherdess, and Phœbe, poor maid, in love with Rosalind in man's attire, and Audrey, a country-wench beloved of Touchstone, the court clown. My own sympathy goes out to Silvius who trails about the woods after the imperious Phœbe, hoping in vain for one of her scattered smiles. But Phœbe, thank heaven, feels the

<sup>14</sup>He does quote it in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

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smart of Cupid's arrow, and in her sweet pain calls aloud to the dead shepherd, who so alluringly, so utterly splendidly, had understood the suddenness of love.

Phœbe is not alone in feeling the sudden sting of love. Already Rosalind and Orlando had fallen into the same predicament, both of them in a trice; and Celia and Oliver were very soon to follow in their train. Everywhere and indiscriminately the bolt of love smote instantaneously, and everywhere with authority. With Rosalind it was "on such a sudden" (I. 3. 26); with Oliver and Celia it was, "That but seeing you should love her? And loving woo? And wooing she should grant?" (V. 2. 3). How Touchstone and Audrey fell in love we are unfortunately not told, although their acquaintance in the forest must have been of the briefest; and Phœbe, at least as regards Rosalind, speaks for herself. No word expresses the whole situation so vividly and completely as Marlow's "saw of might."

Long years after the appearance of *As You Like It*, when Shakespeare's literary life is drawing to a close, he writes the *Tempest*, in which play a youth, quite accustomed to the beautiful young ladies of the court, is in the course of a sea-journey cast upon a desert island, and there comes suddenly upon a maid, the goddess on whom the music of the isle attends, and "at the first sight they changed eyes." Shakespeare, it is plain, had never forgotten Marlowe's mighty line.

Then it may be asked, Did Shakespeare nowhere criticize Marlowe? Has he nowhere indicated that he felt himself away beyond him? Has he no "but yet" to insert at the close of his admiration? The last thing that can be said of him is that he was blind to any weakness; but when in the fantastic Don Adriano de Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost* he criticizes the tendency to elaborate compliment and over-ornate address he is chiefly bidding himself beware of Euphuism. When the rude "mechanicals" in *Midsummer Night's Dream* roll their "r's" and hiss their "s's" in "raging rocks" and "shivering shocks," he knows that he needed the check-rein as much as Marlowe. When Hamlet says "Words, words, words," is not Shakespeare concerned more about his own "volubilitie" than Marlowe's or any one else's? Thomas Hardy somewhere says that no man can be a cynic and live; and the sheer critic may



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live, but it is at a "poor dying rate." Our immortal poet would never have reached such an unique pinnacle of genius if he had cared, as Ben Jonson cared, to pillory in his plays the faults of his colleagues. No one should permit himself to imagine that Shakespeare had because of his keen critical power any smile of indulgent superiority on his lips as he records his meed of praise of his great forerunner, any *arrière pensée*, any "but yet." Like Cleopatra he would, I am sure, have said,

"I do not like 'but yet'; it does allay  
The good precedence; fie upon 'But yet'!  
'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor."

It was no part of Shakespeare's mission, as his last plays abundantly prove, to close up his thought of any thing or any human being, much less his thought of Marlowe, with such 'But yet.'

S. W. DYDE.

## THE JOURNEY'S END

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*De Telegraaf* (Amsterdam) of July 6, 1926, contained a brief account of some very important experiments carried out by Professor Keesom of the University of Leiden, in which experiments the gas helium was solidified for the first time. It is not often that experiments, no matter how extensive and successful, close a chapter in scientific investigation as this work of Professor Keesom's seems to do. All the known gases have now been liquefied and solidified and it is extremely unlikely that any gas will ever be discovered which will resist solidification as helium has done. Indeed, it is contrary to all scientific knowledge that there should be another gas as resistant even as helium.

It is now over a hundred years since Faraday liquefied chlorine. Before this time a few easily liquefiable gases had been experimented upon with success but the achievement of Faraday even though to some extent accidental, was the beginning of serious work on the more volatile substances. After his successful work upon chlorine, Faraday liquefied a number of gases, including nitrous oxide, cyanogen, carbon dioxide, ammonia and others.

Other experimenters took up the work and many gases succumbed to improved experimental methods. In 1845, Faraday published a long account of his researches and said: "Thus, though as yet I have not condensed oxygen, hydrogen or nitrogen, the original objects of my pursuit, I have added six substances, usually gaseous, to the list of those that could previously be shown in the liquid state and have reduced seven to the solid form." He was unsuccessful with the three mentioned which had come to be called the permanent gases. He however predicted that these too could be liquefied if the temperature could be lowered sufficiently.

It was many years however before the three gases named were reduced to liquids. Notwithstanding the fact that Faraday had clearly seen that extreme cold might be necessary and that experimenters were attempting to reach the necessary low temperatures, the true reason for the stubbornness of the



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permanent gases was not understood until the great work of Andrews in 1869. He showed that there is for every gaseous substance a definite temperature peculiar to the substance which must be reached before the gas can be liquefied. No matter what pressure is exerted upon the gas, liquid will not appear until the temperature is lowered to this *critical* temperature. For example, the gas hydrogen may be compressed until its density is far greater than that of any known substance but it remains gaseous until the temperature is lowered below  $-240^{\circ}\text{C.}$ , when a pressure of fourteen atmospheres will cause it to liquefy. At  $-252.8^{\circ}$  it will liquefy at atmospheric pressure, i.e., this is the boiling point.

The experiments of Cailletet and Pictet, working independently, reached successful conclusion at almost the same time. At the meeting of the French Academy on the twenty-fourth of December, 1877, a letter from Cailletet and a telegram from Pictet announced the liquefaction of oxygen. The liquefaction of nitrogen and air by Cailletet soon followed. In these experiments the necessary low temperatures were obtained by first subjecting the gas to a very high pressure during which operation considerable heat was generated. The compressed gas was next cooled by a freezing mixture. The gas was then allowed to expand rapidly, thereby lowering the temperature enormously. Just as a gas is heated by strongly compressing it, so its temperature is lowered by allowing it to expand again.

Pictet working along different lines produced a very low temperature with sulphur dioxide boiling under reduced pressure. The boiling temperature of a liquid depends on the pressure applied to it. The temperature at which it boils at atmospheric pressure is the normal boiling point. When the pressure is increased the temperature of the boiling point rises and when it is reduced the boiling point is reduced also. Water which boils under atmospheric pressure at  $100^{\circ}\text{C.}$ , boils at  $180^{\circ}$  under pressure of 10 atmospheres, while if the pressure is reduced to one-tenth of an atmosphere by a pump the boiling point is about  $45^{\circ}$ .

Sulphur dioxide boils ordinarily at  $-10^{\circ}$ , but at low pressure boils at a much lower temperature. This fact was utilized by Pictet and has been employed very generally to

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obtain low temperatures. Sometimes one gas is liquefied by moderate pressure, and by boiling it under reduced pressure a second gas may be cooled and liquefied, also under moderate pressure. Then a third and still more stubborn gas may be cooled still further, to be liquefied in turn. This was the method used for many years at the University of Leiden. Methyl chloride, ethylene and oxygen were liquefied in successive cycles and finally liquid air produced by moderate pressure at the temperature of liquid oxygen. As soon as the pressure on the liquid air was removed its temperature fell at once to the normal boiling point.

Hydrogen however failed to respond to the treatment just outlined because its critical temperature is below the temperatures available through the boiling of any of the liquid gases. This means that between the temperatures of liquid air and liquid hydrogen there is too great a gap, so some other method was needed. After the early successes with oxygen, nitrogen and air a new method was developed by Linde in connection with the liquefaction of air on a commercial scale. If a gas is strongly compressed and then allowed to expand through a small orifice to a low pressure a change in temperature results. With most gases this is a cooling effect but with hydrogen and helium there is a rise in temperature. Most of the small laboratory machines for the liquefaction of air employ this Joule-Kelvin effect, as it is called. The cooling is small at ordinary temperatures but gets larger and larger as the temperature is reduced. The initial small effect is utilized to cool the new gas as it comes to the orifice and the regenerative principle thus invoked leads to lower and lower temperatures until the gas finally liquefies.

But the effect just described is negative with hydrogen, so may not be employed for reduction of temperature, and the way seems closed. Fortunately at sufficiently low temperature, hydrogen begins to behave like other gases and the Joule-Kelvin effect may be utilized. It was found that by first cooling it in liquid air, hydrogen could be cooled further by the Joule-Kelvin expansion. Once the point is reached where the effect may be employed to further reduce the temperature,



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hydrogen may be successfully treated. This was done by Dewar in 1898. Liquid hydrogen has since become a common product of many laboratories.

There remained after the successful work of Dewar, the single gas helium. Helium was unknown on the earth during most of this pioneer work. It was discovered first in the atmosphere of the sun and later in small quantities on the earth. It is a very small component of the atmosphere of our planet and exists in limited quantities in some minerals, notably monazite sand, from which source the quantities needed for the early investigations were gathered. Later it was discovered in the gases of certain gas wells in Canada and the United States. The wells of Texas have yielded relatively large quantities.

This gas like hydrogen is warmed in the Joule-Kelvin expansion and the point at which the effect reverses to cooling is just within the reach of hydrogen boiling under reduced pressure. The helium is therefore cooled in boiling hydrogen and then forced through the valve or orifice and the regenerative cooling comes in to lower the temperature to the boiling point of the helium.

This is the end of the story of gas liquefaction and when Kamerlingh Onnes in 1911 announced the conquest of helium the next goal was the solidification of this liquefied gas. As has already been pointed out, water boils at relatively low temperature if the pressure is lowered sufficiently. If the pressure is lowered still further and the experiment forced to the limit of pressure reduction, the water freezes while boiling. This is explained by the fact that the heat required for the vaporization is taken from the water itself, at least in part, and the rapid extraction of heat brings the temperature down so low that the liquid freezes.

The same method may be carried out with other substances. For example, oxygen boils normally at  $-183^{\circ}$ , but if the temperature is lowered to  $-227^{\circ}$  by rapid boiling the liquid freezes into a beautiful blue solid. Nitrogen does the same at  $-210.5^{\circ}$ , and hydrogen may be frozen by its own rapid evaporation at  $-259^{\circ}$ .

The attempts to freeze helium however were uniformly unsuccessful. Even though Kamerlingh Onnes lowered the

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temperature to within one degree of absolute zero, the liquid remained mobile. The pressure was lowered as far as a large battery of most powerful pumps known would take it, but to no avail. Superannuation and then death intervened to stop the work of this famous scientist. Professor Keesom, his successor in the laboratory made so famous by the low temperature researches of over thirty years, now took up the work and was inspired to pursue a new line of attack.

Just as the freezing point of water is lowered by increase of pressure, that of paraffin is raised by high pressure. Thus substances may be divided into two classes, those whose freezing points are raised by pressure and those whose freezing points are lowered by pressure. Most substances belong to the second class, certainly all other gases had responded to the treatment to which Kamerlingh Onnes submitted helium. Keesom however tried the effect of pressure on liquid helium cooled in a tube placed in helium boiling under reduced pressure. At a sufficiently high pressure he found that the liquid became solid.

As a by-product of this investigation, the following important fact was discovered. It seems improbable that solid helium can ever be seen except under pressure. The substance is unique in this respect.

The chapter is now closed. All gases have been liquefied, all liquids frozen, all solids liquefied, and all liquids turned into gases. The states of matter are now completely convertible into each other.

A. L. CLARK.

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## AGNES MAULE MACHAR

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THE quaintest and tiniest of women, with round face and bright bird-like eyes; a woman whose manner was at once firm and gentle, gracious and dignified. Such was Agnes Maule Machar in these later years. Meeting her by chance as she drifted along the street who would have guessed that such a little bit of yesterday embodied a spirit so rare—one that had communed with some of the first intellects of her time. She seemed—and indeed felt—out of place in the twentieth century; its fever and fret appalled her, and she often looked back regretfully toward the serenity of earlier days. And yet, like a true Victorian optimist, she occupied herself constantly with the phenomena of the changing world. Her religion was evangelical in the best sense; combining strict orthodoxy with fine human sympathy and a keen interest in education. Her patriotism was like her faith—simple and unquestioning—its emphasis was on courage, and its spirit that of Tennyson's *Light Brigade*.

Delightful to me were those evenings spent in the house on Sydenham Street; for she would go back into that far time when young John A. Macdonald was breaking into public life, and the Family Compact was still a vital force in Canadian politics; when slaves came to Kingston by the 'underground railway' and Canadian rebels fled across the border.

"She would dwell on such dead themes, not as one who remembers,  
But rather as one who sees."

Delightful, too, were the summer hours spent at 'Ferncliffe'. In front of that high bluff, where her cottage nestled, spread the broad St. Lawrence with its rocky islets; while to the rear extended acres and acres of natural forest. 'Ferncliffe' was her habitat. River and woodland alike inspired her to write her purest poetry; and so, by the alchemy of her imagination, she gave them to the world. A business woman in one of our large cities once told me that after a nerve-wracking day she often soothed herself to sleep with those enchanting lines which begin:

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"Never a ripple upon the river  
As it lies like a mirror beneath the moon, . . ."

This incident was by no means unique; but typical of the manner in which her firm yet gentle spirit ministered, not alone to the poor and the unfortunate of Kingston, but to the needy of soul who had never seen her face.

Throughout her life her interest was centred closely in Queen's. Her father, the second Principal, was one of its founders, and she followed every stage of its growth for more than eighty years. Professors and students alike felt the charm of her unique and highly gifted personality—whether she peered with undimmed and eager eyes into the future, or spoke in the accents of a vanished past.

It has always seemed to me a matter of regret that she did not receive some formal recognition from the institution with which she was connected by so many ties. Not that she needed such an honour, for she had already been taken to the heart of the Canadian people; and her fine command of languages, together with her poetic endowment, made her a doctor of letters in her own right. Yet the outward symbol is both gracious and timely when it is bestowed upon distinction. Her pen name had long since become her title, and, when we remember the consistency of her long career and how she sought to use the talents which had been given to her, it forms the most fitting of epitaphs—

*FIDELIS.*

\* \* \* \* \*

It is usually difficult to turn from the enthusiasm of personal appreciation to the colder and more detached mood of the critic. While we admit that perspective is needed, we always feel that something has been lost when the familiar figure is seen through a glass or at a distance. Fine spirits justify themselves more completely in their own existence than by anything they may say or do or write; and yet only by the record which they leave can their influence be handed on to posterity, and then only so far as that record may awaken an answering sympathy. Because this is so we may assume that Miss Machar's literary reputation will not increase. She is indeed an historic figure in Canadian litera-



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ture; but she stands near its beginnings, her command of her medium has obvious limitations, and she belongs so completely to the nineteenth century that the twentieth cannot accept her with enthusiasm.

She wrote a number of novels, but she was interested in causes and ideals, rather than in personalities. High technical skill and broad experience are essential to the development of a great novel and it is, perhaps, not surprising that Miss Machar scored no marked success in this field. Throughout her life she was interested in all forms of practical charity, and had she undertaken to sketch some of the queer figures with whom she came in contact, she might have discovered in Kingston a Thady Quirk or a Micawber.

A contemporary observer of all events from the revolutions of 1848 to the establishment of the League of Nations, it was small wonder that history captured her imagination, and that she chose to narrate and sing the romantic stories of her native city, of Canada, or of the Empire. It was peculiarly fitting that she should write the *Story of Old Kingston*. And in her *Stories of the British Empire*, adapted to the needs of school children, the moral lessons which she wished to interpret lay ready at every hand.

The publication of Miss Machar's poems in 1899 marks her middle period. The first edition of this little volume, entitled *Lays of the 'True North'*, proved very popular, and was followed by another in 1902. Many other poems were to appear during the next quarter of a century, and especially during the war years, but the collection contains most of her distinctive work.

No estimate of Miss Machar's poetry can do her justice unless it is based on the frank admission that she is a minor poet, and one whose range is limited. It is when we remember these facts that her true significance appears. She was a cultured Victorian echoing the notes characteristic of her age; and also a few notes that have belonged to all ages. Her mind gained keenness from contact with some pioneers of the intellect, and she had read much in ancient and modern literature. But most fortunate of all was she in spending her days amid the haunts of beauty, and in finding in that beauty a deep and religious joy.

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It would be as uncritical to estimate her by the standards of this century as it would have been impossible for her to appreciate them. The delightful yet tragic aspect of her later years was that she continued to bear witness to truth as she saw it; addressing a generation for which her message had little appeal—unless it was because her very expression was rich with accents of the past. More and more she felt impelled to exhortation; and, as art gave way to earnest and gentle persuasion, the World turned aside with polite indifference—somewhat amused by the fragile, little, old lady who sought to awake in others her own ecstasy of Christian mysticism.

“Yet still I filled and filled the lily-cup,  
And carried it to many a thirsting soul;  
And some would smile and take my goblet up,  
Admire its graceful mould, its stainless bowl,  
And then would taste, and thank me for the dole,  
But scorn my guidance to the streamlet's brink,  
Where they could ever of its fullness drink, . . .”

Who were “they”? Alfred Russel Wallace, perhaps, and George Romanes, and Grant Allen; keen minds, fascinated by a new vision of man's origin and none of them in Disraeli's phrase, ‘on the side of the angels.’ She was the more certain to fail because she linked her deepest religious feelings to an orthodoxy with which the critical thought of that time was playing sad havoc. Such was the natural position of a Victorian gentlewoman; yet she was too much of an artist to obtrude the detail of her beliefs in her poetry. She points the moral, indeed; but she does not so much versify her creed as wrap it around her poems. When she is most successful their beauty is enhanced by the delicate filament; but sometimes they are merely swathed.

The most significant sources of her inspiration are patriotism and Nature. She did not analyse the relation of her Canadian to her British patriotism; she fused them in a happy synthesis which may not be so easily attained as we become more politically self-conscious. Most natural, too, was the intense devotion to ‘the Queen’. In many respects their outlook on life was the same; and Miss Machar sang the glory of a world-circling empire, believing that it was animated



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by the spirit of its sovereign, and that its power was God's chosen instrument of righteousness. Trade wars seemed to her but 'old, unhappy, far-off things'—the mysterious means by which Providence sought to bring in a better day. Sincere and sympathetic, but insufficiently informed, her imperialism was 'conditioned by the Victorian complex'. One verse from her jubilee poem will illustrate this outlook:

"The dusky Hindoo, 'neath his sheltering palm,  
Ceases to muse on those dim, shadowy days  
Of mystic contemplation, dreamlike calm  
That brooded o'er the cradle of our race,  
Loses, in music of the Christian psalm,  
The jarring notes of conquest and disgrace,  
Till he, too, catch the nobler impulse nigh  
And hope and progress kindle in his pensive eye."

Miss Machar's vision of empire from her parlour window has a naïve simplicity. 'Hope and progress' must kindle in the Hindoo's eye. There is never a hint that his 'mystic contemplation' is much nearer to the spirit of her own religion than the eager materialism, rough justice and domineering mastery which do indeed sometimes kindle him—though not in appreciation. But what should she know of '*real-politik*'?

Yet sometimes she could see more clearly than the politicians; and her broad sympathy enabled her to interpret the feeling aroused in Quebec by the North-West Rebellion of 1885:

"All, all is yours; from east to west  
The British banner streams,  
But in a conquered people's breast  
Will live its early dreams!

So, when your rich men grudge our poor,  
Homes on their native plains,  
The blood of the old voyageur  
Leaps boiling in our veins."

Injustice, social or political, always stirred her heart. She had in her veins the blood of those who had made great sacrifices and her touch was most sure when emotion was dominant. When the Highland Brigade was decimated at Magersfontein something more potent than prophecy of em-

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pire stirred within her. It was her own folk—as at Flodden Field and Culloden Moor—who wore 'the tartans that so gallantly went down.' And so her lament rings with all the sincerity and poignancy of grief:

“Oh, strangely o'er the veldt, where winds the Modder River,  
Sounds the pibroch on the sultry tropic air;  
Sadly march the broken remnant, while the bagpipes' mournful  
quiver  
Wails the dead 'flowers' of Scotland lying there.”

If, in her Nature poetry, the emotion is not so intense, is no less deep and enduring. In nearly everything that she wrote about Nature we find something of her philosophy of life, the elements of her religion. To understand her sympathetically we must remember that she considered it right and proper to link them together—even as they were linked in her own thought. Objective poetry rarely seemed to her worth while; and, in a moral universe, Beauty was not enough—Beauty must teach something. Such a point of view was common in her time; and is commonly condemned now. And yet the mistake was not so much in the idea itself, as in the too ready assumption that Beauty's teaching must conform to concepts already accepted. But the greater Victorians seldom fell into this trap; and, at her best, Miss Machar made their vision her own. With mystical faith in a Presence immanent in Nature, and yet unrevealed by Nature, she went serenely through life, believing that all things lovely prophesied of the Divine. Sometimes it was the thrill of Spring that inspired her:

“For May has brought us the blossoms sweet  
That hide in the brown leaves 'neath our feet:  
Pale hepaticas, just awake,  
Peep shyly out from the woodland brake;  
Dewy violets with tender faces,  
Lilies shining in shady places,  
Columbines tufting the rock's gray side  
By the quiet water's azure tide;  
For the earth is fair in the sweet May-tide,  
Fair and bright  
Are the woodlands with snowy bloom bedight!

And sometimes she pictures for us the sunbeams in the forest:



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“’Mid the cloistered forest arches,  
’Neath the quivering hemlock’s shade,  
Where the tassels of the larches  
Toss their incense through the glade,  
Where the bracken’s clustered masses  
Wave beneath the sheltering pines,  
And the sumach interlaces  
With a tangle of wild vines;  
There—like touch of fairy fingers,  
Parting light the leafy screen—  
Every ray of sunlight lingers  
’Mid the mystery of green,  
Many a web of shadow tracing  
O’er green stones and mosses bright,  
Through the beeches covert threading  
Quivering skeins of golden light.”

In spite of inversions and elisions and Victorian locutions; in spite of some too obvious rhymes and some blurred images, this is pleasant and harmonious poetry.

Sometimes, though rarely, she links romantic with philosophical love. There is a hint of this in the poem entitled, *Drifting amid the Thousand Islands*, but its best expression is in another entitled *An August Sunset*:

“The river seemed transfigured in its flow  
To tide of amethyst,  
Save where it rippled o’er the sands below,  
And granite boulders kissed.  
  
The clouds of billowy woodland hung unstirred  
In languorous slumber deep,  
While, from its green recesses, one small bird  
Piped to its brood asleep.  
  
The clustering lichens wore a tenderer tint,  
The rocks a warmer glow;  
The emerald dewdrops, in the sunbeam’s glint,  
Gemmaed the rich moss below.  
  
Our birchen shallop, idly stranded, lay  
Half mirrored in the stream,  
Wild roses drooped, glassed in the tiny bay,  
Ethereal as a dream!  
  
You sat upon your rock, enthroned a queen,  
As on a gigantic throne,  
And all that world of loveliness serene  
Held but us twain alone.

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Nay! but we felt another presence there,  
Around, below, above;  
It breathed a poem through the fragrant air—  
Its name was LOVE!"

The nineteenth century sometimes thought of life as a dream; but the twentieth prefers to regard it as a dance. For the dream there is waking; for the dance rest. Yet dream and dance both suggest harmony. It was to the passive harmony rather than to the ecstatic that Miss Machar attained. If her message was imperfectly expressed, if it has found few listeners amid the modern throng, it is none the less the true witness of one who had caught something of that illumination which comes to these worthy of spiritual gifts. The Thousand Islands are beautiful at all times and seasons, but never more so than on a summer evening. And in one of her best poems, after picturing all the wonder of that enchanted hour, she finds the veil growing thinner, and turns, as she must, from the seen to the Unseen:

"It seems that Nature's self stands still with us,  
While through her temple rings her Angelus;  
Ev'n yon small bird has ceased his happy trill,  
On the high pine-top perched, all hushed and still,  
As if he listened to some sweeter strain  
He fain would catch and give to us again!

So let us, too, leave lower thoughts and things  
To catch the nobler strain that Nature sings!  
What boots it though we could with curious eye,  
Thread all her hidden paths of mystery;—  
See how she fashions in her inmost shrine  
Her myriad-featured beauty, line by line;—  
Trace life's long growth from earliest dawn to day,  
And measure all the laws its forms obey,—  
If in our searching we should miss the soul  
That animates, inspires, informs the whole?

In such an hour as this—if but we will,  
While *that* is speaking, listen and be still—  
Our hearts shall feel, soft breathing through the calm,  
The brooding love that drops like healing balm;—  
*Feel* the Great Infinite we vainly seek  
To grasp with thought—for such a task too weak—  
Now close and sweet, as kiss by mother pressed  
On her tired child close folded to her breast!"



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And now the long day is over and the sun has set, and that which felt the kiss of the Infinite—and was for a time transformed and sustained by it to be a living soul, visioning beauty and striving with a message; now that presence departs to be at one with the Infinite again.

R. W. CUMBERLAND.

## WINTER

The maple-red, with Autumn gone,  
No more its scarlet plumage flaunts;  
The purple sumac all alone  
Its favoured slope in glory haunts.

Austere as monk with eyes severe,  
The forest monarchs grim and still  
Aloft to heaven their gaunt arms rear,  
Heedless of Winter's snowy chill.

The lakes and rivers all are mute;  
The snow-flakes soft and silent fall;  
The songless birds no more salute  
The morning star with joyous call.

And yet the dim and chequered light  
A solemn hush o'er all things throws;  
As if the trees slept through the night,  
And woke to greet the winter's snows.

And hark! upon the listening ear  
Resound the strains that all hearts move;  
They break upon the midnight clear,  
The Christmas song of joy and hope.

IAN ROBERTSON.



## POETRY

### EARTHBOUND

When the great silence comes and, tremblingly,  
I leave the confines of this solid land,  
Feel the last touch of a warm earthly hand  
And float upon the viewless ether, free  
At last from all earth's shifting pageantry:  
Beyond the gloom by Death's gray pinions fanned,  
I'll see the waves break on a sunlit strand  
And hear the murmur of the Eternal sea.

O fair may be that sunny land of bliss  
Where God the weary soul from evil shields;  
Yet, howsoever bright it be, I'll miss  
The drift of gray rain o'er the summer fields,  
Voices of children, flowers and love's warm kiss  
And all the beauty bounteous autumn yields.

C. F. LLOYD.

### TO MAUD

When the dead sun shall fold his burning wings  
And earth be but a dream of yesterday,  
Sweet as remembered beauty of dead springs,  
Clothing the white austerity of May,  
Thy deathless love's aspiring incense shall  
Invest my naked soul with robes angelical.

C. F. LLOYD.

## BOOK REVIEWS

*The Story of Philosophy.* By Will Durant. in 575 pages, With twelve testimonials on the cover from various newspapers, the Pastor of the New York Community Church, William Van Loon—of the 'since then I have used no other' kind—and a commendation from the last subject of the book, John Dewey.

This much suggests business, not humour or humanity, but there is plenty of both in Will Durant's five hundred odd pages. In fact, if this kind of thing is to be done—and one may suppose that many History of Philosophy courses aim at doing it—then it can hardly be done better than this. It is necessary, however, to qualify the statement by indicating just what is done in these two million words. The sub-title of the book is 'The Lives and Opinions of the Greater Philosophers,' and that gives a clue to the method—picture, characterization, opinions. Each gets about fifty pages, and the baker's dozen of Greater Philosophers are Plato, Aristotle, Bacon Francis, Spinoza, Voltaire (dans cette galère), Kant, Schopenhauer, Spencer, Nietzsche, Bergson, with Russell and Croce, Santanyana, James and Dewey. One wonders a little at the selection and omissions. Descartes is mentioned under Spinoza. While Voltaire gets a chapter, Rousseau comes in under the head of Kant. It is a question whether all the moderns measure up to the standard, and the author seems to bring in Croce to damn him. Perhaps the influence of Voltaire was greater, but is he more philosophic than Goethe? There is no doubt that the author has spent much valuable space on the personality of his philosophers which might be devoted to a fuller exposition of their ideas, but it is true that by doing so Mr. Durant is sure of being read, as by the other process he would be sure of not being read.

Philosophy we may suppose is in these days on its defence, and it was perhaps only ignorance of its existence which prevented Henry Ford from applying to it the sweeping indictment he made of history. If any one wished to sample this book to see what it contained he could not do better than read the Spinoza chapter. Here Mr. Durant



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grows almost lyrical in his consideration of the great philosopher of his race. Here his pages glow with the contemplation of the perpetual odyssey of his people with the perpetual cloud of glory of its genius. This is a full length character study, rich in colour and tense with sympathy. The Jackdaw of Reims curse that is laid on Spinoza is a revealing document inserted with the art of Molière. It would not be doing Mr. Durant an injustice to say that those modern philosophers get most attention from him, who have dealt the heaviest blows at the pillars of orthodoxy. Hence perhaps the estimate of Voltaire, whom he seems to take at the valuation of Morley and J. M. Robertson, and we might add of de Musset. But that is now rather *vieux jeu*. In the long run religion rebuilds itself as it is demolished. Philosophy it would seem does the same thing. In fact as one turns the pages and scans the Struldbrug faces of Schopenhauer, Hegel, Herbert Spencer, and sees Bertrand Russell pulling at an empty pipe—like Mr. Baldwin he is so featureless that he needs the additional feature—some sense of *vanitas vanitatum* comes with it all.

“These little systems have their day,”

“They have their day and cease to be,”

and yet it these locksmiths cannot find or make the key for this riddle, still Mr. Durant has shown that the search if unending is the most engrossing and the noblest exercise of the faculty of man.

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*Goethe's Faust. Done into English verse in the Original Metres with Commentary and Notes, by W. H. Van der Smissen.*

This book surely marks an epoch in Canadian literature. Poets, novelists and historians we have had, but that combination of art and scholarship necessary to translate one of the great masterpieces of literature has hardly yet been found among Canadian men of letters. Professor Van der Smissen, of course, has the unrivalled advantages of being a master of both languages, and of possessing the training and discipline which permit him to carry through his self-imposed task without faltering or falling down before its magnitude. The

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result is that we have something which enables the foreigner to get some idea of what the masterpiece of Goethe is really like as a whole, and excellent as the English is, there is somehow more of a Teutonic smack and tang about this translation than any of the other standard versions. This comes from the fact that Professor Van der Smissen has not hesitated in places to be very literal, while his sound judgement has always told him how far to go and when to stop. A close translation in a foreign language must always have something a little wooden or artificial in detail, but once the mind has got accustomed to this and accepts it, as the work begins to impose itself as a whole, this apparent disadvantage becomes the reverse. Thus Taine's translations of English poetry in his history of English literature are as French a little disconcerting at first. Then it is realized that this is necessary to give the spirit of the original. There is something the same here, with this difference, that the German speech comes to us as something not entirely strange. It is the old jest, 'English is only Dutch badly spoken.'

Van der Smissen makes allusion in his comments to the fact that not to know Part II of *Faust* is as if one knew only Gounod's *Faust*. That I suppose is how most people do know it, and it must be confessed that it is no light task steadily to go through the whole of Part II. One might even challenge Hart House to give a reading of it and see how many of the audience, who of course would not dare to stay away, would emerge successful and awake. It would indeed be an intellectual operation somewhat similar to assisting at "The Ring."

It may be the grossest heresy to raise the question whether Part II is a supremely successful work of art or an effort more or less abortive. Evidently on the score of accomplished perfection it does not rank with the *Divine Comedy*, nor with Milton's *Epic*. Are we to place it as the greatest of those works such as *The Faery Queen*, *La Légende des Siècles*, or Hardy's *Dynasts*, great conceptions not fully or adequately realized? Goethe's own long musing and the variance between the finished version as given to the world and the parlipomena give some justification for the idea, and there is a certain poetic justice in the fact that the great German poet who protested against the German over-speculative faculty nevertheless provided posterity with one of the great sources



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of speculation. Then again, if we are to accept Part II as a finished work of art, what are we to say about the long wilderness to be traversed before we reach the great central Helena episode?

The trouble is, of course, that this Part II, *A Tragedy in Five Acts*, is much more than that. It is a philosophy, a Gospel, says Professor Van der Smissen,<sup>1</sup> and he grafts it on to Christianity by interpreting the Logos of St. John as the Deed. Activity is man's justification. Is this then the light which shined in darkness which the darkness did not comprehend?

Another heterodoxy—for the true Goetheist—which will not be kept down. Faust is saved, but has he any business to be, for he is never penitent? He moves on from the Gretchen episode to the wider experiences of Part II. Admitted that like Job Faust is given to the devil to play with, yet if the devil is responsible for all his erring then Faust ceases to be a man. The spectator goes away from Gounod's *Faust* with the comfortable knowledge that the villain meets his deserts, but Goethe's *Faust* "cheats the devil" in traditional fashion, and the reasons offered in justification seem to be mere sophistry. It is true that Gretchen intercedes for him, a Gretchen whom Beatrice seems to hold by the hand, but if Gretchen to save her soul needed to renounce Faust<sup>2</sup> and suffer, where is the like ordeal through which Faust must pass? He is a murderer, a seducer, a trifler, with a brief interlude of passing remorse when he seeks to save Margaret materially by aid which she rejects. We know where Dante put such people, but Paolo and Francesca are innocent in comparison. For Faust in Part II it is all forgotten, part of the store of experience—no more. About Faust's death as it is portrayed, alongside the intention of his creator, there is also a suggestion of

<sup>1</sup>p. 518, § 21.

<sup>2</sup>*Marg.* Judgement of God. To thee myself I give!

*Meph.* Come! Or with her I will abandon thee.

*Marg.* Thine am I. Father! Rescue me!

Ye hosts of angels who in Heaven dwell,  
Encamp about me. Save my soul from Hell.  
Heinrich, I shudder at thee!

*Meph.* She is condemned.

*Voice* (from above), She is saved.

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imbecile futility and senile self-deception.. Faust blind thinks the workers are carrying out his orders when the lemurs are digging his grave. After his last triumphant self-assertion—

“He only life and freedom doth deserve  
“Who day by day must conquer them anew. . .  
“In the presentiment of such high bliss,  
“I now enjoy the highest moment—this.”

(Falls back. The lemurs lay him on the ground beside his grave.)

*Meph.* Him can no pleasures sate, no bliss suffice,  
Fast shifting shapes forever him entice.  
The poorest moment, emptiest and last  
Who me so stoutly did withstand,  
Time conquers him.—Here lies the old man in the sand.  
The clock stands still.

Faustus dies ignoring it, entirely self-centred, without a thought for Helen or Porphyryon, without a word of Gretchen on his lips; but in the next scene we learn

“So love Omnipotent in Heaven,  
“All things creates, all things protects.”

Such is the gospel of Goethe.

Marlowe, a greater sinner perhaps than Goethe, damns Faust unhesitatingly, itself a sign of penitence which Goethe does not achieve. The Penitents plead for Faust, as his immortal part approaches. Give him a moment's consciousness and will he not demand his right to Hell, and will that not be the preliminary to his forgiveness?

\* \* \* \* \*

Enough has been said to show that here is a drama, it might be said The Drama of life.

“This is the cause of the mighty power it exerts, not only over the few who understand it fully, but also over the countless multitude of those who have only an imperfect conception of its worth.” With these words Professor Van der Smitten concludes his work. It must be an enormous satisfaction to him to have so widely extended the bounds of that multitude.

LAYMAN.



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RECENT political events in China are mainly the result of the chaos into which the country was plunged by the decline in the power of the Imperial government at Peking during the past one hundred years. The Manchus were the twenty-second dynasty to be forced from power in China. Thus periods of anarchy pending the dominance of one faction or the imposition of control from without have been frequent incidents in the history of the Chinese. In such times the life of the mass of the people has gone on much as before with but little greater insecurity of life and property than in periods of 'stable government.' If, then, the Chinese recognize the present state of affairs in their country as unusually 'critical' it can only be because of the complicating influence of the western world which has slowly penetrated the country during the senility of the Manchu dynasty. Western nations from the very beginning of their relations with the Chinese have profited by the decadence of the central government to fasten on the country a system of special privileges for their nationals by which the development of trade and commerce has been facilitated. The conceptions of law and order found in this country were so different from western ideas that the traders insisted on being freed from the control of Chinese courts and Chinese administration. The restrictions on Chinese sovereignty thus involved were at first taken rather lightly by Peking. In isolating the despised newcomers on a rocky fisherman's island or in granting them a worthless marsh, it was not recognized that the foundation of a Hong Kong or a Shanghai was being laid. This soon became evident, however, and further privileges were to be secured only by the frequently exercised military superiority of the western powers.

These extra-territorial privileges have been secured in most Eastern countries by the Powers for their nationals. They are not especially characteristic of Chinese relations with the whites. Sometimes they have been made the entering wedge to a more complete control, as in Egypt and Turkey.

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Great Britain took the lead throughout the nineteenth century in obtaining from the Manchus by war, or the threat of war, a series of treaties which extended the system under which foreigners living in the country were exempt from Chinese control. In addition, more "treaty ports" were opened up. Indemnities were demanded and foreign loans for the "reconstruction" of the country forced on a reluctant government at the conclusion of each war. As security for these payments the customs tariff passed out of the control of the Chinese. A Britisher was to administer the collection of the customs as long as British trade retained its dominant position in China. And finally, toward the end of the century, the country was parcelled off into "spheres of influence" in each of which the concessions for the commercial development of the area were to go only to the nationals of the power concerned.

Britain secured as her sphere the valley of the Yangtse and with it the control of South China. This extension of foreign control became so rapid that its brazenness aroused the native officials—the mandarins—to protect their privileges and to prevent their perquisites as members of the governing class from passing completely to the foreigner. Through the Boxer outbreak they made use of the age-old antipathy of the Chinese to the foreigner to attempt the accomplishment of this end. The western powers "alarmed" then, as now, for the "security of the lives and property of their nationals," rushed armed forces into the country and forged one more link—the Boxer indemnities—in the chains which bound the Chinese government in so many ways. The situation was then all the more hopeless from the Chinese point of view because the powers presented the new phenomenon of a "united front" in Chinese policy. Brought about as it had been by the jealousies of the powers themselves lest any one of their number should gain undue influence in China, it presented in the Orient a combination against which the Asiatic nations were powerless. Had it been maintained, the events we are witnessing might have been postponed for a generation.

The year 1904, however, brought hope to the East which



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expressed itself in a new movement—nationalism. In that year Russia was soundly trounced by Japan. Western prestige was shaken. Where Japan had succeeded China might try, could she become modernized as had Japan. The Manchus, hopeful of yet saving their dynasty, attempted rapid reform from the top. But the ferment which resulted got beyond their control and the dynasty disappeared in 1911 at the establishment of a republic. Yuan Shi Kai, however, as President, carried on the reality of the old régime till his death in 1916. Since that time China has had no strong central government representative of the whole nation. In the provinces the military governors—the tuchuns—have assumed control. Their struggles with each other have filled the tale of events in China ever since. Meantime the Great War had finally dispelled the illusion of white supremacy, and had broken up the ‘united front.’ Since then the progress of nationalism in Asia has been rapid. Turkey effectively repudiated the treaty imposed on her at Sèvres. Agitation has resulted in the grant of a greater measure of self-government in India. In China the economic boycott by the Cantonese has brought the British to negotiations, not with the government in Peking, but with the rebels where power in reality lies. The precedent for the abolition of extra-territorial privileges, now demanded by the nationalists, was set by the Allied powers themselves when they forced Germany to give up her privileges in China, Egypt and Turkey. Russia confirmed the precedent by voluntarily abrogating all “unequal” treaties and negotiating new treaties in which China was recognized as an equal. Naturally, the Chinese concluded that all foreigners could quite well carry on trade under similar conditions.

The resulting demand for the abolition of privilege and the surrender of concessions finds its expression at present through Eugene Chen, the “Foreign Minister” of the Cantonese. The way to Hankow having been made straight by anti-foreign propaganda and bribery of opponents, the Cantonese have recently gained control of most of the country south of the Yangtse with an army pitifully inadequate for such a task. They are opposed in the struggle for control

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by much stronger forces. Sun Chuang-fang, in control of the provinces of the lower Yangtse, bars their advance on Shanghai. In the upper Yangtse provinces Wu Pei Fu, friend of the British, has been ousted from Hankow but still holds the province of Honan to the north. Chang Tso Lin, the Manchurian at present in control of Peking and well known as the tool of Japan, moves south on the Nationalists. Whether he will have the support of Wu does not appear as this is written. To the north-west is Feng the "Christian" general whom the Bolsheviks openly acclaim as "their man" since his recent visit to Moscow. Feng appears to be attempting a junction with the Nationalists through the country controlled by Wu. Even if the upshot of the coming struggle should be the defeat of the Cantonese, it will make little difference to the position of the powers. Nationalism has succeeded so strikingly at Hankow that no party in China will dare allow a return to former conditions. For this the Cantonese must take the credit or the blame.

It is a very disturbing and disagreeable feature of this demand for equality of treatment that it appears to have become concentrated on the British. In Hankow, while mobs of yelling coolies were overrunning the British concession, American business houses remained open and unmolested in the former Russian concession. Everywhere in recent months the anti-foreign propaganda has been directed on Britain alone. To attribute this result solely to Bolshevik intrigue is far too simple a solution to carry conviction. The Soviet government has undoubtedly fallen heir to the traditional Russian policy in the far East and this has always been anti-British. But it becomes increasingly evident that their propaganda has been mainly political and that the Cantonese are capable of dispensing with the services of the Russians when it suits their purpose to do so. Nor is it usually remembered by those who see the hand of the Communists in everything in China, that the Nationalists have had with them an American adviser as well as an agent of Moscow. In any case, other facts suggest quite adequate explanations of the anti-British situation. In central and south China the British commercial interests are highly organized, centralized and conspicuous. They offer the richest prizes to the



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cupidity of the Tutchuns. The prestige of any party which can get them into Chinese possession will be greatly enhanced. Moreover, since Britain, at the bidding of her Dominions, discontinued her alliance with Japan, a radical alteration of Japanese policy has almost completely succeeded in allaying Chinese resentment at Japan's war-time encroachments. Britain, in her anxiety to retain a semblance of a united front on the part of the powers submitted to continuous delay in implementing promises made at the Washington Conference to revise the tariff treaties. The meeting of the Tariff Conference was delayed from year to year by the refusal of France to ratify till satisfied that every franc loaned to China in years gone by was adequately secured. But the Chinese knew that their Maritime Customs were administered by a British citizen and blame for the exasperating postponement fell on the British government. When the Cantonese, taking the matter at last into their own hands, imposed the exact customs surtaxes which had been promised at Washington in 1922, Britain allowed herself—reluctantly as she now says—to be made a party to a formal protest on the part of the powers. Suspicion of the sincerity of British intentions is thus not hard to understand. Nor is this feeling entirely recent in origin. Sun-Yat-Sen was until his death in March, 1925, the most influential liberal in China and the centre of Nationalism in Canton. For ten years the British press in China followed by some papers in England have "relentlessly pursued Sun-Yat-Sen and his followers as busybodies and mischief-makers." Sun feared the fastening of the British hold on India and on China as a result of the defeat of Germany in the last war and bitterly opposed the entrance of China on the side of the allies. The anti-British tradition bequeathed by him is now, and promises to remain a vital force, especially in the valley of the Yangtse and in the south where British interests are concentrated. It must also be remembered that in the past two years foreigners have killed far more Chinese than Chinese have killed whites and that British gunboats have played the main part in this slaughter. The Wanchien incident was exceedingly unfortunate for British diplomatic success in China. That this was immediately recognized is clear from the fact that the whole matter has

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been allowed to drop. In former times such an "incident" might have ended in war.

This affair of last autumn illustrates, as well perhaps as any other, the contrast between the former policy of the powers and the new "friendship drive" which the Japanese have used to divert Chinese hostility from their own or other shoulders. At Wanshien on the upper Yangtse the river is so swift that steamers making their way up stream at a considerable speed are dangerous to the small Chinese boats which move down in such numbers with the current. The customary courtesy of slowing down appears to have been omitted by a British steamer whose wake swamped a couple of Chinese junks, drowning some Chinese. Unfortunately, these turned out to be soldiers of the local military governor convoying a cargo of silver downstream for the payment of his troops. Though a subordinate of Wu Pei Fu and so usually friendly to Britain, General Yang in anger seized two British cargo boats which happened to be in Wanshien harbor. The commander of the British gunboat stationed there demanded their release. The General refused, giving as excuse the wish to submit the matter to the British consul at Chungking. An indemnity far larger than his loss was of course his real object. The British officer characteristically stood on his rights and a squabble with the General's troops resulted in the British bombardment of a defenceless town. The number of Chinese killed is unknown. But excellent material for the anti-British agitator was here provided and the already too successful boycott against British goods in South China stiffened as a direct result. A few weeks later a Japanese steamer happened with a similar accident. But the Japanese captain paid at once the amount demanded and nothing further was heard of the matter. By such means the Japanese are rapidly ingratiating themselves with the leading Chinese. Chinese business men have toured Japan at Japanese expense and return visits are being made. Through conferences such as that held at Nagasaki last summer, Japan urges the need of the union of all Eastern peoples against the aggressions of the Western Powers. When the Japanese are reminded of the "twenty-one . . . demands" and the "Shan-



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tung" incident, they profess to be sorry and point out that they have cut themselves loose from their alliance with the British and are now throwing their lot in with their yellow brethren in their struggle for independence. There is a growing opinion amongst the British in China that Great Britain made a serious error in relinquishing the influence over the policy of Japan which the Anglo-Japanese alliance gave her. Meantime British trade declines. In value of trade done with China, Japan now stands first, the United States second and Great Britain third.

The recent rise in the importance of trade with the United States has been in no small measure due to the fact that the policy of the American government towards China has usually been a generous one. Her use of the Boxer indemnity for the education of Chinese students at American universities gained her great popularity. She did not take part in the scramble for spheres of influence and was instrumental in lessening the effect of that partition by her enunciation of the policy of the "Open Door." She has not found it expedient to back up her nationals in China as she had done nearer home. The area she has marked off as her sphere of influence by the Monroe Doctrine seems hitherto to have provided ample scope for her expansionist tendencies. There is also much idealism in the United States which has found expression in the activities of American educators and missionaries in the East. The diplomats of other nations have been at times not a little irritated by the Chinese policy of the American government. Its encouragement of the aspirations of the westernized Chinese has seemed to point clearly to the dominance of the State Department's policy by the missionary element. Often during the past two years have Britishers in China been angered by the way in which this group of men—ill-informed as they think it—has unconsciously played the game of the Bolsheviks against British interests in South China. At the Washington Conference the United States took the lead in demanding better treatment of China. Again at Peking in 1926 she took the same attitude. She has given consistent support to the demands of the younger school of Chinese officials. Nor is this wholly with

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a view to the future interests of the United States in the Pacific. A policy of "sentimental idealism" has the whole-hearted support of that large section of American public opinion which backs the missionary enterprise.

These contrasted attitudes toward affairs in China come out very clearly when the basis for future relations with that country is up for discussion. When stable government is once more established in China the powers will have to reopen negotiations to settle the future status of their nationals. Will there then be a complete recognition of the independence of China or must the old present 'unequal' relations of special privileges to foreigners be continued? The Chinese leaders and the idealists abroad contend that China is rapidly making that progress in the establishment of law and order—by the reform of her judiciary, legal system and civil service—which will enable her to give full protection and equal justice to the citizens of other countries resident in China. Once a stable government is set up at Peking, this machinery can be put in motion and the special privileges which have been such a source of abuses and miscarriages of justice in their actual operation may be discontinued. The central government will be able through a modernized civil service headed by Chinese experts trained abroad to set up a fiscal system adequate to its needs. It will then be able to guarantee the proper service of all foreign loans and the present mechanism of foreign control of the chief sources of tax revenue will be needed no longer. Indeed a representative form of government is even hoped for by some who point to progress in education and the adoption of western ideas as a sound basis for optimism. The case of Japan who freed herself from all these foreign controls by proving her capacity to protect the lives and property of citizens of other countries is cited as sufficient precedent.

To the traders and diplomats who have been in China for years such a policy seems impossible. They will tell you that it is based on profound ignorance of the facts. It would make the lot of the foreigner intolerable and put a sudden end not only to all trade in China but to all missionary and educational enterprise as well. To the "Old China Hand" the



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Chinese governing classes seem to have been little altered by westernization. "The holding of office has been and still is the chief avenue to wealth and distinction in China." Government has been in the interest of the governors—usually some alien Mongol or Manchu. To these the Chinese mandarins attach themselves for their own profit. Local government has gone on by the free association of the people of each locality. It has survived changes of dynasty and the periods of anarchy which have supervened. The officials from Peking are interested in revenues to be collected rather than services to be rendered. It is notorious that concessions for railroad building have been obtained only by wholesale bribery. The antagonists in the present war for control in China are interested in Peking as a source of personal profit. Last spring while the armies of Chang Tso Lin and Wu Pei Fu fought for the possession of the city all disturbance of the sittings of the Tariff Conference was carefully avoided for out of it was expected to come increased revenues for the central government, the prize for which they strove. Since the revolution of 1911 which established a "Republican" government, the only law in China has been the law of armed force and the main aim of policies at Peking has been money. Twenty-three years ago the powers expressed their willingness to co-operate with China in the establishment of an administrative and judicial system more in accord with western ideas and professed their readiness to relinquish their privileges as soon as this should be accomplished. And this is the progress which the rulers of China have been able to make! Is this then the time to do away with all protection to the lives and property of foreigners in China? In a similar time Japan completely transformed herself into the semblance of a western power and won her freedom by deserving it. It has been the aim of the powers and the effect of their policies to preserve the territorial integrity of China while she was given time to make a similar transformation. She has failed. The powers themselves must take up the task. They must not only prevent China falling into the hands of any one of the powers; they must go further and help her to set her house in order. This could be done by the extension

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of the present system of controls. The central government must first be put "in funds" by a reform of the whole financial system. The civil service should be gradually reconstituted. By the payment of adequate salaries, the officials might be brought to western ideas of political morality. That this can be done witness the British administration of the Maritime Customs. Given such a reformed central government and the "moral and financial backing of the powers," the restoration of normal fiscal relations between Peking and the provinces should follow in time. As the provinces fall into line, widen the civil service to control such internal taxation as the Likin and the Salt Collectorate—the revenue from which now goes to the financing of continued civil war. Thus would be begun those changes which the Chinese seem to have proven themselves incapable of carrying through unaided.

But it may be urged, "What of Chinese nationalism? Does it offer no hope? Is not the younger generation ardent and disinterested? Does Canton promise no improvement over Peking? The nationalist movement in China is largely the work of the Cantonese. These men from the south are the Chinese with whom the western world is familiar. They have done the colonizing abroad. Western ideas have found most ready acceptance amongst them. In numbers their young men have been trained by western schools, abroad or in China. The traditional job of the educated man in China is governing. The support which these westernized intellectuals have received from England and America has encouraged them to aspire to rule or rather to exploit the country. "The true consciousness of the Chinese people remains, as it has always been, essentially non-political and philosophically indifferent to the origins of established authority, so long as reasonable security for life and property is provided." This, the true China, is to be stirred to the aid of the nationalists only when the rabble of the towns can be roused by the old anti-foreign appeal to sack a neighboring concession or terrorize a mission compound. It is the voice of the new mandarin, at heart little different from the old, that speaks through such men as Eugene Chen demanding racial equality and the handing over of rich concessions.



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It is in this wise that many read the significance of Chinese nationalism.

Where the truth lies it is difficult to tell. But whatever it proves to be, one thing is sure. Getting action on the policy advocated by the traders in China is impossible. No one power would be permitted to gain the control of China which such a policy would demand. Japan, for obvious reasons, has always stood ready to undertake the task. And indeed throughout the war she was supported in her encroachments in China by the allied powers. The dissolution of the Anglo-Japanese alliance left her isolated and at the Washington Conference she was forced by the other powers to give up all she had gained. United, disinterested action on the part of the powers for the benefit of the Chinese people is too much to hope for even if the Chinese were themselves in a mood to tolerate such interference. As the Chinese must then be left to rule their country after their own fashion it would seem all the more necessary that the privileges now enjoyed by citizens of other countries should be in no wise abated.

That even so much of the present system should be retained is however most improbable. British bayonets may be able to protect property in Shanghai but in the interior that is impossible without the conquest of the country—a thing not to be contemplated to-day. And moreover, concessions and the warehouses built on them are not the main form of British property in China. Without the goodwill of the Chinese, trade is impossible and concessions are valueless. The gunboat policy cannot conceivably restore that goodwill or further the interests of trade in a country which can use the boycott so effectively. The Chinese market is the last, and will probably be the best, of all those markets which the “imperialism” of the western nations has opened in two centuries. For Britain it is vital that her commercial hold on this market be not sensibly lessened or transferred to any other power. The nationalists, whatever the truth about their real aims and character may be, seem likely to continue to be able to mobilize sufficient anti-foreign sentiment to threaten the crippling of her trade if their demands be not met. So it would seem that Britain must give up—along with

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the other powers—the privileges which she has long enjoyed. Self-interest, if nothing better, demands it. The day when business can be promoted by bayonets is gone. The western trader and investor must learn to do business, under conditions as to the security of life and property, very different from those enjoyed in other countries. Their losses they must seek to recoup by the manufacture of “incidents” to be used as the excuses for intervention by their own governments. The friendship of the Chinese people must be their main reliance. The flag can no longer follow trade in China.

F. A. KNOX.

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### *Notes on British Politics.*

The following comments from a correspondent give some aspects of the current situation:

The Liberal party can never again be anything but a balancing force. Those people are manifestly absurd who talk about Liberalism having recovered its power and prestige in the past when down in the depths, as if 1895-1905 were anything to warrant Liberals in believing that their present minority would ever become a majority. The Liberal party is going the way of the Whig party. In future its position will be like that of the Irish party from '85 onwards. It must be the right wing of the left. It is, however, a curious paradox that its creed at present is “the religion of all good men.” This year has shown that there is great bellicosity among the Labour people, and it is time to say that the Liberal pacifist spirit should be applied to the class war which neither “big business” nor the more intelligent Labour people want. Baldwin seeks peace but does not ensue it. He looked as if he might be a Sir Robert Peel, but this is no longer the case and the general good will of the public could not be canalized to give him the active support which overthrew the old Tory party of the Duke of Wellington.

The issue of the past year—the Coal question—has not been settled. The unification of the mining industry, converting it into one or several statutory monopolies, instead of



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its being a great number of small holdings, is now a necessity. The "mines" have taken the place that Irish land held from 1870 onwards until 1903 or 1909: the matter can only be settled by Parliament, and in this country, when such issues are raised, they are finally settled in one way. But that does not mean that at the next election the Conservatives will necessarily suffer another '1906.' There is not now an alternative government like that which was formed before the khaki parliament was dissolved.

Over and above this it may be that there are things in the post-war economic position of Great Britain that no government can mend, for the possibly incurable nature of which no recent government and no political party is to blame. In this case a great political landslide will not happen, because people will not feel satisfied that it can do much good.

The nineteenth century industrial development of Great Britain and Germany was based on an assumption that there would not be a European war lasting four years. And now one does not know what is to become of these countries, both highly industrialized and depending on a great export trade. Has any country an industry so dependent on export as our cotton trade except perhaps Canadian grain growing? But whereas in a period of depression only some million and a half would be affected in the prairie provinces, Lancashire alone has five millions.

In the meantime those nimble gentlemen who manipulate the supply of raw materials in the dark spots of the earth, such as oil and rubber, are enabling us to balance our accounts, but not affording work to our population. In our economy we are going back to seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—just as in physics we have gone behind Newton to Descartes—here we are back to mercantilism, plantations, commerce and finance. Our sharpest minds seem there rather than in industry at present. A lot of our best brains are also absorbed by politics, diplomacy, administration—the Scots Banks are paying a dividend of 16 per cent.!—but whether a grand inquest of the nation—with cards down all round—could accomplish anything for the general prosperity of the country is another matter.

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### *The Term "Commonwealth."*

One wonders whether the precise definition which our valued contributor, Mr. J. S. Ewart, assigns to the term "commonwealth" is entirely justified. In seeking for a new title to replace that of kingdom the Cromwellians seem to have fallen back on an imitation and translation of the title of the Roman state. They had as an obvious analogy the Dutch Republic. But as the Cromwellian commonwealth was *sui generis*, all its accidents are not to be taken as *propria*, and at the time the commonwealth was formed Scotland was an allied and associated partner,<sup>1</sup> while Ireland remained the conquest it had been for centuries. All that is really understood by commonwealth is a state replacing the old monarchy where monarchical institutions no longer prevail.

Similarly, in present times seeking for a name to replace Empire, statesmen have employed, according to Hobbes' definition, 'a word or a mark taken at pleasure' to denote a new organization to which the old appellation was no longer suited. Commonwealth is certainly not a very happy term. It is chosen on rather sentimental grounds. But it is only a denotation. Its connotation if any it will acquire if it persists. The word Empire has gone through a similar history itself.

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Last month a monument was unveiled in the House of Commons to Joseph Chamberlain. Lord Balfour performed the ceremony and press reports of his speech seemed to suggest a little gem of expression. One account spoke of a break in Lord Balfour's voice as he declared that the real shrine of Chamberlain was in the heart of his friends. But this only goes to show how a good reporter can improve a speech, for other commentators note the hesitating, halting tone in which Lord Balfour spoke, as if he were seeking to apologize for being called on to fill the office. Indeed it is doubtful whether "Jo" would have picked him for the part. The re-

<sup>1</sup>The Act read: "The people of England and of all the dominions and territories thereto belonging . . . are hereby constituted a Commonwealth and Free State . . . without any King or House of Lords." Scotland stood apart from this settlement. In Ireland the standard was raised for Charles. At the conclusion of the struggle acts of Union were framed for these two countries.



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lations between Chamberlain and Balfour were somewhat similar to those of Asquith and Lloyd George. Balfour and Asquith were leaders by energy of position as we might call it. The other pair possessed all the other kind of energy. Chamberlain proclaimed an unauthorized Tariff Policy to which his titular leader never gave whole-hearted support—hence the 1906 débacle. Lloyd George enforced a policy of genuine social reform which left the Whigs rather cold. Chamberlain's career ended in defeat and disease, while Lloyd George finally ousted his more massive and ponderous rival. But Balfour could give Asquith some pointers on "keeping your seat."

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The endless process of litigation and Congress lobbying is going through another stage in the matter of the abstraction of lake water at Chicago. The only comment that Canada can make is that it is going to the wrong court. As between Wisconsin and Chicago the Supreme Court of the United States is no doubt competent. As between Canada and the United States it is not. The safeguard of Canadian interests is in the first place international equity, which it is the place of the United States to maintain and observe, as those rights are observed in such international waters as the Danube and the Rhine. In the second place it is diplomatic action which our new Ambassador Extraordinary at Washington has doubtless full power and discretion to take. The final appeal in such questions would be at the World Court of the League of Nations.

Before such a court the case is clear. Chicago has practically drained dry the American fall at Niagara. The water now passing over the American fall is diverted from the Canadian fall, with a corresponding loss of power and body of water in navigable channels. The argument has been advanced that Chicago, being the size it is, has to have that body of water for sanitary purposes. It has however, been clearly established in the present action that the greater part of the water is used in the manufacture of power, that one-half or one-third would suffice for sewage requirements. If Chicago had kept to that—the original 4,000 odd feet—probably neighbourliness would have prevented any protest, but it is only at

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intervals that in the United States it is possible to rise to the level of that moment when—as described in another article in this *Quarterly*—a question is settled not by the will of a mean and interested minority, but by a note of *noblesse oblige*, to which, once it is sounded by a leader, the country as a whole responds. A correspondent of the *Globe* years ago indicated the solution—possibly the only one—to build a wall separating Lake Michigan from the rest of the great lakes, letting Chicago do what it likes with its own resources!

W. M. C.



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### *The Reunion*

The Reunion week, November 6th-13th, marked what in many ways may be regarded as the most successful, as it will be the most lasting result of the Endowment Campaign. The knitting closer of the bonds that unite all graduates to their Alma Mater and to each other, is a spiritual achievement that counts for much, and will count for more with the years. Two special features marked the week—the Special Convocation at which the Honorary Degree of LL.D. was conferred on our new Governor-General, Viscount Willingdon, and the Football Match between Past and Present, in which, thanks to an efficient system of willing substitutes, the Past were victorious.

It had been hoped that something like fifteen hundred of Queen's veterans, old and young, would foregather for the occasion, and it is therefore most gratifying to chronicle that this estimate was exceeded by about two hundred, and that none felt that the time and expense involved were wasted. The older graduates were astonished to see how the University had grown since their day, how the old bare campus was almost covered with stately buildings, and that still the old Queen's was there, though greater and fulfilling a greater destiny. It would indeed be well if from time to time, perhaps every decade, a similar Reunion could be held.

### *Queen's Theological College*

On the 10th of November, Dr. H. A. Kent was installed as Principal in succession to Professor S. W. Dyde, who, one is delighted to record, remains on the staff of the College. Dr. Kent is a native of Nova Scotia and took his degrees of B.A. and M.A. at Dalhousie University. On graduating in 1901 he went to the West Indies, where he taught under the Canadian Mission at Trinidad for a year. Returning to Canada, he entered Pinehill College, Halifax, where he took the regular Theological course. The two years 1906-1908 he spent in Germany as Carmichael Scholar for Foreign Study, taking his courses chiefly at Marburg and Berlin.

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On his return to this country he was appointed Assistant Professor in Old Testament History at Pinehill College, and from 1910 until coming to Queen's had been Professor of Old Testament Language and Literature.

Besides his theological studies, Dr. Kent has distinguished himself in another field: in 1916 he went overseas in command of a company of the Nova Scotia Highlanders, and after a year's service in the line was transferred to the Chaplain's Department, and then in 1918 was called to London to serve as Adjutant in this branch of the Service.

### *French-Canadian Literature*

Of works by French-Canadian authors, unfortunately but few are well known outside the Province of Quebec, while many, owing to the small number printed, are exceedingly rare. And yet most, if not all of those books should be so gathered together, that the future historians of our country, as well as the students of the Literature of French Canada can have ready access to them: it were well too that some such collection should be formed available for the English-speaking scholars who are more and more taking an interest in the language and literature of the other half of the nation.

Encouraged by the gift made by Dr. Lorne Pierce of some rare French-Canadian books which are now housed with the Lorne Pierce collection, the University has for some time past been slowly building up a special branch of such works. And now a great step forward has been made: thanks to the hearty co-operation and generous assistance of the Hon. A. L. Taschereau, the success of this venture is assured. The Librarian, Mr. Nathan Van Patten, journeyed to Quebec to enlist the sympathy of the Premier and met with a most encouraging reception; the Province has presented to the University a very valuable collection of books, including fiction and poetry, together with a number of works relating to the history and life of Quebec; and hopes are entertained that this generosity will be continued in the future.

### *Initiations*

Graduates will doubtless be interested to learn that the Alma Mater Society has abolished Initiations, partly in defer-



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ence to public opinion freely expressed. It will be interesting to watch the result of this decision. Will the natural exuberance of youth, the flow of animal spirits, the *joie de vivre*, be able to find a sufficient outlet along more peaceable lines? Or will the desire to show the Freshman that he is not everything, that Humility should be his lot for one year at least, not burst out in some other physical form, such as the storming of the place of entertainment where with his kind he has foregathered by stealth?





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## JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOLS AND JUNIOR COLLEGES, OR THE REORGANIZATION OF SECONDARY EDUCATION

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THE whole of the North American continent is profoundly disturbed over the problem of secondary education. Should it be normally four, five, six, seven or eight years in length? Should it begin normally at eleven, twelve, thirteen or fourteen years of age? Should it be a self-contained unit or should it be preparatory to the professional training given in a university? At present the majority of high schools are four year institutions with an entrance age fixed at fourteen years. Owing to the dominating influence of university entrance requirements, the High School curriculum is frankly preparatory for the professions, despite the fact that the vast majority of High School pupils never proceed to the university. The fact that within the past two decades two new types of educational institutions have evolved, both of them bearing the title "Junior" and both of them designed to extend the period of secondary schooling, one in a downward and the other in an upward direction, is one that merits serious consideration from all educators. Whither are we going? Are we merely drifting idly about on an uncharted sea, or is there a definite port we wish to reach under the guidance of skilled navigators? Answers to these questions cannot be given until the whole question of secondary education is considered in its relationship to the elementary school on the one hand and the university on the other. My task here will be to present such evidence as I have been able to gather and to try to evaluate it in the light of scientific principles of education.

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In the first place let us be clear about the 8-4-4 system of elementary-secondary-university education which is found on this continent of ours. It has become so much a part of our educational thinking that we are prone to forget that it is unique—that Europe and other parts of the civilized world have systems essentially different from ours. Yet our system is less than a century old. Prior to the time of Horace Mann the organization of education in America was based on the European systems from which it was derived. The prototype of the Boston Latin School, established in 1635 and still flourishing, was the English Grammar School in which so many of the Puritan emigrants had been educated. This school admitted pupils at ten or eleven years of age and gave them a classical education preparatory to entrance into Harvard College. This college, like so many of the colleges founded in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, was designed primarily for the education of the clergy, and secondarily “for the advancement of all good literature, arts, and sciences.” The inscription on the tablet of the West Gate of Harvard University runs “After God had carried us safe to New England and we had builded our houses, provided necessities for our livelihood, reared convenient places for God’s worship, and settled the civil government, one of the next things we longed for and looked after was to advance learning and perpetuate it to posterity, dreading to leave an illiterate ministry to the churches, when our present ministers shall lie in the dust.” It was to this College that the graduates of the Boston Latin School passed.

The curriculum of the Boston Latin School was dominantly classical. The various academies, which were established after the Revolutionary War, though more liberal than the Latin School in their courses of study, retained Latin and Greek as their chief subjects. Their pupils were drawn from the classes; the masses were educated in common schools.

With the growth of the democratic ideal in the early years of the nineteenth century, attempts were made at the provision of a secondary education for the common people. Chief of these were the establishment of the Boston English Classical School in 1821 and the Boston High School for Girls in 1826. The name English Classical School, after some vicis-



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situdes, was formally changed to that of English High School in 1833. These new High Schools broke with tradition in two important respects. Primarily they were English rather than Latin schools. The boys' school taught neither Latin nor Greek; the girls' school taught only Latin. Secondly, they were schools for the masses, giving a secondary education that was frankly based on a common school education. The pupils entered at twelve years of age and pursued a secondary course of studies for three years. This type of secondary school organization was copied by every other American state. Egerton Ryerson brought it to Ontario, and from Ontario it spread to other parts of Canada. The chief change in the nineteenth century was the extension of the period of schooling, the elementary period from six to eight years and the secondary from three to four. This 8-4 system has been modified spasmodically in many parts of the continent. Ontario, for example, has an 8-5 system for its honour pupils, but that the 8-4 represents the dominant type no one can possibly doubt.

As the nineteenth century progressed it became more and more evident that four years were too few to give High School pupils a proper grounding in the basic studies of the secondary schools—languages, sciences and mathematics. Comparisons with European systems were made, generally to our discomfiture, and with the advent of the twentieth century, serious attempts to extend the secondary school period were made. Most of these were in a downward direction, with the result that quite frequently the period of elementary education was reduced to six years.

Before proceeding to describe the essential features of the Junior High School and the Junior College I am going to digress a little and speak about the length of elementary education. For it is evident that until we can define what is meant by elementary education and state the length of time that normal pupils should take to acquire this basic training, any discussion about secondary education must necessarily be mere verbal tilting at windmills.

During the past two years it has been my pleasure to serve as the Canadian representative on an international "Commission on the Length of Elementary Education," the

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chairman of which was Professor C. H. Judd of the University of Chicago. It was financed by a grant from the Commonwealth Fund. The report of the Commission is now in the press and will be available shortly. Some of the material of the report will now be presented.

At first glance, it seems easy to find out what length of elementary education produces the best results, but its scientific demonstration is exceedingly difficult. Theoretically, the task involves the steady elimination of all variable factors until only one is left—that of the effect of the length of elementary education upon the intellectual progress of pupils. If we had started with 100,000 pupils and studied their native intelligences, their courses and the times that they had devoted to each subject in the elementary school we might possibly have discovered 100 pupils who could be matched in every way except in the time they had spent in the elementary school. Such a task was beyond our resources so after summarizing such information on the subject as could be obtained by wide enquiry and study, three crucial investigations were made. These were:

(1) A comparison of seven-grade and eight-grade schools in the state of Maryland where three counties have a seven-grade elementary school and the other counties have eight-grade schools.

With the co-operation of the state Department of Education and of the County Superintendents a series of intelligence and educational tests was given to pupils in the seventh grades of six counties, to the pupils in the eighth grade of the three counties of the six which had such grades, and to all of the pupils in the first year of the high schools of the six counties.

The scores showed that a definite and measurable improvement was made by pupils when they attended the eighth grade. The scores also showed that on the average the pupils from the seven-grade schools were adequately prepared for the high school. The scores made by high school pupils from the two types of schools showed that the pupils from the eight-grade schools usually stood higher by a small margin than did pupils from the seven-grade systems. However, the pupils from seven-year systems were uniformly



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younger in high school than were the pupils from eight-grade systems. When the pupils from the two types of systems were followed into college the distinction in scholastic standings disappeared, although the advantage of the younger age still remained with the pupils from seven-grade systems. On the whole, therefore, the advantage lay with the shorter period of elementary education, although those who support the traditional eight grade system can find some facts to justify them in their practice.

(2) A comparison similar to that made between the pupils in the counties of Maryland was undertaken by the Commission through a collection of test scores from eight cities, three of which (Dallas, Texas; Houston, Texas; and Kansas City, Mo.;) had seven-grade elementary schools, and five (Denver, Colorado; Milwaukee, Wis.; Oakland, Calif.; St. Louis, Mo.; and Springfield, Mass.;) had eight-grade elementary schools. The co-operating cities selected their best elementary schools and tested all pupils in the two upper grades of these schools up to a number equalling 10 per cent. of the total registration in the upper grades of the city.

The results showed that in these better schools, pupils who were completing the elementary curriculum in seven grades made scores equally high with those made by pupils completing the elementary curriculum in eight grades. The pupils from the seven-grade schools were uniformly younger than were those from eight-grade systems.

The last mentioned point was quite definitely established by a further extensive investigation based on the cumulative record cards of pupils in seven and eight-grade systems. Pupils in seven-year systems complete the work of the elementary school at a younger age than do pupils in eight-grade systems.

(3) An investigation of the records of Toronto and Ottawa where changes have recently been made from an eight-grade to a seven-grade system. The Ontario system, as you well know, is highly centralized. The courses of study, training of teachers, text-books and, generally speaking, the education conditions are the same for all elementary pupils. If the change from eight to seven years could be shown to be an advantageous one, the changes made in Ottawa and To-

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ronto would be justified. I will not weary you with figures. Suffice it to say that in Ottawa where the change was made in September, 1918, the percentage of pupils passing into high schools has increased by  $1\frac{3}{4}\%$ , while the time taken to complete the elementary school course has been reduced by five months (one-half a school year). In Toronto, where the change was made in 1920, no such reduction of time has taken place. Pupils still take as long as formerly to complete their elementary training. One noticeable feature, however, is the marked increase of pupils in the upper grades, the improvement in Book IV being over 5%. Canadian experience, therefore, confirms the findings of the United States' investigations, namely, that equally good, or better, work can be accomplished in seven grades as in eight.

All this, of course, has an important bearing on what should be regarded as elementary education. The facts reported can be interpreted in different ways. Those who believe in an eight-grade system will point to the fact that measurable results are produced by the last year of schooling. If an enriched curriculum is provided there need be made no further changes in elementary school organization; internal expansion will satisfy all requirements.

The history of recent educational development shows that the tendency to hold to the usual form of elementary school organization is very strong. The example of Ottawa and Toronto in reducing the number of grades from eight to seven has not been followed by other cities, or by the Province as a whole. Ontario's attempt to increase the size of the local educational unit from that of the school section to that of the township is meeting with bitter opposition. School administrators and communities hold tenaciously to familiar forms of educational organization.

Yet no one who dispassionately studies the facts presented above can fail to be impressed with the possibilities of reducing the period of elementary schooling without impairing the quality of the instruction. Why should the upper grades of the elementary school be regarded as an integral part of it? The expansion of the curriculum has resulted in the introduction of a number of advanced types of training in the upper grades, but has not given opportunity to pupils



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to study all advanced subjects. The elementary school can be described as encroaching in a partial measure on the domain which used to be the exclusive territory of the high school. At the same time it debars pupils from taking full possession of the first stages of high school instruction.

Even the Junior High School, as we shall see later, is far from being a fully self-conscious factor in the system. It has never represented a complete break with the traditional form of school organization, but all too frequently has been regarded as a device for relieving this or that temporary difficulty in educational affairs.

The traditional view of elementary education is undoubtedly that which puts the pupils in possession of the basic tools of learning—reading, writing and computation. To this was added a certain amount of content sufficient to practice the tools on, as it were. The improvement of the technique of teaching has enabled educational administrators to increase the content, but even with its fullest enrichment there has been in the upper grades a great deal of needless review of subjects that have been adequately mastered in the lower grades. The pupils have only been too willing to turn their backs on the elementary school because they found so little that stimulated their intellectual appetites.

In my opinion, we should return to the old conception of elementary education. There is plenty of evidence to show that such an elementary education can be organized on a seven or, preferably, on a six grade plan. The advantages gained by earlier entrance into High School are so important that there is certainly justification for the effort to gain these advantages even at some sacrifice.

By cutting down the period of elementary education one or two grades we must not be regarded as advocating a limited programme of education. The North American continent has practically decided that all its young citizens shall be educated to sixteen years of age and we would not cut a single minute from the period. But the time is surely past when elementary and compulsory education need be regarded as synonymous terms. Our new definition of elementary education is not to be conceived in terms of the number of years the pupil is in a given school, except in so far as time is necessary to pro-

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duce a certain degree of maturity. The essential items are intellectual, social and physical maturity. During the elementary period the pupil is to be given command of the vernacular, of penmanship, and of the art of reading. This command of the arts of communication and precise thinking should be made permanent by a period of use, in the course of which the pupil becomes acquainted with the world through a study of geography, history and some of the informational sections of natural science and through the reading of literature. The essentials of elementary education thus include the fundamental intellectual arts and the first stages of informational studies.

This education can be given adequately in six grades. As soon as the pupil has gained a measurable power of independent study, he has a right to admission to the higher level of intellectual life which belongs to the High School. The organization of the programme above the sixth grade as a secondary programme will relieve the educational system of many of the incoordinations and limitations from which it now suffers.

This conclusion is reinforced by the fact that a recent report rendered by the Consultative Committee of the English Board of Education on the education of the adolescent reaches substantially the same conclusion. The age *eleven* is set by the Committee as the natural limits of elementary education. In France and Germany an even earlier age has been customary for beginning secondary education, but we must remember that the earlier years of both the German *Gymnasium* and the French *Lycée* contain material which we have defined as belonging essentially to the elementary school.

Having disposed of the problem of elementary education by cutting it down to six school years, let us see if it is possible to deal with secondary education in the same comprehensive way. Is the secondary school merely to be a bridge connecting the secondary school with the university, or is there an integral unit of schooling, complete in itself, which can be described as secondary? Those of you who are conversant with the French and German secondary schools know that those countries regard secondary education as an independent unit. Indeed, the graduates of the French secondary



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schools are granted the bachelor's degree. It would seem as if this continent were moving through the Junior High School and Junior College, in the direction of continental Europe. The movement is ill-defined at present and there is much opposition. From below it is opposed by the elementary teacher, from above by the university teacher, but if the movement is founded on a sound science and philosophy, nothing on earth can prevent its fruition. Those who are sceptical should remember that the eight year elementary school seemed to be established on a veritable "Rock of Ages," whereas, as we have shown, its foundations were really in sand.

In order to get a proper perspective we shall now briefly describe the present condition of the Junior High School and the Junior College as they exist on this continent.

The Junior or Intermediate High School is the name given to a school comprising the 7th, 8th and 9th grades. According to Bennett, it has the following characteristics:

(1) It is a separate institution, with a distinct organization and corps of officers and teachers.

(2) It embraces the seventh, eighth and ninth grades (or years of work) and sometimes the tenth.

(3) It has a curriculum in the seventh and eighth grades enriched by the presence of several high school subjects or by the broadening, culturizing or vocationalizing of the so-called common branches.

(4) It promotes by subject even in the seventh and eighth grades.

(5) It permits and encourages a differentiation of course for the different pupils.

Such a far-reaching reorganization is bound to affect established customs and vested interests in several ways. In the first place the whole of North American state and local educational organization has developed around the 8-4 division of grades. Text books have been prepared to fit the present arrangement. If the high school is to begin with the seventh grade, a new series of text books will have to be prepared and authorized. The present tendency is to prepare a wholly new set of books for the junior high school, and to use temporarily such portions of existing elementary and high school texts as

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can be covered in the shorter time at the teacher's disposal. The new elementary and high school texts will, of course, conform more and more to the new conditions.

Secondly, the removal of pupils from the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades into a new junior high school building necessitates, in some cases, the transportation of the younger pupils. If, for example, an old elementary school is converted into a junior high school building, the pupils of the lower grades have to be sent to other and often more distant schools. Further, the present-day pupils of the eighth grade, expecting to be transferred to the high school with its games and prestige, do not like to defer their entrance for another year by being transferred to a Junior High School. This difficulty is only a temporary one, but it is very real when the change is first made.

Thirdly, both elementary and secondary teachers are opposed to the plan—the elementary because they fear that eight years' work will have to be covered in six years, and the high school teachers because they fear loss of salary and prestige in transferring to the lower grades. The best solution seems to be to offer the elementary teachers position on the Junior High School staff, providing they train for the new positions within a reasonable time. The fear that elementary school funds would be diverted to High Schools has so far proved groundless; what has happened is that additional High School funds have been provided and the old elementary school budgets have been left intact, with the result that elementary school buildings and equipment as well as the teachers' salaries have been greatly improved.

Fourthly, objection has been made to the additional expense entailed by the erection of new Junior High School buildings. This is a serious difficulty in a community with a stationary or declining population. In growing communities, and the majority of North American communities are growing communities, there is no difficulty; the school funds are simply distributed in another way.

Fifthly, the public objects to the innovation. This occasions no surprise, for the general public is inherently conservative and usually resents changes of any kind. Public opinion lags behind that of the advanced thinkers in any field;



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but what the progressive thinks to-day the public will think to-morrow. The objections of the public gradually disappear before an accomplished fact, especially when obvious benefits or economics accrue. And about the economy of time there is no dispute. Even the most hostile critic is forced to concede that the Junior High School results in the saving of about one year's schooling for each pupil. Other well-established facts are that the introduction of the Junior High School has speeded up the work of the elementary school and made it more efficient. The attendance of pupils in grades seven, eight and nine has also been greatly improved while the figures for elimination have been frequently reduced by as much as fifty per cent.

Figures showing the extent of the movement are difficult to secure, but the following for the United States from the Bureau of Education reports are given for what they are worth.

The first Junior High School was established at Berkeley, California, in 1910. In 1916 there were 254 of them distributed throughout 38 states. Indiana and Minnesota each had 24, North Dakota 20, Pennsylvania 16, and so on. A year later (1917) each of the 48 states had at least one Junior High School and there were 791 in all. In this year it was reported that 365 school systems, including most of the large cities, had organized Junior High Schools. In 259 schools which reported details of attendance there were 2,916 pupils in the seventh grade, 19,711 in the eighth, and 16,026 in the ninth. The movement was obviously gaining momentum. In the official statistics for 1921-22 the following figures were reported:

Kind of School	No. of schools	Teachers			Pupils		
		Men	Women	Total	Boys	Girls	Total
Reg. High Sch...	13,593	34,169	55,109	89,278	894,536	1,033,210	1,927,746
Jr. H. S. ....	563	1,678	6,427	8,105	103,048	112,110	215,158
Jr.-Sr. H. S. ...	1,251	4,304	8,881	13,185	136,513	153,046	289,559
Sr. H. S. ....	91	1,134	2,175	3,309	29,376	34,395	63,771

These figures make an impressive showing. They indicate that 15% of the secondary school pupils of the United States are now being educated in regularly organized Junior High Schools. And all this has been accomplished in the brief space of eleven years, some of which were full of distractions

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due to war. I anticipate that the report of the Commission on the Length of Elementary Education will accelerate the rate of progress and that in about two decades the 8-4 plan in the United States will be no more.

In Canada the Junior High School movement has hardly touched us. There are a number of Junior High Schools in Winnipeg which seem to be giving great satisfaction. There is one in Vancouver, but it has been a school for misfits, rather than an integral part of the school organization. The report of the British Columbia School Survey recommended the downward extension of the High School of that Province, and this recommendation is now being carried into effect.

Turning for a short while to the discussion of the Junior College, we find a movement somewhat inchoate, but one in which various experiments are being tried. The latest educational Directory of the United States Bureau of Education (1927) lists 165 Junior Colleges. Koos, who made a very extensive study some two years ago, stated that there were 200 of them. He said they could be divided into four major types:

(a) *Public Junior Colleges*. These were organized as upward extensions of the High School. There were about 50 of them in the United States with an enrolment of approximately 5,000. All of them were housed with the ordinary High School units, and practically all of them received co-operative direction from the university. They are very similar to the 21 colleges found in Quebec, which send their students into the third year of the courses at the University of Montreal and Laval University.

(b) *State Junior Colleges*, usually organized in connection with normal schools and colleges for teachers. These number 24 with a student enrolment of 3,500. They are distinguished by having no high school connections. The students attend for two years and then either continue in the normal school for another two years and graduate with a bachelor's degree in education, or pass on to the university and graduate with a degree in arts.

(c) *Private Junior Colleges*. These are denominational institutions situated generally in the southern states. There are at least 13 of them with an enrolment in the neighbour-



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hood of 8,000. They are usually men's or women's colleges, not co-educational, and are connected with High Schools. They represent either degraded four year colleges or aspiring High Schools. Their graduates so frequently become teachers that they may be rightfully regarded as normal schools which provide an academic as opposed to a professional training.

(d) *Junior Colleges in Universities.* These are found in six of the mid-western and western universities. In Minnesota, California, Nebraska, Chicago, Washington and Leland Stanford Universities, the arts course is divided at the end of the second year into lower and upper divisions. The lower divisions are Junior Colleges, although they do not always bear the name.

In all there were 16,000 students enrolled in the 200 Junior Colleges, or sufficient to fill two large state universities.

Why has the Junior College developed? In some states where the high school population includes one-third of all pupils who start the first grade of the elementary school, the pressure on the state university has become so great that Junior Colleges had to be organized to relieve it. This was largely the reason for the establishment of Junior Colleges in California; the State University could not accommodate the large number of freshmen who were qualified to enter it. In other places various reasons can be assigned for their establishment. In perusing their catalogue it is quite clear that on the whole they do not regard themselves as isthmuses bridging the gap between the High School and the Senior College or University but as independent and self-contained educational units. For example, the following purposes for their establishment are discoverable:

- (1) To offer two years of work acceptable to universities.
- (2) To round out a vocational education, semi-professional in character, in agriculture, industry, home economics, commerce and teaching.
- (3) To round out a general education.
- (4) To popularize higher education among the masses.
- (5) To continue the home influences.
- (6) To provide social control of the individual in small groups.
- (7) To train for leadership.

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- (8) To allow exploration of various fields of education.
- (9) To place all secondary education in secondary school grades. The first two years of the university are really secondary in character and should be given in the Junior College, which is frankly secondary in its organization.
- (10) To economize time and expense.
- (11) To relieve the pressure on the University.
- (12) To make possible the functioning of the university as a university instead of a glorified secondary school.
- (13) To improve the preparation for university work.
- (14) To improve favourably the instruction in the High School.
- (15) To allow the conditioned student to continue his training without loss of time.
- (16) To offer courses suited to local needs.
- (17) To affect the level of the cultural interests of the local community.

Even a casual inspection of the above aims shows that no single, definite aim governs the Junior College. Much healthy experimentation is going on, but the philosophical principles by which the movement should be guided have not yet made their appearance.

The Junior Colleges are essentially secondary in character. This is seen from an inspection of the degrees held by the teaching staff, their teaching load, salaries, etc. The characteristic degree held by members of the staff is the B.A., against the M.A. and Ph.D. of university teachers. The teaching load is 15 hours a week, contrasted with an average load of 6 hours in universities. The salaries average around \$2,200, which compares favourably with the average salaries in the smaller universities of the United States. The technique of the teaching staff is better than that found in universities, although the scholarship is poorer. The graduates of the Junior College compare favourably in the third and fourth years of the Arts course in the university with those students who entered the university as freshmen. Yet the Junior College is the terminal institution for a very large number of students who enter such semi-professional occupations as loan and stock brokers, city and departmental store buyers, credit men, chief clerks, commercial designers, insur-



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ance agents and adjusters, jobbing and wholesale merchants, statistical clerks, private secretaries, general accountants, cement testers, chemical-laboratory workers, draftsmen, surveyors, managers of butter and cheese factories, etc.

Junior Colleges are less expensive for students than universities, costing only one-third as much, consequently they obtain more students from the manual labouring class, farmers and small proprietors. The destination of these students is predominantly into the teaching professions. The majority of the women teachers marry later and become home-makers, while a considerable proportion of the men leave for other professions or for advanced study.

The cost to the community which establishes the Junior College is considerable; the additional cost in taxes for education averages 30 per cent. Experience shows that they can only be economically established where from 150 to 200 students are available, that is, in places with a high school population of about 1,200.

The curriculum of the Junior College is naturally narrower than that of the university. Investigation shows that it is predominantly of the liberal arts type. Taking them as a whole the following percentages of time are devoted to each of the following subjects:

	Time in per cents.
Modern Foreign Languages .....	18.6
Science . . . . .	13.9
Social subjects . . . . .	10.4
English . . . . .	7.9
Ancient Languages .....	7.9
Mathematics . . . . .	7.4
Engineering and Industry .....	6.1
Home Economics . . . . .	5.8
Commercial subjects . . . . .	5.1
Education . . . . .	3.7
Music . . . . .	2.9
Art . . . . .	2.0
Other subjects .....	9.5
	<hr/> 100.0

Statistics show that the university is becoming more professionalized; liberal arts studies are losing out in competition with courses leading to engineering, medicine, teaching, dentistry, and other professions. The present-day curriculum of universities also shows a shift from prescribed to elective

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studies. There has also been a steady downward shift of university subjects into the High School. Correspondingly the age of entrance to universities has gradually advanced; at present the age of freshmen is two years higher than it was a century ago.

All this evidence seems to indicate—

(a) That secondary education is gradually changing its character. We on this continent are steadily moving towards secondary school standards that have long been established in England, France and Germany. Especially is this noticeable in the downward extension of the secondary school period. At the upper end there is also an extension, but we are far from the position of France which frankly grants a degree to the graduates of her secondary schools.

(b) That we have not considered the philosophical changes of the sporadic changes we are making. Most of the educational thinkers on this continent and a great and increasing number of communities are quite prepared for a change that will lead to a secondary school built upon a six-year elementary school. But few are prepared to change the college to a two year institution and the University into a Senior College *plus* a graduate institution, in which a training for professions swamps the traditional course in liberal arts.

In conclusion, may I indulge myself a little in the dangerous art of prophecy? I believe that ultimately the most probable time division of the elementary school, Junior High School and Senior High School will be that of a 6-4-4 system—six years for the elementary school, four for the Junior and four for the Senior High School. Each as far as possible will be a self-contained unit. Normally the period of compulsory education will extend to sixteen years of age, that is, to the end of the Junior High School. The Senior High School will probably include the institution now known as the Junior College. The University will become more and more an institution for research and advanced study, and a training place for the professions. We might possibly grant a bachelor's degree for successful completion of the Senior High School course just as they do in France for the satisfactory completion of the studies in the second cycle of the Lycée.



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The university degrees will probably be restricted to M.A. and Ph.D., just as they were in mediaeval times.

Such an organization will permit of differentiation of types (vocational and academic) both in the Junior and Senior High Schools, but the elementary training will be common for all. It will probably not be consummated in our time, but we should not blind ourselves to the trend of events.

Of very great significance for Canada is the fact that conservative Ontario is actually planning an upper extension to the High School which to all intents and purposes converts a selected number of High Schools into Junior Colleges. In this regard she is unconsciously taking a leaf from the Roman Catholic Colleges of Quebec. There is a very bitter opposition from the staffs of the universities. I myself believe that the downward extension should first be made. This is a matter of the greatest urgency. At present students graduate from the University of Toronto at an average age of 23+, which as far as I have been able to discover is the greatest age for a first degree in the whole world. The downward extension of the High School would relieve this condition to the extent of at least a year. When the Junior High School is in smooth running order, attention can then be devoted to the Senior High School. It is this reorganization that will call for the highest kind of educational statesmanship, for in its reorganization the vested interests of colleges and universities will be seriously affected. Personally, I do not think the time is ripe for this Senior High School reorganization. We have not sufficiently considered its implications, much less the philosophical principles that should underlie it. Consequently my advice at present is that we proceed steadily with the reorganization at the lower end of the High School. This will take at least a dozen years, probably more. This task accomplished, the time will then be ripe to complete the reorganization at the upper end. I do not think that we can do both at one fell swoop. But I believe that the reorganization of secondary education that I have briefly tried to outline will become an accomplished fact before the end of my natural span of life. Anyhow, I am living in hope that I may see it before I die.

PETER SANDIFORD.

## A DOCTOR WRITES OF THEOLOGY

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### *I. The Doctor's Point of View*

THIS venturing into other people's business is always risky, and it may be that in writing of Theology, the Doctor will overlook some fundamental that he has not been trained to consider. Should he do so he will gladly stand corrected.

There are old differences between Medicine and the Church, differences that are based upon two systems of education. In Medicine one learns to expect a rational sequence of cause and effect because one never sees anything else. One believes that all observed phenomena have a natural explanation and when some inexplicable problem makes its almost daily appearance one feels that with a more complete knowledge a natural explanation will be forthcoming. Following this point of view to its logical conclusion, the scientific mind looks forward with equanimity to the day when in the field of chemistry, or in that vague mysterious borderland between physics and chemistry, will be found the ultimate of knowledge—the secret of life itself.

A doctor is of necessity trained to scepticism. Nearly every day in some newspaper the public is told of a new cure for tuberculosis or cancer or anaemia, or some one or other of those death dealers against which medicine is fighting its long battle. The doctor reads these, too. He even reads some of them in reputable medical journals, but he cannot afford to believe them. He questions all authority, for blind faith when one is dealing with the lives of men is a quality of fools. How much more must this be true when one is dealing with the immortal souls of men! And yet blind faith is encouraged by those who profess to deal with souls.

Paradoxical though it may seem, it is only through scepticism that progress is possible. People who are not trained to this point of view accuse the medical profession of being dogmatic, bull-headed, of resisting advance. "Look at the homeopath, or the osteopath," they say. "They cure people;



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why do not the doctors use these methods?" But these cults are not practising scientific medicine, and the doctor wants proof. He has no motive to boycott a method of healing that has been proven successful, whatever its foundation or origin, but is afraid to venture too far over the treacherous fair-seeming quicksand of empiricism. When the doctor is satisfied that there is virtue in these cults, he will find a place for them in the fold of scientific medicine. Only through such conservatism can there be progress in knowledge, but it must be a conservatism that yields to proof, not one that adheres blindly to tradition.

The doctor's point of view and its origin will now be plain enough. Judge therefore what the doctor must feel when he reads, as he might have done a few months ago, an editorial in the *Toronto Globe*, asserting solemnly on the authority of the Bible, that disease is the result of sin. In the middle ages they blamed the witches.

It is not fair really to blame any Church for an outburst of religious enthusiasm on the part of the *Globe*, but the latter paper is the favoured organ of a large number of people who expect to go to Heaven when they die and probably reflects fairly accurately the religious instruction given to most of them when they were very young. If the Churches can still teach a supernatural origin for disease there must be something wrong with the Churches.

### *II. The Church's Point of View*

Two boys start out at school together, and together receive their preliminary education and at the end they are two boys with very similar views of life—if they think of it at all. Then one becomes a doctor and the other a clergyman and their views of things that matter are likely to become as far apart as the two poles. The influence of training and environment has been at work on these young minds; in the doctor's case stimulating the analytical faculty, in the other seeming to stifle the spirit of inquiry, of independence, and in susceptible subjects even humanity. Is there an outcry at this last? Yet Stephen Leacock's picture of Dean Drone in "Sunshine Sketches" is not so much of a caricature that one cannot recognize in him some pastor one has known.

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The orthodox clergyman's point of view is a product of an educational system which sins not only in omission but in exclusion. It would seem that too much science is a danger from which the embryo clergyman must be shielded. But science is the study of natural phenomena, of God's laws, and so should lead to truth—not from it. Science is distrusted by the Church because it seems to attack certain preformed doctrines the Church has formulated from partial knowledge; and therefore Churches seem to feel that science points away from truth. They must feel this because they teach that to doubt is sin, whereas science teaches doubt a virtue because it is a seeking after truth.

Clergymen miss a great deal by not being well and thoroughly instructed in modern science. They fail to realize the immutability of natural laws; they do not comprehend how inexorably effect follows cause, and they cannot fully appreciate the wonder of a well ordered universe progressing ever onward in grooves as old and strong as the forces that compose it. Then lacking this understanding they presume to teach the truth of miracles. If a man asserts the contravention of a natural law he should at least understand the normal function of this law. If one tells a clergyman that he should read some physiology he will reply: "Good Heavens! Why?"

Clergymen justify their position and teaching on the authority of the Bible; tempered a little now by the science of the nineteenth century, but it remains true that in many theological colleges men are trained to believe things of whose nature they know nothing, without other proof than the statement of an earlier authority—the Bible—which they strive to prevent themselves from questioning. Under such circumstances, blind faith becomes necessary to peace of mind, and reasonable doubts are tormentors sent by Satan to plague the believer. Then the spirit of inquiry dies, beliefs become crystallized and are taught to the laity as facts.

It is emotion rather than reason that permits this and certainly emotions make up much of the religious life. Emotions of various sorts are used by churches to attract, to punish, to comfort; in prayer, in praise, in sacrament. Emo-



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tion is properly so intimately mixed with religion that it may seem right to use emotion also to convince. But this common practice can never be justified.

It is quite typical of the practice of churches in this respect, that certain churches urge the ceremony of confirmation upon children of 14 to 16 or even younger. Therein these children, emotions stirred by the solemnity of it all, subscribe to doctrines they cannot understand, and make vows that many will surely break when they discover that they have been tricked into accepting conclusions without proof, and beliefs without logical instruction. Frequent repetition is a strong foundation for belief but not a very satisfactory one, and repetition is often the only instruction given these children. Blind faith is all that is required of them.

By education, by profession, by environment, the clergyman is so surrounded by the emotional, the spiritual and the philosophical that beliefs are almost bound to become disproportionately important in his eyes; and through a deliberate suppression of the questioning spirit, these beliefs are held in the face of contrary evidence. Where a doubt may reasonably exist, his code refuses to allow even a provisional acceptance, but insists on an emotional conviction.

The desire for accurate scientific knowledge and the reluctance to go beyond this which characterizes the scientifically trained mind is foreign and incomprehensible to the average clergyman, with the result that an argument between an orthodox clergyman and a scientist is often an impossibility. They have so little in common from which to build. The method of theology is so different from the method of science.

### *III. The Science of Religion*

The method of Theology is different from the method of Science. But the method of science is good enough for all ordinary subjects. We dare claim that the scientific method is the only way we know of seeking truth.

The scientist collects a vast amount of information, of observed facts, classifies this and from it builds an explanation which he adheres to only as long as it fits all his facts. If *one* new fact is discovered which conflicts with his first

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hypothesis, the scientist confirms the truth of this fact and, discarding his former theories, seeks new ones. It is nothing to him that old beliefs have been proven wrong. Beliefs are nothing. Truth is what he seeks. In this way only can knowledge be progressive and accumulative, and truth come nearer and nearer.

Why should we not apply the scientific method to religion? Is it because we are afraid of what we might find Marcus Aurelius many centuries ago had confidence enough to say "It is the truth that I seek after, by which I am sure that never any man was hurt."

If we approached religion as we approached any other subject, we would seek for a foundation of which we might say, "This is undoubtedly true," and on this we would build our lesser probabilities, acknowledging and teaching them as such. The creation of the science of religion would surely result in the revitalizing of religion, for if this method were adopted by the many differing sects of Christianity, the union of all churches into one must follow sooner or later. There would be one science of religion, and no essential, faith-bolstered beliefs to keep the churches apart on points of doctrine and on Christian ethics all are agreed. There would be lesser cults of the more poorly educated of course, just as there are in Medicine, but they would be lesser cults after all. Revitalized, united, progressive, free from bonds of faith and threats of heresy, the New Church could wield an influence over human lives that the church to-day can wield only over minds untrained and credulous. One does not expect such a change in a year or a decade, perhaps a century, but it will come.

Blind faith is no teacher. Blind faith is uninteresting. Blind faith is an unconvincing argument to the thoughtful doubter. Blind faith is one cause of the growing dissatisfaction of this doubting age with the Church. Better to abolish all belief based on such, and set out seeking religious truth as we would any other truth. So will the spirit of inquiry bring religion back to life again, and even if we reach a wrong conclusion, surely it is better to have thought wrongly than never to have thought at all. Doctrinal beliefs are un-



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important. Life is the thing. Let us then not be afraid of what we may find but press on as close to the truth as may be.

The doctor does not presume to say that the present beliefs of the Church have been reached without thought. But they have been reached without a proper method of thought, and in the transmission of beliefs from clergy to laity it is assumed either that the laity are incapable of thinking or that it is a sin to think.

### *IV. The Obstacle in the Way*

A physician once had for a patient an old lady with a nasty chronic cough and he told her to remain indoors in rainy weather or when the east wind blew. He came back to see her two weeks later one bright sunny day and found her indoors, gazing out the window.

"Why aren't you out on a fine warm day like this " he said.

"Why, doctor, the wind is east and it has been east every day for the last two weeks and I haven't been able to get out at all."

"But the wind is west to-day, Mrs. Brown!"

Then the old lady took the doctor to the window and showed him the weathervane on a church steeple across the road. It was pointing east, but it was rusted fast.

Mother Church trusts faithfully in her rusty beliefs as the old lady trusted the weathervane, but while we love her for her conservatism and constancy, the time has surely come for her to respond to the fresh new wind that is blowing, and to come out into the life-giving sunlight of a new knowledge.

She seems to be prevented from doing this by a system of theological education that is a relic of early ages when all education was of a similar character, and has persisted because of the insistence of divines upon beliefs and blind faith, because of the penalties of heresy, because a comparatively uneducated public have hitherto been willing to accept teaching so grounded: because people used to be more dependent upon the untamed forces of nature for their livelihood than they are to-day.

Now people look to man as much as to God to control

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the forces of nature for their advantage. Now a little education has been granted to increasing thousands. Now blacksmiths and clerks on hospital wards and doubtless elsewhere may be heard quoting Huxley and Darwin. Now Truth has been brought naked into the market-place and is being unashamedly scrutinized by many untutored eyes. Will the Church give these no guidance? To do so, it must meet them on their own ground.

This is no new era. But it is louder now than it has ever been. Men educated apart from the religious atmosphere have been raising this cry for many years, and this is particularly true of doctors because of their peculiar training. At any rate Sir Thomas Browne, writing his *Religio Medici* in 1635, says, "For my Religion, though there be several Circumstances that might persuade the world I have none at all (as the general Scandal of my Profession, the natural course of my Studies, the indifferency of my Behaviour and Discourse in matters of Religion, neither violently Defending one, nor with that common ardour and contention Opposing another:) yet in despite hereof, I dare without usurpation assume the honourable Style of Christian."

So, apparently, even at this early day the natural course of a doctor's studies led him to question religious beliefs. Now the natural course of so many people's studies is leading them to question beliefs, that a change in religious education for clergy and laity cannot be long delayed. It is true that later on Sir Thomas Browne says, "Since I was of understanding to know we knew nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of Faith." He knew, that is, that God is not a scientific fact—yet he believed. But faith after understanding is not blind faith, but deliberate, reasoning, willing faith; and so a true and lasting faith. This would seem to be the most desirable faith, but clergymen as a whole are not equipped to give us this understanding. Faith should be an intellectual choice, not an ill-defined emotion.

Only when a man knows enough to have an *instructed* faith in God can it be truly said that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The problem of how to give this knowledge is one that Churches must face with under-



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paid servants. The economic obstacles are great. But the science of religion is a way to the economies of church union and to the teaching of religion is the public schools; so that as the science develops the economic problem of providing highly trained instruction with ill-paid teachers may solve itself.

Meantime, for a hundred years or so, with Sir Thomas Browne—

“Search while thou wilt, and let thy Reason go  
To ransom Truth, even to the Abyss below  
Rally the scattered causes and that line,  
Which Nature twists be able to untwine.  
It is thy Maker’s will, for unto none  
But unto reason can he e’er be known.

Teach my endeavours so thy works to read,  
That learning them in Thee, I may proceed.  
Give thou my Reason that instructive flight,  
Whose weary wings may on thy hands still light.

## ADAM SMITH ON EDUCATION

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GREAT men may be known through their books but as often a great man is obscured by the reputation that his *magnum opus* has created. Much the most distinguished member of the multitudinous family of Smiths, is all but hidden behind the classic tradition of the "Wealth of Nations." The knowledge that this is one of the epoch-making books of the centuries has been revealed to wise and simple alike, with the sole exception of John Ruskin, but Adam Smith, the man, remains in obscurity. His individuality has been largely lost in the great stream of thought of which his book was the fountain. One discovers that he was kidnapped by gypsies at the age of three, and that he edited a volume of poetry, with the same unbelieving wonder with which one learned that the composer of the "Mikado" was also responsible for "Onward, Christian Soldiers." No one has as yet whispered it to the Freudians that the "Father of Political Economy" is suspect of having been in his youth a rejected lover and that he displayed an unusually ardent affection for his mother with whom he lived until her death shortly before his own. We may yet come to derive the "Wealth of Nations" and nineteenth century *laissez-faire* policy from infantilism and "mother-fixation." Only John Ruskin, wearying of writing quotations for Italian guide-books, gave a personal estimate. There is no help, however, in his reference to Adam Smith as "the half-bred and half-witted Scotchman who taught the deliberate blasphemy: "Thou shalt hate the Lord thy God, damn his laws, and covet thy neighbour's goods.'" Such a radiation of "sweetness and light" does little to illuminate the character of the men who, in the Theory of Moral Sentiments, put forward *sympathy*, as the basic principle of morality and of society. Some of the lesser of Smith's nineteenth century disciples richly deserved condemnation but the lecturer whose class-rooms students thronged, who helped James Watt in his struggle with the gilds by getting him a post in the University laboratories, and who persuaded the Corporation of Glasgow to remit the *octroi* on the sacks of oatmeal which provident Scottish students brought up with them to the University, was no self-seeking egoist. He was, however, of the eigh-



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teenth century—a century innocent of moral posing, when, as Sir William Harcourt used to say, it was possible to be wicked without being vulgar. It was as difficult for John Ruskin with his moral upholstery to understand the eighteenth century as it is for the twentieth to understand John Ruskin.

It is perhaps one of the chief virtues of the “Wealth of Nations” that its author has obtruded his own personality so little and yet one wishes that there or elsewhere more might have been added to our scanty knowledge of the man. So meagre is our information that one feels a genuine loss when the story of an exchange of salty Billingsgate between Smith and Dr. Johnson is disproved.

In one part of the “Wealth of Nations,” *Of the Expense of the Institutions for the Education of Youth*, we catch some vivid glimpses of Adam Smith, the teacher. By 1776, he had had a varied academic experience. Three years had been spent at the University of Glasgow and six at Balliol College, Oxford. For three years he had lectured on Literature at Edinburgh and for twelve he taught first Literature and then Moral Philosophy at Glasgow. A Professor of Moral Philosophy, however, held in those days, not a Chair but a settee, and Adam Smith gave instruction in Natural Theology, Ethics, Jurisprudence, and Political Economy. That ostentatious expenditure which the twentieth century devotes to motors, the eighteenth devoted to distinguished tutors, and the family of Buccleugh scored heavily by persuading the Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow to become, for three years, tutor to the young Duke. Finally for nine years he lived in retirement and made haste slowly in the writing of his book. Little wonder that his remarks on education smack of experience.

In reading Smith’s views on Education, one is struck by his profound distrust of his colleagues in the academic profession and by an enthusiasm for youth, which eighteen years of pedagogical labour had not dulled. He opposes endowed institutions, particularly those in which control is vested in a body made up largely of “persons who either are or ought to be teachers” because “they are likely to make common cause, to be all very indulgent to one another and every man

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consent that his neighbour may neglect his duty provided he himself is allowed to neglect his own. In the University of Oxford, the greater part of the public professors have for these many years, given up altogether even the pretence of teaching." Evidently the "lad o' pairts," who went with a Snell Exhibition from Glasgow to Balliol in 1740, had undergone bitter disillusionment. Institutions controlled by an official of Church or State he finds equally objectionable. "The person subject to such jurisdiction is necessarily degraded by it, and instead of being one of the most respectable, is rendered one of the meanest and most contemptible in the society." As examples of this type he cites the French universities, of which he knew Paris and Toulouse at first hand.

Like the robust thinkers of all ages, Adam Smith looked on man in the concrete with a discerning realism. With his eighteenth century fellows he might adhere to the perfectibility of man in general, but in judging matters of human policy, the head of gold did not make him forget the feet of miry clay. He would have endeavoured to shape university policy so that a teacher's rewards would depend on his reputation and success as a teacher. His biographer tells us that Smith himself had crowded classes and derived more income from fees than from his salary, facts which did not always earn him the goodwill of his colleagues. Probably the famous paragraph in which he unblushingly exposes professional secrets is not without its personal allusions:

"If the teacher happens to be a man of sense, it must be an unpleasant thing to him to be conscious, while he is lecturing his students, that he is either speaking or reading nonsense, or what is very little better than nonsense. It must, too, be unpleasant to him to observe that the greater part of his students desert his lectures, or perhaps attend upon them with plain enough marks of neglect, contempt, and derision. If he is obliged, therefore, to give a certain number of lectures, these motives alone, without any other interest, might dispose him to take some pains to give tolerably good ones. Several different expedients, however, may be fallen upon which will effectually blunt the edge of all these incitements to diligence. The teacher, instead of explaining to his pupils himself the science in which he proposes to instruct them, may read some



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book upon it; and if this book is written in a foreign and dead language, by interpreting it to them into their own; or, what would give him still less trouble, by making them interpret it to him, and by now and then making an occasional remark upon it he may flatter himself that he is giving a lecture. The slightest degree of knowledge and application will enable him to do this without exposing himself to contempt or derision, or saying anything that is really foolish, absurd, or ridiculous. The discipline of the college, at the same time, may enable him to force all his pupils to the most regular attendance upon this sham lecture, and to maintain the most decent and respectful behaviour during the whole time of the performance."

When to this shocking revelation of the innermost secrets of the craft Smith added direct condemnation, one feels that he has decided to burn the boats of his academic career behind him. It was unthinkable that Oxford or Cambridge would provide a Chair for the iconoclast who wrote: "The discipline of colleges and universities is in general contrived, not for the benefit of the students, but for the interest, or more properly speaking the convenience of the masters. Its object is, in all cases, to maintain the authority of the master, and whether he neglects to perform his duty, to oblige the students in all cases to behave to him as if he performed it with the greatest diligence and ability. It seems to presume perfect wisdom and virtue in the one order, and the greatest weakness and folly in the other." When the "Wealth of Nations" was acclaimed, his colleagues at Glasgow may well have wondered whether they had nourished a genius or a viper in their bosoms. Thorstein Veblen or Upton Sinclair is as likely to be appointed to a Deanship at Columbia as was Adam Smith to be elevated to any of the important chairs of British Universities. He has been preserved in the academic tradition only because so few have read these illuminating passages.

In impressive contrast to this damning characterization of the professional fraternity and the academic system, is his persistent belief in the reasonableness and generosity of youth. Fifteen years of class-room experience and three years of constant companionship of the youthful scion of bold Buccleugh notwithstanding, no one ever wrote more hopefully

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or more enthusiastically of young men than did "the half-bred and half-witted Scotchman." "Where masters," he writes, "really perform their duty, there are no examples, I believe, that the greater part of the students ever neglect theirs." John Rae, Smith's most thorough biographer, tells us that in contrast to his salary of £100, Smith's fees from students were about £150 per annum and that his lectures drew crowds. In 1896, a set of student's notes on Smith's lectures came into the capable hands of Professor Edwin Cannan and was published. More important, in the present connection than the content of these notes, is the fact that the manuscript was evidently a "fair copy" made by a student for the purpose of sale. How few lectures in the form of students' notes would to-day command a premium in the market of any University town! These facts form an interesting and suggestive background for the confident assertion: "No discipline is ever requisite to force attendance upon lectures which are really worth the attending, as is well known wherever any such lectures are given." An impressive pronouncement from a teacher of long experience, the essential quality of whose mind was not inventive genius nor daring speculation, but ripe judgment and strong common-sense.

No teacher ever paid higher tribute to his pupils than did Adam Smith to the Scottish youths who sat at his feet. "Such is the generosity of the greater part of young men, that, so far from being disposed to neglect or despise the instructions of their master, provided he shows some serious intention of being of use to them, they are generally inclined to pardon a great deal of incorrectness in the performance of his duty, and sometimes even to conceal from the public a good deal of gross negligence." Such genuine enthusiasm lies at the very basis of good teaching and weighs more in the balance than the most "scientific" *methods*. It is a wise teacher who attaches little blame to his class and much to himself. One cannot, on Burke's authority, indict a nation; one should not, on Adam Smith's, indict a class.

The evils of the universities, according to Smith, arise from their being public and not private institutions, and from the fact that the professors are under little pressure to exert



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themselves. He states his conclusion in a devastating sentence: "Were there no public institutions for education, a gentleman, after going through with application and abilities the most complete course of education which the circumstances of the times were supposed to afford, could not come into the world completely ignorant of everything which is the common subject of conversation among gentlemen and men of the world." This judgment was passed on the universities of the eighteenth century, but it is not well to dwell too complacently on the distinction.

But the author of the "Wealth of Nations" never pushed his conclusions to their "lunatic fringes," in Roosevelt's phrase. While he condemned the public institutions of higher learning, he strongly approved that corner-stone of the nation, the Scottish parish school. As boy and man he had seen at Kirkcaldy and elsewhere the practical benefits of this public system of education and as always his keen observation and not his more uncertain logic ruled his judgment.

As one emerges from the "Wealth of Nations" the image of Smith, the economist, is not uppermost. Much of his economic reasoning is fragmentary, and much of it has in a century and a half become familiar. Clearer and fresher, however, is the picture of Adam Smith, the man, with his extraordinary powers of observation, strong sanity, and balanced judgment; and to the discerning reader who appreciates the blows, both deft and weighty, which fall on mercantilists, professors, landlords, and civil servants, and who discovers that "An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations" is not a philosophical treatise but a polemic, there is also revealed a "bonny fechter."

Nowhere do we come closer to the personality of the author than in his remarks on Education. There is discovered the secret of his power in the class-room and as a writer. He had a pedagogical enthusiasm of the soundest Scottish tradition; in him the ripe wisdom of the eighteenth century had the necessary ballast of a robust mind. John Morley, whose intellectual and spiritual forbears were also of the eighteenth century, wrote: "The mind is not a vessel to be filled, but a hearth to be lighted." Adam Smith would have agreed.

W. A. MACKINTOSH.

## THE ANIMAL STORY IN CANADIAN LITERATURE

### PART II—C. G. D. ROBERTS

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In 1887 appeared in Boston a volume called *In Peril: True Stories of Adventure*, the joint work of several young authors; to this collection, Roberts contributed *Bear versus Birchbark*, his first story published in book form. It relates an incident that happened to him in the course of his holidays in the New Brunswick wilderness. While paddling his birchbark canoe, he shot at a passing heron, then landed to search for the bird which happened to be merely wounded. He then saw a bear cub fleeing from him and, on returning to his boat, its angry mother; the latter, believing he had aimed at her young one, pursued him in the shallows, then ran along the shore and gave up the chase only after several miles. This tale, slight as it is, may be looked upon as a link between Roberts' actual experiences and his later imaginative stories; like these, it is an anecdote of animals, the only one of his told under the form of a memoir, in the first person.

Next came a group of three stories: *Do Seek their Meat from God* (1892), followed by *The Young Ravens that cry upon Him and Strayed*. As most of Roberts' works, they first appeared in periodicals and were then collected in book form, together with other short stories depicting life in the backwoods or relating some weird dreams, under the title *Earth's Enigmas*. The importance of these three tales in the history of the animal story is considerable. Firstly, the date of their publication proves that Roberts was working in that vein before the publication of *The Jungle Book* (1894), the conception of which is, besides, altogether different. Impersonal accounts of imaginary adventures, they gain in vividness what they may lose in accuracy, give the reader an impression of direct contact with the animals, no longer seen through the writer's eyes. C. D. Warner was the only previous author to apply that method, which was to be that of all Roberts' ulterior animal stories and which, with the true instinct of a great writer, he chose so unhesitatingly. It is equally remarkable that he almost at once reached the highest water-



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mark of his production. In *Do Seek their Meat from God*, a tale relating how a little boy is saved from two hungry panthers by his father's providential intervention, he tries to kindle the emotions by means of all the stock devices of sensational stories such as coincidences and unexpected meetings. The next two tales, however, rank among his finest achievements. In *The Young Ravens that cry upon Him*, a family of eagles is shown awaking at dawn, racked with hunger. The male soars in the morning sky, descries the landscape until he sees an ewe grazing with her new-born lamb. Like an arrow, he shoots down towards them and, when he flies upwards, he holds the lamb in his iron claws, while its helpless mother bleats pitifully. Besides its soberness and dignity, this tale, one of the most poetical in all Roberts' works, possesses a symbolic value: it is representative of the struggle for life which goes on ceaselessly in every corner of the universe and upon which Roberts looks with a serene acceptance of the inevitable. This tale bears a strong resemblance to Leconte de Lisle's poem, *La Chasse de L'Aigle*; it is built on the same theme and suggests the same general thoughts; whether Roberts has been inspired by the French piece, altering the personality of the victim to adapt it to a Canadian scene, or whether he has conceived the episode himself, cannot be ascertained. Although without the broad significance of the latter tale, the third one, *Strayed*, is a fine realistic picture of wild life from which man is similarly absent: an ox, impelled by a sudden desire of freedom, leaves the camp and wanders in the wilderness until he falls the prey to a roving panther.

A long period followed during which Roberts produced no more animal stories, and this reveals a regrettable tendency of his. He too often allows himself to be guided not by his personal inspirations but by public taste and the desire for a popular success and large sales. A Toronto newspaper, alluding to the resumption of his animal story writing, after Seton's success, once accused him of "having yielded to a fad in order to keep the pot boiling."<sup>1</sup> To this he replied a few days later: "In the early eighties, he had written the first three animal stories of the modern type of which he knew. These he succeeded in selling after a couple of years for \$14,

<sup>1</sup>The Toronto *Star*, Feb. 23, 1903.

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\$20, and \$25. The editor of the magazine advised him to stick to his poetry, that the animal stories were like nothing under the sun, being neither fish, nor flesh, nor fowl, so that he wrote no more animal stories until the vogue came, and then editors wrote him, asking him to write more of them.”<sup>2</sup> One cannot but regret that he did not persevere in the new path he had discovered and become the creator of that “fad”, an honour which was reserved to Thompson Seton.

Roberts' next animal story appeared in 1896 (*Savoury Meats*), and was followed by a group of tales published in various magazines and gathered in May, 1902, under the title, *The Kindred of the Wild*. A collection of twelve tales, this book retains a certain unity as all deal with the dwellers in the New Brunswick wilderness and the stories present a general picture of life in these remote districts. The enthusiastic reception that that book met in Canada encouraged Roberts to persevere in the same *genre*: from that time, volume after volume of animal stories appeared under his name. A new tendency of enlarging the field described is manifested in the next one: in *The Watchers of the Trail*, the scene is again laid in New Brunswick, but while large mammals and birds were the only heroes of the tales in *The Kindred of the Wild*, the second collection deals also with smaller animals (muskrat, field-mouse), even fishes and insects (trout, dragon-fly). That extension is carried on further still in *The Hunters of the Silences*: Roberts quits his native province to relate incidents taken from the lives of arctic animals (polar bear and narwhal), of dwellers of the tropical seas (shark, cuttle-fish), and even the doings of the sarracenia or pitcher-plant. More collections follow, dealing mainly with the larger wild animals of the New Brunswick forest, including also occasional excursions to other spheres of wild life. They have no unity of subject or of tone save *Kings in Exile*, in which most of the tales are concerned with wild animals captured alive who either recover their freedom in one way or another or die in captivity. Many pages dating from that middle part of Roberts' career give the impression of having been written on the spur of the moment; composition and style no longer attain such excellency as in his first few volumes. His production slackened after 1913; it is most unlikely

<sup>2</sup>The *Globe*, Feb. 27, 1903.



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that his fifteenth and last volume of animal stories, *They that Walk in the Wild*, published in 1924, will be followed by others, as his writings since that time have been devoted to adventures of prehistoric men, much after the fashion of J. H. Rosny the elder.

The extent of Roberts' production with the corresponding decline in its quality cannot be but a source of regret to the student of his works. As he himself confessed, it is to be accounted for by the necessity of earning a livelihood. "I write always," he said once,<sup>1</sup> "of what has passed into my blood and my bones. I never write for any other reason—except sometimes for the necessary pocket-book reason." The ease with which his imagination creates incidents, coupled with repeated offers from editors who, since Thompson Seton's first success, had always an uncritical public ready for such tales, also contributed to produce that prolificness, various consequences of which appear in his works. In the first place, the desire of catering for not too fastidious a public led him to tell melodramatic stories devoid of all verisimilitude and to seek to rouse the reader's interest and emotions by vulgar means. *The Truce* (W. T.) is a specimen of that class: an unarmed trapper pursued by a hungry bear reached a frozen river. Although it had begun to thaw, the man had no choice but to walk across, still followed by his enemy. Suddenly, the ice broke into floes. Now, it happens that this uncommon occurrence took place a few miles above big falls where a certain death awaited both man and beast. Fortunately, the floe supporting the man ran aground on an islet providentially situated in the middle of the river and overhanging the falls. As the bear struggled to reach the same shelter, the trapper, out of sympathy, pulled him ashore! Alone with the hungry beast, he soon repented his rash deed, when another miracle happened: big logs and blocks of ice formed a temporary bridge over which the man and then the beast passed on their way to safety. The introduction of such fortuitous means of salvation is a convenient device appearing in many tales.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>In the course of a lecture given in Toronto, on Feb. 5, 1925; quoted from the *Toronto Globe*, Feb. 6, 1925.

<sup>2</sup>See *The Invaders and King of the Beasts* (F. F.), *The Freedom of the black-faced Ram* (W. T.).

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In an attempt to sustain the interest, other numerous incidents are crowded into a short period, following one another with true cinematographic speed (*The Fisher in the Chutes*, H. and C.). Various animals sometimes appear in such rapid succession that the wilderness seems as densely populated as a town. For instance, *The King of the Floes* (T. W. W.) gives the impression that animals are swarming on the arctic shores. It is only fair to say, however, that the interest is occasionally well maintained without any recourse to such crude devices: *The Laugh in the Dark* (W. T.) is a perfectly credible "tale of terror."

Roberts' great prolificness carries another consequence with it, the repetition of the same theme with slight variations in several stories. In two of them, (*The Passing of the Black Whelps*, W. T.; *The Invaders*, F. F.) a female mongrel meets a wolf, follows him, gives birth to hybrids, but, hearing a man's voice, takes the latter's side in a fight. Three times an eagle is seen compelling another bird, osprey or cormorant, to yield a fish he had caught.<sup>1</sup> The use of the "moose-call," a small birchbark flute imitating the lowing of the female moose and serving in the hunting season to attract and kill males, is the subject of no less than five different episodes.<sup>2</sup>

Unlike Thompson Seton's, all Roberts' stories are the fruit of his imagination; sources can be indicated only in very few cases. His several tales of encounters between a man and an octopus<sup>3</sup> seem inspired by Hugo's famous narrative in *Toilers of the Sea*, to which he even once alludes. The same incidents are sometimes found both in Thompson Seton and in Roberts, but most of these may very easily have been observed independently by each of them; for example, an animal curing its wounds by applying them to clay,<sup>4</sup> and the forest fire mentioned above. But in one case, Roberts' debt seems

<sup>1</sup>*The Lord of the Air*, K. W.; *Fishers of the Air*, W. W.; *The Black Fisherman*, W. W.

<sup>2</sup>*The Invaders*, F. F.; *A Treason of Nature*, K. W.; *The Calling of the Lop-horned Bull*, S. T.; *Answerers to the Call*, H. S.; *The White-slashed Bull*, H. W.

<sup>3</sup>*The Terror of the Sea-caves*, H. S.; *The Lord of the Glass House*, K. E.; *The Peril of the Green Pool*, K. E.

<sup>4</sup>*Red Fox*, pp. 47 and 231; *Biography of a Grizzly*, part II.



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unquestionable:<sup>5</sup> a fox, pursued by dogs and meeting a flock of sheep, jumps on the back of one in order to break his trail. This unusual incident had already been told by Thompson Seton in *Wild Animals I Have Known* and had provoked Burroughs' censure.

\* \* \* \* \*

As well as the unimportance of Roberts' borrowings, the variety of his subjects demonstrates his powerful imagination.

Few are the tales treating of tame animals living in their natural surroundings. During the last war, he wrote two stories, *The Dog that saved the Bridge* (S. T.) and *The Mule* (J.), accounts of heroic deeds performed by animals. *Mixed Breed* (T. W. W.), dealing with a mongrel dog, is one of his most delicate psychological studies, as will be shown further.

Life in the wilderness attracts him more.

(a) Some tales relate fortuitous meetings of a man and an animal. Whenever the man is in great peril, the sympathies of the writer naturally go out to him; he thus creates situations of tense interest, from which the man almost invariably escapes unhurt. Besides *The Truce*, which represents that class at its worst, one may mention as typical specimens *The Assault of Wings* (H. C.), the story of an airman attacked by eagles, and *The Prowlers* (H. S.) describing the situation of a man alone on a wreck and watched by a shark.

(b) Hunting is the theme of another group; as in Warner's story, the chief characters are never the hunters but the hunted. *The Kill* (W. T.) and *A Treason of Nature* (K. W.), mere records of two episodes in moose-hunting, are among the finest stories of that kind.

(c) Other tales depict the life of animals in captivity, contrasted with their former existence in the wild. The heroes either take a glorious flight towards a regained freedom, like *The Lord of the Air* (K. W.), or meet death in fetters like *The Monarch of Park Barren* (K. E.). Others, born in a cage, succeed in reaching a world of wilderness for which they are not prepared and where they die miserably.

(d) But the most important group, both from the standpoint of number and of originality, deals with life in the

<sup>5</sup>*Red Fox*, p. 14.

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wilderness, far away from man's haunts. Some of these tales may be looked upon as psychological studies while those that relate actions of the smaller animals appear as records of observations taken by a naturalist. Sometimes, one single episode, generally dealing with the search for food, the killing of a prey, is related; such is the case in *The Young Ravens that cry upon Him*. Sometimes, the writer follows his hero from his birth throughout his existence or the greater part of it. Roberts has made a very limited use of biography, probably because he realizes the difficulties inherent to that form. *Red Fox*, the longest and most elaborate of his life-histories of animals, contains pages that rank among his best, but there is not more unity in it than in Seton's writings. It is nothing more than a *roman à tiroir*, a succession of unconnected episodes, so much so that some chapters appeared separately in several magazines before the publication of the book.<sup>1</sup> The few biographies that Roberts has written besides *Red Fox* are short; at their close, the animal is still strong, victorious after a strenuous battle which constitutes a climax. *Red Fox* ends with the hero's escape, representing the triumph of the wild animals, the glorification of their freedom and strength.

Occasionally, Roberts takes a medium course between these extreme forms, the anecdote and the biography, and relates all the incidents befalling an individual or a family during a given period. This method also is open to criticism: there can be no logical link between the events that succeed one another; the personality of the hero is the sole factor making for unity and it is hardly sufficient. The reader is given a sense of completeness in *The Winged Scourge of the Dark* (W. W.), relating the happenings of a single night and ending with the owl's death, or in *The Watchers of the Swamp* (W. W.), describing one day of a bittern's life, with the song of the hermit thrush as the opening and closing note. On the other hand, there are cases when the "slice of life" is cut arbitrarily, the action left in suspense.

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<sup>1</sup>*The Fooling of the Mongrels* (Ch. IX) in *The Independent*, 59: 186-90, July 27, 1905. *The Presumption of Black Mink* (Ch. X) in *The Independent*, 59: 551-3, Sept. 7, 1905. *The Scourge of the Forest* (Ch. XIV) in *The Outlook*, 80: 871-5, Aug. 5, 1905.



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Most of Roberts' stories begin with a description of the scenery. An animal is then shown, doing some particular act. A brief description of that hero, never long enough to appear tedious, follows and the action is resumed. Often, Roberts withholds the name of the animal until the end of the description or even, in a few cases, until the end of the first episode, thus exciting the reader's curiosity. The action then proceeds, generally along a single line. In a few stories, each chapter takes up a separate succession of events and these various threads meet in the last chapter, by means of a coincidence. Roberts does not make an excessive use of this device; nearly always, he endeavours to justify its use and make it acceptable by means of a few remarks.

His tales deal mostly with questions of life and death; fights between animals are given a prominent place in many of them. Aware of their dramatic value, he generally selects combatants of fairly equal strength and, until the last instant, leaves the reader in suspense as to the issue. On the other hand, he occasionally relieves the sombre atmosphere by amusing episodes and humorous remarks; the comical and tragical elements are cleverly blended in stories such as *Up a Tree* (H. C.).

Attention has already been drawn to Roberts' partiality for the objective method. All his works do not contain more than two stories told in the first person: *Bear versus Birch-bark*, which has already been analysed, and *The Bear's Face* (K. E.), in which the hero himself relates his own adventure with a beast. This form makes it possible to add to the narrative a psychological sketch of the speaker as Kipling has done in *Bertran and Bimi*, but Roberts did not use that possibility to any great extent. *The House in the Water* is mainly an account of what a boy witnesses while watching a colony of beavers at several moments, but it includes two chapters (III and VII) that depict incidents happening in the beavers' houses and under the icy surface of the pond, which no man can have seen; although each method is perfectly legitimate, their union is questionable.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the course of his boyhood, mostly spent in the country, close to the "forest primeval" of the land of Evangeline,

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Roberts acquired a thorough first-hand knowledge of Canadian wild animals which was an excellent asset for his later task. He also developed a sympathy towards them which is the keynote of his tales, but which never renders him blind to the deficiencies of his heroes, never makes him idealize them. Aiming at the faithful representation of nature, he does not hesitate to correct the first impression given by the moose's call, even though his remarks destroy the idyllic character of the scene:

"To one listening far down the lake, the call would have sounded beautiful in its way, though lugubrious—a wild, vast, incomprehensible voice, appropriate to the solitude. But to a near-by listener, it must have sounded both monstrous and absurd—like nothing else so much as the effort of a young farmyard bull to mimic the braying of an ass. Nevertheless, to one who could hear aright, it was a noble and splendid call, vital with all sincerity of response and love and elemental passion."<sup>1</sup>

Nor does he ascribe to animals a moral perfection they do not possess; of a mother rabbit, he says:

"She loved her young ones; but she loved life better. She had but one life, and she had had, and with luck could go on having many young."<sup>2</sup>

Like Seton, he assumes that animals can reason to a certain extent: "The exciting adventure lies in the effort to . . . uncover and chart their simple mental processes, to learn to differentiate between those of their actions which are the result of blind inherited instinct, and those which spring from something definitely akin to reason; for I am absolutely convinced that, within their widely varied, yet strictly set limitations, the more advanced of the furred and feathered folk do reason."<sup>3</sup> Were not this taken for granted, it would be difficult to conceive stories such as his, for animals, as heroes of tales, can only interest us in proportion as they share some of man's attributes. But, as has already been mentioned, the greatest difficulty that besets realistic nature-writers is to resist the anthropomorphic tendency, to endow animals

<sup>1</sup>*A Treason of Nature*, K. W., p. 186.

<sup>2</sup>*Wisdom of the Wilderness*, p. 6.

<sup>3</sup>From an article by Roberts published in the *Christian Science Monitor*, April 16, 1926.



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with a certain amount of intelligence, but not to present them as disguised human beings.

Whether Roberts has always escaped that danger is a very difficult question to answer. Very little is known about the life of the wild; even naturalists disagree among themselves as to the degree of intelligence to be ascribed to animals. "It is mainly guess work how far our psychology applies to the lower animals," Burroughs wrote at the end of a life devoted to the observation of nature.<sup>1</sup> Hence, extreme prudence is necessary and the ideas expressed on that subject are to be looked upon as mere opinions.

Roberts denies the faculty of speculating to animals, but believes they can use reason in the pursuit of the few primary desires that constitute all their life. Even Burroughs, who was in no way favourable to animal story writers, said: "In *The Kindred of the Wild*, one finds much to admire and commend, and but little to take exception to. The volume is in many ways the most brilliant collection of animal stories that has appeared."<sup>2</sup> Only in a proportionally small number of cases does Roberts seem to forget he is speaking of animals, not of men. The panthers, in *Do Seek their Meat from God*, "knew the voice was the voice of a child, and something in the voice told them the child was solitary."<sup>3</sup> It seems most doubtful whether animals can thus distinguish the various shades of emotion exposed in a human cry. Is it logical to suppose that a debate like the following one would take place in a moose's mind before attacking a buffalo?

"The moose had been in doubt whether to attack with his antlers, as was his manner when encountering foes of his own kind, or with his knife-edged forehoofs, which were the weapons he used against bears, wolves and other alien adversaries. Finally, he seemed to make up his mind that Last Bull, having horns and a most redoubtable stature, must be some kind of moose. In that case, of course, it became a question of antlers."<sup>1</sup>

Among the higher animals, the fox has a reputation of extraordinary cunning, handed down from time immemorial;

<sup>1</sup> and <sup>2</sup> In the *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1903.

<sup>3</sup>*Earth's Enigmas*, page 22.

<sup>1</sup>*Last Bull* in *Kings in Exile*, p. 9.

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in Roberts' works are retold old tricks of his, to the support of which no authentic evidence could probably be offered. Twice, when caught, he pretends to be dead and succeeds the first time in deceiving men.<sup>2</sup> On another occasion, he uncovers a trap, soils it and leaves it exposed "so that no other of the forest dwellers might be betrayed by it."<sup>1</sup> It is all the more difficult to admit that he acts on altruistic motives as, a few pages further on, we are told that Red Fox takes home and eats a rabbit killed in a trap!

Still more incredible are some passages about communications between animals. Of course, Roberts never makes them speak as fabulists do: that would be in flat contradiction with his realistic conception of the animal story. Although he generally shows more reserve than Seton in that respect and merely ascribes to them the power of expressing a few simple ideas such as danger, joy, etc., his works contain some absolutely unaccountable facts:

"In some way, partly by example and partly no doubt by a simple language whose subtleties evade human observation, she (the mother fox) had striven to impress upon them the suicidal folly of intervening with the man-people's possessions. Easy hunting, she conveyed to them, was not always good hunting."<sup>2</sup>

"She (his mate) gave him to understand that this (a trap) was one of the cunningest and most deadly of all the devices which that incomprehensible creature, man, was wont to employ against the wild kindreds. And she also made him understand that unexpected blessings, like the chicken head, or other unusual dainties, when found scattered with seeming generosity about the forest ways, were pretty sure to indicate at least one trap in the immediate neighbourhood."<sup>3</sup>

Such are Roberts' departures from verisimilitude in the psychology of beasts. Like Thompson Seton's, they are fortunately offset by incidents that illustrate the limitations of animal intelligence. The dim reasoning power of the moose is well shown in the passage quoted below; a bull, answering a moose-call, sees a man instead of the expected female; then a bear, also attracted by the call, limbers forward:

<sup>2</sup>*Red Fox*, Ch. IV and XVI.

<sup>1</sup>*Red Fox*, p. 121.

<sup>2</sup>*Red Fox*, p. 53.

<sup>3</sup>*Red Fox*, p. 121.



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"He dimly felt that the mystery which had been tormenting him was the fault of this particular bear. The man was forgotten. A cow had been calling to him. She had disappeared. Here was the bear. The bear had probably done away with the cow. The cow should be terribly avenged."<sup>4</sup>

On another occasion, the beasts' intellectual deficiencies have a truly humorous effect: a young muskrat, belonging to a litter of nine, is killed by a duck.

"The attention of the little mother was just then occupied, and, never having learned to count up to nine, she, apparently, never realized her loss."<sup>1</sup>

A second way of counterbalancing the humanization is found in the introduction of instinct under various forms. The mother's instinctive love of her young leads her to fight most dangerous battles and even to sacrifice herself for them.<sup>2</sup> The sexual instinct overpowers all suspicions in the moose, when he hears a female calling, and occasionally carries him to his doom.<sup>3</sup> More important still in Roberts' stories is the impulse that calls back animals to their natural surroundings; such is the migrating instinct, in one case in conflict with sexual love.<sup>4</sup> Wild animals born in captivity are shown longing for a life they have never experienced, but Roberts often gives to such tales a romantic ending, somewhat unlikely: feeling lonely, they finally return to man, preferring society to freedom.<sup>1</sup>

Even some domesticated animals are subject to that longing for freedom which reappears after many generations.<sup>2</sup> One of the most subtle and clever psychological studies in Roberts' works comes under that head. In Bran's mind<sup>3</sup> clash conflicting tendencies inherited from his various ancestors. Some were tame dogs who have handed down to him

<sup>4</sup>*The Calling of the Lop-horned Bull* in *The Secret Trails*, p. 72.

<sup>1</sup>*The Keeper of the Water Gate* in *The Watchers of the Trail*, p. 303. Cf. similar incident in *Hoof and Claw*, p. 164.

<sup>2</sup>*The Theft* in *Neighbours Unknown*.

<sup>3</sup>*A Treason of Nature* (*Kindred of the Wild*) and other stories dealing with "moose-call."

<sup>4</sup>*A Gentleman in Feathers* in *They who walk in the Wild*.

<sup>1</sup>The bear in *The Return to the Trails* (W. T.), wolf in *Lone Wolf* (N. U.), puma in *Mishi of Timberline* (T. W. W.).

<sup>2</sup>Ox in *Strayed* (E. E.), and *Brothers of the Yoke* (S. T.).

<sup>3</sup>In *Mixed Breed* (T. W. W.).

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the impulse of watching over his master's sheep; others lived free from man's domination and have left a blood-lust that sometimes emerges in Bran's feelings. When, one day, a dog slew sheep of his flock, he attacked and killed the murderer, but the sight of blood roused all the instincts of his race. His sense of ownership still surviving, he went to a stranger's flock and killed a lamb; at once the taste of blood disgusted him and restored him to sanity. Ashamed and afraid, he returned to his old occupation in perfect submission. It is true that Bran shows a complexity of reasoning processes most unusual in an animal, but every act of his is well accounted for and the tale offers no absurdity.

When one comes to examine the psychology of inferior animals, the defects already mentioned appear far more grievous. It is difficult to subscribe to the attribution by Roberts of feelings to an octopus, memory to a fish, clear consciousness to a bee or an ant.<sup>4</sup> Indeed, it seems almost impossible to build successful stories on the adventures of such beings. Either the author gives them feelings and thoughts, i.e. humanizes them to a certain extent, which cannot be accepted so easily as in the case of the higher mammals; or they are treated from outside, the story being a mere record of what an observer might see of their actions. The facts related are then typical not of the individual but of the species. There is no longer any psychology, any individuality: it is science, not literature. Such is the case with several other tales, open to different but equally serious objections as those referred to above.<sup>1</sup>

As for the education of animals by their parents, Roberts, while recognizing its existence and importance, gives it a much smaller place in his stories than Seton in tales such as *The Biography of a Grizzly*, or *Krag*, for he is not so much interested in the development of the animals' powers as in the dramatic conflicts in their mature life.

Roberts chooses his heroes in a number of species which may be convenient divided into three classes. Firstly, the creatures of the sea, especially the larger

<sup>4</sup>K. E., pp. 46-51; H. S., p. 54; T. W. W., p. 123; W. W., p. 165.

<sup>1</sup>*The Prowlers* (H. S.), dealing with a shark, *Little Wolf of the Pool and Little Wolf of the Air* (W. T.), with a dragon-fly larva and a dragon-fly; the greatest part of *The Citadel in the Grass* (W. W.), and of *Queen Bomba* (T. W. W.).



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and more formidable ones: the ravenous shark, prowling round with his fixed stare on his human prey,—the saw-fish, surging from the depths and raking his opponent's belly with his terrible weapon,—the loathsome octopus, a living nightmare and a fearful antagonist. A second group is formed by the dwellers of the arctic regions: the harmless seal, frolicking in the waters or basking on rocky ledges; the walrus, whose long tusks make him a dreaded enemy; the polar bear, the acknowledged master of these white solitudes. But the place of honour is reserved to the wild beasts of New Brunswick whose ways Roberts knows much more intimately: creatures of the air like the hawk, the migrating wild goose, and the lordly eagle;—inhabitants of the water, the muskrat, the snake-like and sleek otter and her enemy the beaver, whose wonderful dam-building, tree-felling and house-repairing fill many pages;—lastly, inhabitants of the woods and fields, the invulnerable porcupine, the chipmunk, the field mouse, the snowshoe rabbit and their bloodthirsty destroyer the weasel; the cruel lynx, the sly fox, the antlered moose and the bear, most powerful of them all.

\* \* \* \* \*

With so many animals constantly in the foreground, man's place is necessarily restricted. In many tales, he is not seen at all; in others, he appears as an intruder in a world not his own, often crossing the stage too quickly for us to perceive more than a mere shadow, the silhouette of a hunter or animal lover. And yet, no sooner has his axe broken the silence of the wooded solitudes than the animals look upon him as a weird being, to whose powers no clear bounds can be set. Roberts' sympathy for animals does not make him forget the overwhelming superiority of man. In his tales, the latter appears as the ruler of the world, the ultimate victor in his struggles with other beings, and those, if they have any opportunity of watching him, motionless behind a thick screen of foliage, respect and fear his lordship. Only when the wolf pack has hunted in vain for days or when the panther's cub has been stolen from her do they dare to attack him. They are daunted by his masterful voice; his very laugh dismays them. Some, the more intelligent, have indistinct ideas concerning his property and are aware of the advisability of

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keeping away from his dwellings and possessions, to avoid drawing down his vengeance upon them.

How does he look upon them in his turn? Typical hunters are merely sketched and Roberts seldom condemns their doings. Most frequently, the hunting instinct appears in his tales as a temporary crisis, an emergence of the old bed-rock covered by civilization. Some human characters are "back-woodsmen," either woodcutters or trappers, simple sturdy beings, always unwilling to admit that their woodcraft has been foiled, lest their reputation should receive a blemish. They do not devote much thought to animals, a part of their natural surroundings and sometimes their very livelihood. They do not yield to sentimentality, yet they are human. They chivalrously intervene in battles between animals, killing in order to spare cruel sufferings to the weaker one.<sup>1</sup> If a beast that they intended to destroy saves their life, even unwittingly, if one performs an unusual exploit before their eyes, their gratefulness or their admiration overcomes their interest.<sup>2</sup> The old Jabe, who appears in *The House in the Water* and in other tales, is the most representative specimen of that class.

Roberts often endows dwellers of the woods with the consciousness of being watched or followed by some being, on occasions when their senses do not inform them of it; in no less than ten different passages is that faculty shown, mostly in men, sometimes in animals. Does it correspond to a reality? Would it develop in dwellers of the wild, men or beasts, so alert that their subconscious self might perceive dim sensations, normally unheeded? Or is it merely a device meant to make the story more thrilling and increase its interest gradually?

Another class is composed of young people deeply engrossed by the study of the wild creatures and averse to their destruction. Some of them, and particularly "the Boy," who is portrait of the author as he was in his early teens, represent Roberts' attitude fairly well.

\* \* \* \* \*

Roberts looks upon nature as the scene of the dramas, generally depicted before the beginning of the action. Like a

<sup>1</sup>*Fishers in the Air* (W. W.).

<sup>2</sup>*The Runners of the High Peaks* (H. C.), *The Lop-horned Bull* (S. T.), *From the Teeth of the Tide* (H. W.) and other stories.



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playwright giving brief indications of the scenery before the text of his play, he once described it solely by means of sentences without verbs:—

“A perfect dome of palest blue, vaporous but luminous. To northward and south-eastward a horizon line of low uplands, misty purple. Along the farthest west a glimmer and sparkle of the sea. Everywhere else, wide wind-washed levels of marsh, pallid green or ochre yellow, cut here and there with winding tide-channels and mud-flats of glistening copper red. Twisting this way and that in erratic curves, the unbroken, sodded line of the dyke, fencing off the red flats and tide-channels, and dividing the green expanses of protected dyke-marsh from the ochre yellow stretches of the salt marsh, as yet but half reclaimed from the sea.”<sup>1</sup>

More seldom, a little touch of scenery may be found at the end, after a fight to the death, as a contrast between the fleeting violence of animal life and the impassibility of nature. Thus speaking of a porcupine that had just killed a fisher:—

“His sombre and solitary spirit glowed with triumph. Rather hurriedly, he crawled on to his lair, and there set himself to a much needed toilet. And outside his retreat, the first long level rays of the sunrise crept across the snow, touching the trunks of the beeches and the poplars to a mystical rose-pink and saffron.”<sup>2</sup>

He lays a particular stress on the transient features of the landscape, the changes due to the season or the hour. He knows how light transforms the whole aspect of the scenery, how in particular the moon can work a weird enchantment on the most trivial objects, giving beauty and an air of unreality to everything upon which she throws her silver beams:

“In the mystical transparency of the moonlight, the leafy world seemed all afloat. The solid ground, the trees, the rail fences, the serried ranks of silver-washed corn seemed to have lost all substantial foundation. Everything lay swimming, as it were, upon a dream. The light that poured down from the round, gold-white, high-sailing moon was not ordinary moonlight but that liquid which the sorceress of the heavens

<sup>1</sup>Beginning of *When the Tide Came over the Marshes* (H. S.).

<sup>2</sup>Last lines of *Quills the Indifferent* (W. W.).

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sheds at times, and notably at the ripe of summer, lest earth should forget the incomprehensibility of beauty."

With a painter's love of rich hues, Roberts revels in the gorgeous and colourful pageant of the Canadian autumn:

"Autumn on the Tobique passed swiftly in a blaze of colour. A few sudden touches of frost in the night—and then the maples stood glorious in scarlet and crimson, the birches and poplars shimmered in pale gold, the ash trees smouldered in dull purple, and the rowans flaunted their great bunches of waxy, orange-vermillion berries against the solid, dark-green background of hemlock and spruce." <sup>1</sup>

or in that "symphony in red," a picture of sunrise:

"And now the pale streak in the east grew ruddy. Rust-red stains and purple, crawling fissures began to show on the rocky face of the peak. A piece of scarlet cloth, woven among the faggots of the nest, glowed like new blood in the increasing light. And presently a wave of rose appeared to break and wash down over the summit, as the rim of the sun came above the horizon." <sup>2</sup>

"The huge flood poured in in angry glory, almost blood-red in the first gush of a blazing crimson sunrise. In that unnatural and terrifying light, which swiftly softened to a mocking delicacy of pink and lilac, the stack was torn from its foundations and borne revolving up the tide." <sup>3</sup>

His perception of smells is equally keen:

"Above the swollen flood of water . . . washed softly the benign and illimitable flood of the April air. This air seemed to carry with reluctance a certain fluctuating chill, caught from the icy water. But in the main, its burden was the breath of willow catkin and sprouting grass and the first shy bloom on the open edges of the uplands. It was the characteristic smell of the northern spring, tender and elusive, yet keenly penetrating. If gems had perfumes, just so might the opal smell." <sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup>*When the Moon is Over the Corn* (F. F., p. 257).

<sup>1</sup>*Wisdom of the Wilderness*, p. 95.

<sup>2</sup>*Earth's Enigmas*, p. 55.

<sup>3</sup>*The Haunters of the Silences*, p. 239.

<sup>4</sup>*The Haunters of the Silences*, p. 132.



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Nor does he neglect sounds. Moving with a furtive wariness, wild animals always observe the law of silence, upon which depend the success of their hunts and their very safety; thus, in spite of the abundant life they hide, the wild regions are always still, and if, from time to time, a noise is heard, it intensifies the silence rather than disturbs it.

" . . . from the moonlit wilds came not a sound except, from time to time, that vast, faint, whispering sigh, inaudible to all but the finest ears, in which the ancient forest seems to breathe forth its content when there is no wind to jar its dreams." <sup>5</sup>

"In the heart of the cedar swamp the silence was thick, brooding, imperishable. One felt that if ever any wandering sound, any bird's cry or call of way-faring beast should drop into it, the intruding voice would be straight away engulfed, smothered and forgotten." <sup>6</sup>

All these descriptive passages, more patiently wrought than the ordinary warp of the narrative, remind the reader that the author is a poet who knows how to convey the beauty of the scenes he depicts, and at the same time manifest the individuality of his tastes and impressions.

\* \* \* \* \*

One cannot but be struck by the extreme accuracy and vividness of many passages in which Roberts excels in discovering the salient features of the objects described, at emphasizing those by means of a short, well chosen and often original comparison:

"An occasional maple in its blaze of autumn scarlet, or a clump of white birch in shimmering, aerial gold, seen unexpectedly upon the heavy-shadowed green startled him (a horse) like a sudden noise." <sup>1</sup>

"The roots of the trees were half uncovered,—immense, coiled, uncouth, dull-coloured shapes, like monsters struggling up from the teeming primeval slime." <sup>2</sup>

"Both (a moose and a buffalo) had something of the monstrous, the uncouth about them, as if they be-

<sup>5</sup>*The Secret Trails*, p. 54.

<sup>6</sup>*The Haunters of the Silences*, p. 206.

<sup>1</sup>*Haunters of the Silences*, p. 113.

<sup>2</sup>*Neighbours Unknown*, p. 66.

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longed not to this modern day, but to some prehistoric epoch when Earth moulded her children on more lavish and less graceful lines.”<sup>3</sup>

His descriptions, frequent but sober, never stop the progress of the tale; aiming at the essential, he condenses his pictures to the few most interesting features. The narrative element is naturally predominant. Aware that it requires a different method, Roberts replaces the minute selection and delicate chiselling of details by a broader treatment. No longer important in themselves, words and sentences of a classical simplicity are nothing but the most direct and limpid expression of the ideas that the author wishes to convey, and they flow in a current as swift as the stream of events they tell.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thompson Seton and Roberts owe to each other a debt which will be clearly estimated after having summed up the genesis of the modern animal story. In 1886, Thompson Seton wrote the record of a hunt, in terms that could be of interest only to sportsmen and, in 1892, a short narrative in the manner of Indian folk-tales. Meanwhile, Roberts had published a relation of his experiences with a bear (1887) and, in 1892 and 1894, the first two specimens of his own characteristic method. In the latter year appeared *The Jungle Book*, whose great success proved that beasts could become the heroes of interesting modern tales and decided Thompson Seton to write a whole volume of animal stories published in 1898. Favourably accepted in America, it encouraged the author to continue in the same path and Roberts to resume his work, this time with more profit. Having abandoned that form because of its unpopularity at the time he conceived his first stories, he had left to Thompson Seton the merit of opening the way, after which they both produced a number of volumes.

Nevertheless, their works, which reveal their respective personalities, show practically no traces of imitation. To the differences in the method of narration, in the introduction of nature, in the qualities of style, all of which have been pointed out already, a few more may be added. Thompson

<sup>3</sup>*Kings in Exile*, p. 8.



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Seton, it must be remembered, is primarily a naturalist. Although the reader may derive some information from Roberts' books, the latter is not concerned with their educational value. Only one of his tales, *The House in the Water*, has a truly didactic character. It might be called a treatise presenting, under the form of observations and dialogues, the beaver's habits, their mode of building and repairing houses, dams and canals, of felling trees and accumulating winter supplies, etc. The scientific interest predominates and the author's first aim has undoubtedly been to make his readers familiar with beavers. In all his other writings he may impart knowledge incidentally but never designedly.

In many stories, particularly in those where man does not appear, Roberts does not side with the most important hero but presents the events in an impartial way. At first sight, this might be thought to lessen the interest; yet, it sometimes produces very striking effects and imparts to the tale a wider significance, as the analysis of *The Young Ravens that cry upon Him* has already shown. It helps Roberts to impress his readers repeatedly with the idea that, apart from a few exceptions (weasel, mink, horned owl), wild animals do not fight and kill for the sake of fighting and killing, not to satisfy any blood-lust, but merely because such is the law of their life, nay of all life.

In spite of this, killing is a common occurrence in Roberts' pages as well as in the wilderness. Man himself, urged for the need for meat, is sometimes seen fighting the wild kindred, though reluctantly.<sup>1</sup> That necessity is a law of nature: such is the great truth that underlies so many episodes, yet has been expressed only once by Roberts, in the picturesque backwoods vernacular:

"Nature's nature (Dave says), an' ye can't do much by buckin' up agin her. Look now, ye told me to shoot the lou'-cerfie coz he killed the deer kid. But he didn't go to kill it for ugliness, nor jest for himself to make a dinner off of—you know that. He killed it for his mate too. Lou'-cerfie ain't built so's they can eat grass. If the she lou'-cerfie didn't get the meat she needed, her kittens 'd starve. She's just *got* to kill. Nature's put that law onto her, an' onto the painters, an' the

<sup>1</sup>In *Wild Motherhood* and in *Savoury Meats*.

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foxes an' wolves, the 'coons an' the weasels. An' she's put the same law, only not so heavy, onto the bears, an' also onto humans, what's all built to live on all kinds of food, meat among the rest. An' to live right, an' be their proper selves, they've all got to eat meat sometimes, for Nature don't stand much foolin' with her laws! . . . I've thought about it a heap, alone in camp, an' I can noways see through it. Oftentimes, it's seemed to me all life was jest like a few butterflies flitterin' over a graveyard." <sup>2</sup>

Roberts, meditating in the New Brunswick forest, thus came to the conclusion that many had reached before him. Centuries before, Lucretius had written:

Cedit enim rerum novitate extrusa vetustas  
Semper, te ex aliis aliud reparare necesse est . . .  
Sic alid ex alio nunquam desistet oriri.<sup>1</sup>

\* \* \* \* \*

Throwing a general glance at the growth of the realistic animal story, one must needs be impressed by the fact that this literary form is eminently characteristic of the American continent, more particularly of Canada. Its creator was born in the Dominion; its vulgarizer spent his childhood and youth there. If the purpose of the present study was not limited to the history of the genesis of the animal story and the estimation of the respective merits of Thompson Seton's and Roberts' works, it might lay more stress on that fact. Their most eminent follower, Jack London, lays the scene of *White Fang* in the North of Canada, J. O. Curwood that of his *Grizzly King* in the Canadian Rockies; another distinguished writer of animal stories, W. A. Fraser, is Canadian-born.

Most literary *genres* have been implanted in Canada by disciples of European writers; thus some strove to adapt Sir Walter Scott's methods to novels on episodes of Canadian history. The animal story is on the contrary a genuine product of the soil. That it should have appeared and developed there is not the result of chance. For centuries, animals had already played a primordial part in the folk-lore of that country, as they used to play a primordial part in the lives of the Indians. To-day, in this thinly peopled land, the elemental

<sup>2</sup>*The Heart of the Ancient Wood*, pp. 242 to 244.

<sup>1</sup>*De Natura Rerum*, III 977-8, 983.



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forces of nature are still essential. At a relatively short distance from cities where all the manifestations of modern life are to be found, lies the silent forest teeming with animals; in no other country does highly developed civilization come into such close contact with the untrodden and unspoilt wilderness. This accounts for the part that nature plays in Canadian art and literature. The best Canadian painters specialize in landscapes; the best Canadian poetry describes nature; the most original contribution of Canada to literature is the animal story.

MICHEL POIRIER.

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N.B.—The initials following the titles of the stories referred to are abbreviations of the titles of the volumes in which such stories are to be found. Thus H. S. reads *Haunters of the Wilderness*. A bibliography including all Roberts' books is to be found in *Charles G. D. Roberts*, by James Cappon (Makers of Canadian Literature Series).

## "THE PLOUGH AND THE STARS"

By Sean O'Casey

It seems as if the Abbey Theatre were in process of being democratized, and it is rather a question whether it is a change for the better. From *Deirdre* to "Juno and the Paycock" is certainly a far cry, although if you walk round Dublin, Cork or Tipperary perhaps the suggestions that rise before you are rather those of "Juno" than of *Deirdre*. Time was when people used to throng the Abbey Theatre to hear with a wrench at their heart-strings those matchless words with which Kathleen ni Houlihan tears the bridegroom from the side of the bride.<sup>1</sup> Now time has changed: perhaps it is the illusion and disillusion so many have lived through, but Sean O'Casey tells the story of "Easter Week" from the seamy side, and then with a sudden fierceness he turns and rends the pretensions of nationalism and patriotism when they clash with the elemental feelings of everyday folk.

The Abbey Theatre has some right to give this new playwright its stage, for from the beginning Yeats maintained that the theatre's one loyalty was to art. Alongside Kathleen ni Houlihan" and "The Riders to the Sea" they gave "Blanco Posnet" and "The Play Boy of the Western World," which met with a storm of protest, and even in the midst of the Irish civil war the Abbey Theatre opened its season with an Ulster play, "Mixed Marriages." It is this independence and a refusal to compromise or lend the Irish theatre to propaganda which has contributed largely to its unique success. If the Abbey Theatre had no new plays to present it was content to give the old ones or to experiment in foreign masterpieces. And always it had the unique art of its actors and the colour and melody of the brogue to back them up. It is a little difficult to explain wherein lies the excellence of the Abbey play-

<sup>1</sup>*The Old Woman*. It is a hard service they take that help me. Many that have been free to walk the hills and the bogs and the rushes will be sent to walk hard streets in far countries. . . Many a child will be born and there will be no father at the christening to give it a name. They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake and for all that they will think they are well paid.



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ers. It is not that they are better actors: it is perhaps that they are more sincere. They have this in common with the *Théâtre Libre* of Antoine that they scorn the conventional in gesture and acting. They freely turn their backs on the audience and they prefer to take a stance and from it deliver their words leaving it to that and tone to carry the action of the play. They have been fortunate in producing several stars—promptly snapped up by the commercial theatre, and in a tradition of enthusiasm and love of art, all of which combine to make a school of actors, small in number perhaps, who can thrill you, fascinate you and hold you as few companies can.

You enter the theatre through a shabby entrance and find yourself in a small *foyer* with statuary and pictures which has a faint far away suggestion of the *Comédie Française*. You take your ticket and go into a small squarish auditorium. A few musicians drift in and play a piece, not in the perfunctory way of most overtures, but as if playing to a family—for it is a family the Abbey Theatre audience: then the curtain rises and you are in *The Celtic Twilight*—or *Skibbereen* with *Lady Gregory*.

It is in this setting that Sean O'Casey's *Plough and the Stars* is now being given. O'Casey was a newsboy for many years in Dublin streets. Looking at his hard-bitten features one can believe it, for it is a face that seems to know something of the privation, the degradation and the coarsening of the slums and the streets, and it is this atmosphere with all its recent tenseness of battle, murder and sudden death that O'Casey has chosen to reproduce. That he sees it and shows it with a cynic sense of disillusionment is probably due to a variety of causes. Everybody knows all the turmoil and strife that has gone into the creation of the Free State, the martyrs and the gunmen, the patriots and the mob, the Girondins who won and the Jacobins who lost, the dissensions and breaking of old ties and friendships and the cold morning after when Ireland settled down to put her house in order, and slowly to get back to normal. The heart and centre of all this excitement was Dublin, and Dublin is a city strangely divided against itself. It is a place of impossible hopes and a place of cynic indifference at once. On the one hand it was the centre of Republican opposition: on the other it was the one city

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where was possible a monster veteran parade on Armistice Day. It is the most pious city in Ireland, and again it is the one city where Communism begins to make some headway among the workers. As the metropolis, it is the natural drain of the superfluous labour of the country and here you find railwaymen, dockers, brewery workers, the casual labourer and the work shy, the artisans of the thousand little trades of the capital, the flapper shop girl and the army of civil servants from postmen to politicians. Here come the ambitious, the students, the writers, the poets, the journalists, the lawyers, the doctors, all struggling with their keen wits to make a living in a small country overpopulated and undeveloped. For hundreds of years Dublin was the centre of the English pale and so beside the old "ascendancy crowd" there is the so-called *shoneen* class, who looked towards England, copied English ways and English speech. In one of G. Birmingham's earlier novels—before he was doomed to be funny—he tried to depict this shabby genteel class, the pathetic limitation of their lives, and you get a suggestion of the same in the writings of Joyce. And then there is the last class, the shiftless and the desperately poor living on their wits, wits that are sharpened by hunger and want: you see their children running the streets with a curious delicate gait: they go always barefooted and the Dublin streets are hard to their feet, and the pools are cold. You see them crowded in heaving masses of devotion in the churches of the poorer quarters, and leaving strangely moving scrawls of petitions on the shrines of their patron saints.<sup>1</sup>

To understand something of Dublin you have to take into account all these varieties, and the mingling of the mass seems to produce a certain mordant quality in the wit, a certain jumpiness which makes Dublin the highly electric place it is. And this mixed populace seems at last to have thrown up the artist who can limn the features of its slums, and convey the different currents and cross-currents which sway and move it.

For if Yeats is a representative of the Anglo-Norman

<sup>1</sup> "Will some person worthier than I give their prayers to obtain my request?" I read on a dirty piece of paper on a little offering of flowers.



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gentry, and Synge of Protestant origin rather *dépaysé* in Ireland itself, if Moore is the type of Irishman that still survives who is cosmopolitan and European in his culture, Lady Gregory, titled indeed, but with a fairly definite attachment to the soil, Stevens the type of Dublin culture, and Lennox Robinson of the same Cork bourgeoisie as Terry McSweeney, O'Casey is the only man of letters sprung from the people, deriving from them as did the old ballad makers.

In "Juno and the Paycock" he showed that he could make a good character-study, rich in humour, though at times he descends to the slapstick methods of "Jiggs," and "Juno", which promises to be simply ripe farce, branches off suddenly into tragedy rather morbid and melodramatic. In the "Gun-man" we have a satire on the make-believe, the play-acting, the timorousness and the selfishness of certain types, again interrupted by a sudden note of tragic accident with which Dublin in these later years was but too familiar.

In "The Plough and the Stars" Sean O'Casey comes somewhere near writing a great play, and apart from the social comedy of Lennox Robinson and the work of the Ulsterman, St. John Irvine, it is, I believe, the first full length play produced by the Irish theatre.

The play is given in four acts, leading up to the crisis of Easter week. Only the shadow of external events is shown, but that shadow falls blackly on the characters concerned. The first act, *The Tenement*, shows us the apartment of Jack Clitheroe, a bricklayer, his wife Nora, their two lodgers Uncle Peter and the Covey, and Fluther, a carpenter, who is mending the lock of a door when the play opens. Other inmates of the tenement pass by the open door, enter and exit at will. Nora has some social ambitions. As Mrs. Gogan says:—

"She's always grumblin' about havin' to live in a tenement house, . . but you know she's a well up little lassie too; able to make a shillin' go where another would have to spend a pound. She's wipin' th' eyes of the Covey and poor old Peter—screwin' every penny out of them and frightenin' the life out of them; washin' their face, combin' their hair, brushin' their clothes, thrimmin' their nails, cleanin' their teeth—God Almighty you'd think th' poor fellows were undergoing penal servitude."

We are introduced to old Peter, sitting in his vest airing a

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shirt at the fire preparatory to taking part in a Foresters' parade. By his side is a big sword.

"It makes me sick, says the Covey, the socialist, to be lookin' at oul' codgers goin' about dressed like green accoutered figures gone astray out of a toy shop."

While Nora is a climber in one sense, her husband is lured by a Sam Browne belt and rank in the Citizen Army. His wife has concealed from him that he has been offered a commission, so when a messenger comes to summon him for a sham attack on Dublin Castle, a sharp quarrel ensues between them and when he leaves her in a huff, Bessie, the Orange woman, with a son at the front, puts her head in at the door like some choric figure of fate brooding over them.

"There's the men marchin' out into the dhread dimness o' danger, while th' lice is crawlin' about feedin' on the fatness o' the land! But yous'll not escape from the arrow that flieth by night and the sickness that wasteth beday . . . and ladyship an' all, ye'll be scattered abroad like the dust in the darkness!"

But not even with a Norna of the Fitful Head would such alliteration be natural. It is a case surely of the ex-newsboy being carried away by the spell of words.

The next act—The Bar—is a curious one. In one sense the action of the play is not developed at all. Nora does not appear. Jack makes one passing appearance. Yet the drama of events, of which these figures are the silly pawns, marches on towards its inevitable end. The setting is a peculiar one. Looking through the plate-glass windows of the bar we see a platform erected in one of the Dublin squares. The speaker as he moves along the platform is seen at times from the bar and fragments of his patriotic outburst reach the customers within. They are successively the choric figures of Act I. Fluther and the Covey, Peter and Bessie, Mrs. Gogan, added to them an imperturbable barman and a certain Rosie who jumps headlong into the fun. When we remember that this is supposed to be the call to arms for Ireland, the beginning of events leading up to Easter week, there is a certain sardonic humour in the reaction to this call being shown in the sordid atmosphere of a bar. War is in the air but the first skirmishes are between Bessie and Mrs. Gogan, Fluther and



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the socialistic Covey, who holds that "There's only one war worth havin': the war for th' economic emancipation of the proletariat." The barman robs us of the spectacle of a set-to between the two ladies, but when they are hustled out old Peter finds himself left holding Mrs. Gogan's baby, and after a brief entry by Jack and a brother officer we have a song and breakdown by Rosie and the Fluther, the latter being now pretty well 'oiled.'

Act III is the dawn of 'Easter Week.' Outside the tenement is Mollser, Mrs. Gogan's invalid daughter. Fluther we learn is out seeking Nora, who, distracted at the outbreak of hostilities, is searching Dublin for her husband. Peter and the Covey come back with the news of the Proclamation of the Republic, and the shelling of Liberty Hall from the River. At this news out comes Bessie Burgess' head from an upper window, "You're all nicely shanghaied now. The boyo hasn't got a sword on his thigh now." Fluther comes back bringing Nora nearly distraught and her words pour forth a bitter commentary on patriotism:

"There's no woman gives a son or a husband to be killed—if they say it they're lyin', lyin' against God, nature and themselves! . . . One blasted hussy at a barricade told me to go home an' not be tryin' to dishearten th' men. . . That I wasn't worthy to bear a son to a man that was fighting for freedom. I clawed at her an' smashed her in the face till we were separated. . . (*and again*) I tell you they're afraid to say they're afraid. Oh, I saw it . . . At the barricade I saw fear glowin' in their eyes. An' in th' middle of th' street was something huddled up in a horrible tangled heap. His face was jammed against the stones, an' his arm was twisted round his back. . . An' every twist of his body was a cry againt th' terrible thing that had happened to him. . . (*and as she goes into the house*), "They have driven away th' little happiness life had to spare for me. He has gone from me for ever, for ever. . .

Bessie Burgess now comes out to do a little shopping and on her way gives the sick child 'Mollser' a glass of milk. She returns presently with great news. Looting has begun, indeed she has the first-fruits of the spoils with her—a fur, a new hat, three umbrellas, and a box of biscuits. "I was going to wait till I dressed meself from the skin out." The news incites Fluther to a promise of heroic deeds, and off he goes, while Bessie and Mrs. Gogan contend for the loan of a peram-

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bulator which stood idly in the passage. The satiric and the tragic spirit seem to hold alternate sway, for the next scene shows us Jack bringing along a brother officer not "bearing his wounds like stars," as the poet puts it, but squirming in the agony of death. Nora attempts to tear her husband from these things and when she is rudely rebuffed she staggers into the house. A sharp cry tells us she is stricken down—how we can imagine—and it is Bessie Burgess who comes out and wrapping her shawl around her, with bent head grimly faces the bullet riddled streets in search of a doctor.

Act IV is one of horror and desolation, with the satirico-comic spirit still crackling like a fire of dry thorns. We see Bessie Burgess' garret at the top of the tenement; the fighting has driven the occupants from the ground floor. We hear the rattle of snipers' rifles, the song of arriving troops, calls for 'Ambulance!' On a table is the coffin of the dead child Mollser. On the floor Peter, the Covey and Fluther are playing cards. Bessie's entry gives us the story. Nora who has lost her baby is wandering in her mind, still not out of danger. A brother officer comes in with the news that Jack is dead—shot in a blazing hotel. He hides when soldiers enter to convey the child's coffin on its journey. Mrs. Gogan follows with all the pomp of grief. A corporal returns and tells Fluther & Co. that they must evacuate the building for an improvised concentration camp—to Peter's horror it is in a Protestant church. Evidently the stage is being cleared for the last scene. Bessie, dazed with incessant watching, has dropped asleep in a chair, and Nora comes in. Her mind is still vacant and she starts to prepare her husband's tea, humming the song Jack sang to her in the first act. The unfamiliarity of her surroundings remind her of the dreadful past. She begins to call for Jack and her baby. Bessie (waking): "You divil, are you after getting out of bed again?" Nora rushes to the window and calls. Soldiers shout from without. Bessie struggles to get Nora away from the window, interposes herself and is shot. With Nora backing against the wall in uncomprehending horror, Bessie tries to paddle across the room to get aid. She curses Nora for being her death, weakens and sinks on the floor. "Jesus Christ, me sight's goin'. It's all dark. Nora hold me hand"—and she dies with a maudlin



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hymn on her lips. The choric characters re-enter, Mrs. Gogan, the Sergeant, the Corporal—"Ow Gawd, we've plugged one of the women of the 'ouse," and the curtain falls as Mrs. Gogan stretches a sheet over Bessie and leads out the unconscious Nora, with the troops below singing 'Keep the 'ome fires burning.'

No one will deny that this is a powerful climax and the concluding horror is represented with the stark intensity of the Russian stage. The most striking thing in the play, as has been already indicated, is the way in which external events, the struggle of 'Easter week,' are shown simply by their effects on the characters of the play, who themselves are only lookers on. Or again, you may consider it as representing 'Easter week' as some alien happening suddenly injected into Dublin life. Says the Covey:

"Out comes General Pearse and reads the Proclamation. Mr. Gogan: What Proclamation? The Covey: The Proclamation of the Irish Republic. Mrs. Gogan: Go to Gawd!"

The outbreak of the rebellion, or the proclamation of the republic, call it which you like, are for most of them the unchaining of anarchy, the wild excesses of looting. For Nora it is simply tragedy, as she sees and feels all along, and never has the issue between the state and the individual been put better than she expresses it. The fate of Bessie is not exactly tragic, for it is unnecessary, and true tragedy we always accept as the inevitable solution of a problem. The real tragedy is the fate of Nora; this is only a tragic futility and the fact gives a justification for the crude violence which attends it. The play shows some trace of being touched here and there by another hand, certainly that of Lennox Robinson who directs it (one recognizes his method in some of the stage directions), perhaps also by Mr. Yeats. The entry of Bessie at the end of the first act (already quoted) is a case in point. She has no actual business there, she contributes nothing to the action, except that the fact that it is a tenement is brought out by the free way in which the inmates move from one apartment to the other. But her entry immediately after the quarrel and the separation of the young pair—they never meet again—and her foreboding Cassandra-like words prepare us for what is coming and emphasize that the parting is not

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trivial but highly significant. It is difficult to imagine that the prentice mind of O'Casey should have devised all this.

The language and the character of the *dramatis personae* have been called in question in Ireland just as were those of "The Playboy of the Western World." It is said Irish people don't talk like that, nor would the real Irish act like that, but only the slum dwellers, the lowest caste. But the slum is a characteristic of Dublin. The insouciance of the Celt leads to it, the unprogressiveness of certain vested interests, always opposed to any reform, perpetuates and accentuates it; and in the slum you do not get people who act nicely and with decorum but according to primitive and elemental appetites and inclinations. So effectively is the slum a Dublin institution that the Corporation has resisted all efforts to reform it or do away with it, and it remains, what should be a place of hopeless squalor and misery, but as yet a place where somehow life is lived not without some sunshine and mirth.

It is a jarring scene where the Covey, Fluther and Peter play cards on the floor by the coffin of the girl Mollser, and I do not think it is natural for old Peter to be doing so. He surely should be on his knees with his rosary. Fluther's mind we know. "I think we should have as great a regard for religion as we can, so as to keep it out of as many things as possible." But Peter we know to be the normal religious type and it is idle to pretend that religion has not a strong hold on the normal Irishman. O'Casey is very likely of Protestant origin, witness his familiarity with well-known hymns and his regular use of Biblical phraseology, and it may be that his knowledge of the religious attitude of his Catholic countrymen is purely external.

As for the language, it is another question. Synge makes his peasants speak for the most part a mellifluous prose, and one of the attributes of the Irish is to be fully articulate. These characters are articulate, but more in the sense that they can keep running on than that they express thoughts in coherent form. "Nothing derogatory'll happen to Mr. Clitheroe: you'll find now in the finish up it'll be vice-versa," says the Fluther. "If th' two o' yous don't thry to make a generous altheration in your goin's on an' keep on thryin' t'inaugurate th' customs o' th' rest of th' house into



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this place, yous can flit into other lodgin's where your bowry battlin'll meet maybe with an encore." Thus Nora expresses herself, and surely in both cases we have instances of uneducated people trying to use language which the newspapers have made them familiar with, although they do not comprehend it. That is a common phenomenon of any urban civilization and is not to be taken as a slur on any class of Irish. Inevitably in a big centre of population you have breaking down of speech, of customs, of an older seemliness of peasant ways, and I have already tried to indicate that Dublin is the mixing ground of many elements where this process is taking place.

It will be interesting to watch the further development of Sean O'Casey. The advance from "Juno and the Paycock" to "The Plough and the Stars" is so great that there is the promise of still greater things. And yet it is possible that he has done his best in this picture of 'Easter week.' He can hardly return to the same theme and it is unlikely that anything can have stamped itself onto his mind with the intensity of the events of the Irish Revolution. There is a suggestion that his art is partly photographic—the registering of observation. Whether he has a true imaginative power is still to be seen. As in all semi-educated minds one finds a certain tendency towards violence and morbidness for their own sake. This is particularly true in the earlier plays. Any approach on his part to a sex play—it is likely enough—will inevitably mark a decadence in his art, and he is not concerned enough about social questions—poverty, misery and crime—to find a theme there. "Juno and the Paycock," on the other hand, gives some promise of a real comedy of low life, and that is one of the channels where one looks for development in the Irish theatre.

W. M. C.

## LISTER—THE MAN

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AS a keynote for our tribute to the memory of one of the greatest of modern healers and saviours of mankind, let us recall the words of the son of Sirach in the old Wisdom Literature of the Hebrews:

“Honour a physician with the honour due unto him for the services which ye may have of him, for Jehovah hath created him. From the Most High cometh healing, and the physician shall receive honour of the King. The skill of the physician shall lift up his head and in the sight of great men he shall be had in admiration. Jehovah hath given men skill, that He might be honoured in His marvellous works. With such doth He heal men and taketh away their pains. Of His Works there is no end and from Him there is peace over all the earth.”

Joseph Lister was born a century ago—on the fifth of April, 1827—in a quaint old Queen Anne mansion, Upton House, in the ancient county of Essex, the son of Joseph Jackson Lister and Isabella Harris, his wife. The Listers came of Yorkshire yeoman stock and had been members of the Society of Friends since the beginning of the 18th century. Lister's grandfather came up to London and founded a flourishing business in the wine trade. This business he handed on to his son, who prospered still more therein and was able to acquire Upton House and its policies as his country home. Joseph Lister's mother came also from a Quaker household.

At Upton their next neighbour was Samuel Gurney, the great Quaker banker; and the circle of Friends who met at Plaistow near by on Sundays and Thursdays included Elizabeth Fry, the devoted worker in the field of prison reform, besides the Barclays, Fowell Buxtons and others famous as pioneers in anti-slavery and all other movements for higher freedom.

In the early years of the 19th century it still meant much to be a member of the Society of Friends. The persecution which George Fox and his followers suffered at first had long come to an end, but Quakers were still excluded from Univer-



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sity degrees because they could not sign the Thirty-Nine Articles of the State Church. Bearing their "Christian testimony against war" they would not enter the Army or Navy; objecting to litigation among themselves, on Christian principles, they left the legal profession out of count; nor did they then, as a rule, enter into political life. Intermarriage among their own persuasion was a necessary condition of remaining in its membership, and this led to a strong clan fellowship and solidarity among them. Their insistence on the sole authority of the inward light in each individual soul and their emphasis on a sane, self-controlled, simple way of life, on a high ethical plane of conduct, and on strenuous service to the common weal, bred among them a high type of individual character and good citizenship.

Joseph Lister's parents were fine examples of the type. Although engrossed in a large business, Joseph Jackson Lister was a skilful artist in line and in water colour—a fact attested by many existing portraits—and a pioneer in the development of the compound microscope. He worked out the theoretic basis upon which depended the principle of the achromatic lens, and he himself ground the lenses which he designed. He was made an F.R.S. in 1832.

Young Joseph went to Quaker schools for some years, showing proficiency in classic studies, but he also took to the practical study of Natural History, and soon declared his intention of becoming surgeon. The early letters that passed between father and son show how graciously family life took its happy and varied course in Quaker homes of this type. The days seemed, as in Wordsworth's ideal conception, to be "bound each to each by natural piety." The fullest freedom of development for body and mind was evidently the privilege of these gifted and happy young people, and this freedom was pursued under the restraint of high principle so willingly accepted as to be instinctive and almost unfelt.

At the age of seventeen young Lister entered London University, which had been founded but a few years previously upon "no test" principles. After taking his B.A., he began his medical studies at University College Hospital in 1848. He was house-surgeon under Erichsen in 1851, at a period when the hours of one afternoon each week sufficed

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for all the operations done by the three surgical chiefs. Anæsthesia had arrived in 1846, but disaster often followed the most trivial operations from the prevalence of many types of malignant sepsis.

Lister was M.B. London and F.R.C.S. by 1852, and already he was searching with his father's microscopes for fungous growths in the tissues of those dying from hospital gangrene. His earliest papers on research of a histological character belong to this period. It must always be remembered that Lister, like his own ideal surgeon, John Hunter, came to surgical manhood through a long course of study as a naturalist and more especially as a pathologist.

The two teachers who impressed him most at King's were Wharton Jones and Sharpey. They were both Edinburgh graduates, and the tradition is that it was chiefly through Sharpey's influence that Lister was attracted, in 1853, to making a visit to Syme's Surgical clinic in Edinburgh. Syme, the formidable, was at once charmed by Lister's personality, and in September of the same year Lister was settled in Edinburgh as resident house-surgeon and as first assistant to Syme in his private practice. He was received into the brilliant medical group which then frequented Syme's beautiful home, "Millbank", on the south side of the city. Simpson was the only one missing, as he and Syme were then at daggers drawn over some point of controversy. It was not long before Lister was trusted to do some clinical teaching and to operate before the class.

In 1856 he married Agnes, Mr. Syme's eldest daughter—a marriage which proved to be of the kind "made in heaven." The church connection of his wife compelled Lister to withdraw from the Society of Friends, and he attached himself to the Church of England in Edinburgh. At the same time he set up in independent practice, and as a teacher of surgery in an extra-mural capacity. An important series of papers were the product of these years—on inflammation and on the structure of non-striped muscle. In 1856 he became assistant surgeon on the staff of the Old Infirmary, continuing his extra-mural teaching. Into this he introduced the great innovation of having students do simple operations before the class.



## LISTER—THE MAN

In 1860 he was appointed Regius Professor of Surgery in the University of Glasgow, a city then of 360,000 people, at a salary of four hundred and fifty pounds, and in 1861 was given a surgical ward in the Infirmary. His first winter's class numbered one hundred and eighty-two.

His brilliant gifts now blossomed forth in every direction. Every morning early he was at work in hospital, lectured daily, and carried on private consultations in the afternoons and research at night. Here he perfected several new operations and laid the foundation of the antiseptic system. How much this was needed one instance will suffice to show. Lister's first chief, Erichsen, considered that a twenty-five per cent. mortality after simple amputations was a record not to be ashamed of. It was often much higher.

Lister first learned of Pasteur's illuminating researches on fermentation in 1865 and felt that there must be the true explanation of the "putrefaction of blood" in surgical wounds, which he had always blamed as the starting-point of the septic diseases. He concluded that causative germs must be implanted at the time of accident or at the operation.

In 1869, Lister returned to Edinburgh to occupy the Regius Chair of Clinical Surgery formerly held by his father-in-law, James Syme. In his second Edinburgh period Lister passed eight fertile and happy years, continually striving after new means of perfecting his method and preaching the gospel of antisepsis on all possible occasions.

In 1874 Lister first wrote to Pasteur, enclosing an article setting forth his antiseptic methods and expressing his indebtedness to Pasteur's researches into the bacterial causes of fermentation as providing the germinal idea underlying his antiseptic practice. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted till Pasteur's death.

In his reply, Pasteur thus eulogises Lister's work:

"I am extremely surprised at the precision of your manipulations, at your perfect comprehension of the experimental method, and it is an enigma to me that you can devote yourself to researches which demand so much care, time, and incessant painstaking, at the same time as you devote yourself to the profession of surgery and to that of chief Surgeon to

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a great hospital. I do not think that another instance of such a prodigy could be found amongst us here."

In 1877 Lister was appointed additional Professor of Clinical Surgery at King's College, London, as successor to Sir William Ferguson. His students made a strong effort to dissuade him from accepting the London chair and presented him with an address expressive of their admiration of him as a teacher and as a man. In his reply Lister said that as far as personal choice went he would prefer to stay in Edinburgh, surrounded by friends full of sympathy and enthusiasm, for he felt that in London he would be "immersed in a sea of troubles." "Nevertheless," he said, "I feel it my duty to face the opposition in spite of all that it may entail."

He insisted on bringing with him to London two house-surgeons (graduates), and two senior students as dressers, men thoroughly versed in his own technique. The two house-surgeons were Sir Watson Cheyme and Dr. John Stewart, of Halifax, N.S., one of our most honoured veterans.

Lister's reception when he arrived at the centre of the British surgical world was at first chilling. John Stewart has given us a vivid account of the dismay of his young henchmen in face of the apparent neglect of their revered master. He had but twenty-four hospital beds and of students about the same number, and these not very enthusiastic at first, so that progress was slow and discouraging.

Continental and American observers kept constantly coming to observe the new methods, however, and Lister's life continued to be full with teaching, operating, consulting, and everlasting experimenting with new dressings, new instruments, new ligature material, and the writing of paper after paper giving his latest views and results.

Lister was frequently called upon to represent British surgery as the guest of French and German Conferences. His adequate knowledge of these languages, together with his distinguished appearance and perfect urbanity, brought honour to himself and to his country upon these occasions.

In order to illustrate his modesty of statement when reporting certain remarkable results of antiseptic practice, let me quote the following brief extracts. The first is from a report of a case of malunion after fracture-dislocation of



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both bones at the elbow. On showing the case four weeks after the operation, which involved division of the ulna with heavy bone pliers, excision of the head of the radius and reposition of the bones, he said:

"In some respects it would have been more satisfactory if sufficient time had passed to permit reunion of the ulna so that the usefulness of the limb might be tested. But as an illustration of antiseptic treatment, the case is already complete. In this respect I cannot but hope that it will be thought instructive. It is an example of a procedure otherwise highly dangerous, if not unwarrantable, rendered not only legitimate, but entirely free from risk, simply because, from the circumstances of the case, and the improved means at our disposal, we could calculate with certainty on avoidance of putrefaction."

And in an address delivered at the meeting of the British Medical Association at Dublin in 1867 he spoke thus:

"Since the antiseptic treatment has been put into full operation . . . my wards, though in other respects under precisely the same circumstances as before, have completely changed their character, so that during the last nine months not a single instance of pyaemia, hospital gangrene, or erysipelas has occurred in them. As there appears to be no doubt regarding the cause of this change, the importance of the fact can hardly be exaggerated."

Lister wrote his papers with laborious care and was seldom quite ready for the occasion when it arrived. They were written in the simplest and directest of good English speech, with the utmost candour in meeting objections of any sort—the mere reflection of the perfect honesty, simplicity and thorough scope of his research work itself.

It must be remembered that he inherited much of his father's artistic gift, and even his earliest boyish papers on bones and comparative anatomy are illustrated with beautiful pen and wash drawings. This deftness with his hands was no doubt of the greatest help in his laboratory and in his surgical work.

In 1891 the British Institute of Preventive Medicine, an equivalent in part of the Pasteur Institute in Paris, was opened in London, with Lister as first chairman. The objects

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of its existence were declared to be "to discover means for the preventing and curing of infectious diseases of man and animals and to provide a place in which research may be carried on." In 1897, at the centenary of Jennerian vaccination, the Institute's name was changed to that of the "Lister Institute" and it entered into new and better quarters in Chelsea Gardens.

In December of the year 1892 Lister was greatly honoured by becoming the mouthpiece of British Medicine and Surgery in offering homage to Pasteur on his 70th birthday, at the historic meeting in the Sorbonne.

Lister was called upon first among the foreign delegates to present his address of greeting and tribute, and was received with a great outburst of cheering. At the end of the address Pasteur rose from his seat, came forward leaning on President Carnot's arm, and embraced his friend—a moment electric with profound significance, not only for those privileged to participate in it, but for all sympathetic souls who perceive in it a symbol of the august fraternity of the gifted sons of science who consecrate, in comradeship, the noblest gifts in a life of endless toil for the healing of their fellow-men.

In 1893 an irretrievable loss befel Lister in the death of Lady Lister, his companion and collaborator for so many years, after a few days' illness of pneumonia. This calamity darkened and saddened the rest of his life.

In 1895 he was elected President of the Royal Society, and was made a Peer of the Realm in 1897 with the title of Baron Lister. The same year he visited Toronto, when the British Association for the Advancement of Science met there; and Montreal shortly afterwards, when the British Medical Association held its annual session.

All the papers he thought of permanent value as a record of his various researches were published in 1909 in two handsome volumes.

He was one among the first group elected to the new Order of Merit established by King Edward VII in 1902. The last ten years of his life were spent in retirement, and on February 10th, 1912, he died, full of years and honours, and was



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laid to rest, after a notable funeral service in the Abbey, in the quiet cemetery at West Hampstead, beside his wife.

The only adequate attempt known to me to give us a detailed description of the outward form and manner of Lister as he moved about his daily work in the prime of life, is that contained in Section II of Dr. John Stewart's *Listerian Oration* of June, 1924, delivered before the Canadian Medical Association:—

“He was then in the prime of his strength. In face and figure he was one of the handsomest men I have ever known. His brown hair was beginning to turn grey. His bright expressive eye was a clear hazel colour, and he had a pink and white complexion which any debutante might envy. He was tall, about 5 feet 11 inches, exceedingly well proportioned, active in his movements, and gave the impression of vigorous health. With all this manly grace and vigour and an energy that carried him swiftly through the corridors of the hospital, and up the stairs, two steps at a time, there was then, and on into serene old age, an indescribable air of gentleness and even shyness. I always felt that there was a quaint fragrance, so to speak, of the innocent happy child in Lister.

“He was always plainly dressed in the conventional frock coat and silk hat of the professional man in Victorian days, with a narrow black tie in a bow knot, with mother-of-pearl shirt-studs, and usually light grey trousers. Sometimes he wore a light fawn-coloured overcoat. He was fond of horses, and we used to think his favourite pair, a black and a dark grey, the finest pair that drove to the hospital gate.”

The fact that his hands are said to have been square and strong with short broad-pointed fingers, rather suggests that the artistic side, distinct though it was, was subordinated to the constructive practical side of his genius. His countenance was singularly engaging at all ages of which memorials of it are extant. Deeply serious and thoughtful, calm, patient and reserved, full of concealed strength, it was also full of a rich sweetness, with unmistakable signs of latent humour.

A brilliant pen portrait of Lister is preserved in the fine sonnet among W. E. Henley's *Hospital Rhymes and Rhythms*, entitled *The Chief*. It breathes the allegiance and gratitude

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of a devoted patient, and the tradition is that all his patients, especially the children, loved Lister. Henley was himself a patient in the Old Infirmary in Lister's days of Junior Surgery, having come up from his home in Gloucestershire to be treated for a tubercular ankle.

"His brow spreads large and placid, and his eye  
Is deep and bright, with steady looks that still.  
Soft lines of tranquil thought his face fulfil—  
His face at once benign and proud and shy.  
If envy scout, if ignorance deny  
His faultless patience, his unyielding will,  
Beautiful gentleness, and splendid skill,  
Innumerable gratuities reply.  
His wise, rare smile is sweet with certainties,  
And seems in all his patients to compel  
Such love and faith as failure cannot quell.  
We hold him for another Herakles,  
Battling with custom, prejudice, disease,  
As once the son of Zeus with Death and Hell."

The affection of one of his old residency friends breathes in the tale told by John Beddoe of a scrape he got Lister into and the fortunate escape therefrom. This may be found in Beddoe's book, *Memories of Eighty Years*.

"If I had killed my friend Lister that summer, which I went near to doing, how much would have been lost to the world and to millions of its denizens. Everybody who has ever been in Edinburgh has seen the long line of cliff called Salisbury Crags. It is like a crescentic tiara, highest in the middle, where it may rise to seventy or eighty feet, and there, oddly enough, is the only place where it is climbable by anybody but an Alpinist. A broad fissure cuts back into the rock from top to bottom, and is called the Cat's (Wild Cat's) Nick. I had often ascended by it, and I persuaded Lister that Walter Scott had climbed there (which I believe he had done), and Robbie Burns, and Christopher North, and that in fact it was a feat not to be left undone. So we went thither one day to attempt it. Lister had been overworking himself, and before I, who was leading, had accomplished more than half the ascent he said to me:

"'Beddoe, I feel giddy; would it not be foolish in me to persevere to-day?'"



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“ ‘Certainly,’ I replied. ‘Let us postpone it till you are in good condition, and I began to descend.

“I suppose much experience of the place had made me careless. A large fragment came away in my hands, and the stone and I both fell upon Lister. He was looking up at the time, and squeezed himself cleverly against the face of the cliff; but the huge stone struck him on the thigh with a grazing blow, and then whirled down the talus below with leaps and bounds, and passed harmless through the middle of a group of children who were playing hop Scotch at the bottom right in its way.

“Lister was badly bruised, but no bone was broken. I went off at once to the Infirmary and procured a litter and four men, wherewith I returned to Lister. As our melancholy procession entered the courtyard of the surgical hospital, there met us Mrs. Porter, the head nurse then and for many years after. She wept and wrung her hands, for Lister was a universal favourite.

“ ‘Eh, Doketur Bedie, Doketur Bedie. A kent weel hoo it wad be. Ye Englishmen are aye sae fulish, gaein’ aboot fustlin’ upo’ Sawbath.’

“I do not suppose Lister ever whistled on Sunday, I am certain I did not, for I never could whistle in all my life, but we had suffered for the national offence. We were both in bed for a fortnight.”

Everyone was impressed by the devotion and consideration that Lister lavished upon his public ward patients. Stewart tells of dressing a case one day—that of a small street-Arab whose wrist Lister had excised for tubercular disease, one of his own operative innovations. The boy paid no attention to his own wrist nor to Dr. Stewart’s manner of dressing it. His eyes were glued upon the beloved figure of the Chief passing from bed to bed. As Lister left the ward the lad turned at last to his dresser and said: “I think its the little yins and the auld wimmin he likes best.”

Of the devotion of the young graduates who served under him as house-surgeons let John Stewart’s words suffice in illustration:

“The difficulty will be for any man to find language to express what our Master was to us. We knew we were in

## QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

contact with Genius. It is beyond my power to express the feeling of reverence and love I have for Lord Lister or to say how much his life has meant to me."

And the late Dr. Malloch of Hamilton, one of Lister's house-surgeons in 1868, wrote many years later: "Many of the students of my day, reading of the honours conferred on their old teacher, have seen the page blurred before them, and, returning thanks for the great privilege that had been theirs, must have regretted that they had not made a better use of it."

Lister's nephew and biographer, Rickman Godlee, says that all his students became his friends, and that their affection was not diminished by the fact that, on occasion, he could be very severe.

Speaking as president of the British Association at the Toronto meeting in 1897, Sir Michael Foster said:

"In early life Lord Lister belonged to a society the members of which called all men Friend, and now, in turn, because of his inestimable beneficence and service to mankind, all men the world over call him Friend."

Happy are the sciences which, rich as they are in glorious names and noble memories, can cherish with pride such princely exemplars as Louis Pasteur and Joseph Lister. "Lovely and pleasant were they in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

Richly endowed as they were with those divine gifts for men of which the Son of Sirach spoke to us at the outset, champions of right mettle for the truth, they were clothed in simplicity and modesty as with a garment, and shed, each of them, the radiance of a pure and devout spirit wherever the call of their great life-work found them.

As we reflect upon the honoured close of the lives of such chieftains of science as these, we can sincerely recall Milton's great lines on Samson's death:

"Nothing is here for tears, . . . .  
. . . . . nothing but well and fair,  
And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

Or those lines of a great woman novelist:



## LISTER—THE MAN

"O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence, live

\* \* \* \* \*

In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge men's search  
To vaster issues."

Let our last thought of Lister be that he still lives and moves among us as we use and develop the great legacy which his fresh insight and patient discoveries have bequeathed to us. "Down to the last syllable of recorded time" shall his "works follow him," carrying ever fuller streams of healing to all the nations.

THOS. GIBSON.

## TATTERHEAD

The old man's vacant stare was out to sea,  
His back against the bollards on the quay;  
His face was of that wind-taut grain  
As if his skin had never brooked  
A calm; as if his eyes had looked  
On nothing but the whip of salt and rain.  
Day after day  
He spent that way,  
Making no sound  
But the scratch of a jack-knife on the bung  
Of a Demerera sugar-keg,  
And an intermittent thump  
Against a loosened timber as his leg,  
Made up of cork and hickory, swung  
Upon the swivel of his rump.

"They call that fellow—Tatterhead,  
A harmless, witless fellow," said  
Leopold to Theodore,  
As arm in arm they strolled along the shore.  
"A beastly, uneventful life indeed,"  
Quoth Leopold, whose tender mouth  
Was sucking at a chocolate maraschino.  
"They say he cannot write nor read,"  
This from the lips of Theodore,  
Whose head was sleekly combed below  
A tilted Borsalino.  
"Come, let us go; these blasted rains!"  
So home they went,—and with their deadly canes,  
They murdered dandelions by the score!

But eighteen years before, one wild March night,  
When those young bloods,  
In the rose glow of candelabra light,  
And sleek with olive oil and Castile suds,  
Were drooling on their bibs,  
This weasened tar, through bonds of ice and hemp,  
Incorporate with a wheel,  
Had watched two shuddering jibs  
Dip to a plunging keel,  
In a Northern Strait,—somewhere  
Within the track of Frobisher.

E. J. PRATT.



## POETRY

### THE CARDINAL'S HAT

So young Tittoni is a cardinal?  
The black-eyed rogue; well, he has got a head  
Can well support the dignity of the hat.  
Old blood, brains and a goodly store of gold,  
A laugh, refreshing as a fountain heard  
Amid green leaves in dog-days, temper bland  
And courtly manners are convenient steps  
By which men climb the treacherous slopes of fame.  
Let no one grudge the cardinal his luck.  
His Holiness has still an eye for men  
And, spite of all his eighty years, can tell  
By coin's clink whether it is gold or not.  
I too might now have been a cardinal.  
Wouldst hear the story? It was years ago.  
My master, Lord Archbishop once, of Nice,  
A member of the Sacred College too;  
(In Abraham's bosom now these twenty years,)  
Had left his books and sunny orange groves  
At Emperor Manuel's call, to undertake  
A journey of a thousand miles or so,  
Over vile roads, bleak mountains, stormy seas,  
To old Ferrera here in Italy.  
His Holiness, Eugenius, the fourth,  
Damned by one council, thought to plague his foes  
And add a fine new lustre to his name  
By healing the old wound i' the Church's side:  
Make East and West one family again  
As Christian brothers should be.  
At Ferrara first we met, then Florence next,  
Wasted six precious months with such result  
As you might guess when rival Churchmen meet;  
A choleric, long-winded controversy,  
One moment vowing points of weight were light  
As thistle-down compared with unity,  
The next, like angry bulls placed front to front,  
Bellowing barbarous Latin and bad Greek  
To prove a taper should be here not there,  
A gown curtailed two inches more or less,  
And now you make a bow and now you don't.

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Of course the upshot of the matter is  
That East is East, Sir, still, and West is West,  
And each one reads into poor Holy-writ  
Just what his national viewpoint lets him see.  
But the immediate end was not so wise.  
One day the rivals, in a kissing mood,  
Agreed, for sake of unity, to patch  
The Church's wound, forget the difference  
In their beliefs and all are one again.  
You might as well forget you have a nose  
When keen November sets it on the sneeze.  
Strange, is it not, how one poor little word,  
Just eight small letters, tears the Church in twain,  
As you might tear a piece of cloth across,  
And where there was a goodly web before,  
Like our Lord's garment, one without a seam,  
We now have two, here Greek, there Catholic.  
But to return. Good Pope Eugenius,  
A wise old man who knew that wounds will heal  
Quicker if salved with some emollient,  
Opened his chests, untied his money bags  
And scattered golden reasons here and there,  
With certain honours men prize more than gold.  
Two purple hats took wings about that time  
And one of them, propelled by Fortune's imp,  
Came floating down on good Bessarion's head,  
That's master mine, Archbishop once of Nice.  
So while his friends recrossed those villainous seas  
To the poor East he sunned himself in Rome,  
A skilful mason, fit to keep an eye  
On mother Church's wall of unity,  
New-built and green, lest bitter winds of doubt  
Should crack cement ere it had time to dry.  
As years went by a Pope, 't was not the last,  
Went to his rest and here the conclave met,  
Some sixty princes of good mother Church,  
Bald-headed, eagle-beaked and keen of eye,  
With keener brains behind them, weather-wise,  
Who knew the signs of an approaching storm  
And saw fair weather ere the sky was clear,



## POETRY

Gathered to choose pilot. Heigh-ho! hum!  
The balloting proceeded in due course,  
Till certain old poll parrots, beak to beak,  
Whispered a well-known name most audibly.  
'T is strange what virtue lies in whispering  
When people's ears are cocked to catch a hint,  
Then, bye and bye, adown the corridors,  
Through every keyhole came a murmur low,  
That presently took form in words, as thus.  
"He's Greek and therefore should be neutral,  
Will favor neither Italy nor France.  
And he's a scholar, rolls old Homer's lines  
Melodious as some great minster bell:  
Has reputation too for sanctity.  
Knows courts, the world, and men and books and art,  
Can tell you Venus has a proper form,  
That Chian wines have got a rare bouquet  
And peaches ripen best against a wall,  
Red brick, on south side of the Aventine."  
That precious conclave was just three days old,  
When on the fourth, about the hour of noon,  
(The hour when dogs and babies take a nap,  
And youngsters swimming by the Milvian bridge  
Hear the sharp buzz of locusts in the trees;)   
My master had retired as was his wont  
To a cool loggia, facing toward the north,  
To cull out from the Gospel of St. John  
Some of those meaty texts of rhythmic Greek  
Good scholars like to quote at sermon time.  
Now I, less full of Greek than good red meat,  
Sat dozing as you found me here to-day.  
Sudden there came a rap. "Who's there!" cried I.  
A voice said, "Open," and I answered straight:  
"My master, Sir, is busy at his book,  
He charged me not to let him be disturbed.  
Go and come back again an hour from now."  
Fancy the scene on t'other side the door  
When my rude answer through the keyhole came;  
The lengthening nose, raised eyebrows, flushing cheeks  
Of three most haughty, noble cardinals,

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Grimaldi, Fieschi, Guido Annabaldi,  
Princes in their own right before the Church  
Gave them the purple hat. "What impudence,"  
Said Annabadli in a rasping voice.  
"Open the door without delay and go  
Tell the lord Cardinal, Bessarion,  
That we must see him upon business straight.  
Hurry, or you may find my foot impelled  
Against your rump, you saucy underling."  
Some perverse devil urged me not to ope  
The door and open I did not, bade them wait,  
Cool heels in cloister, then come back again,  
Like school boys sent to con their horn books well  
While master's busy.

And so their eminences in a huff  
Turned backs to door, picked up their purple trains,  
Returned the way they came with nose in air  
And eloquent shrug of shoulders to inform  
Their brethren what the saucy Greek had said.  
The fruit of my bad manners was, of course,  
A French Pope and my master left to cool  
His heels in the ante-chamber. Yes, he lost  
The triple crown and I a purple hat;  
Conclusive proof, Sir, that good manners pay.  
So if you ever hear a rap at door,  
Open, it may be Opportunity,  
Nor will her fickle ladyship call twice.  
Profit by my mistake. And yet I live,  
Live just as happy in this cottage here,  
With my warm bit of garden, facing south,  
As if I were a cardinal indeed.  
Wine tastes as good to me as to the Pope,  
Nor can his Holiness enjoy a joke  
More keenly or sleep sounder than I do.  
My lord Bessarion's dead these twenty years,  
God give him rest, he was a good old man.  
I served him twenty years, so I should know.  
Ho hum! poor Nicholas, that's my name, must soon  
Follow my good old master to the grave.



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I'll sleep as sound as he does, never fear,  
Or any Pope who sat on Peter's throne.  
What's fame? a chilly whisper in the night,  
When house is dark, and everyone's asleep.

CECIL FRANCIS LLOYD.

## BROWNING'S "SAUL"

AS students of Browning know, "Saul" was first published as an incomplete poem, or as Miss Barrett called it at the time, "a fragment," in Volume VII of *Bells and Pomegranates*, 1845. An interval of ten years elapsed before Browning published the poem complete in the first volume of *Men and Women*, 1855. In the early fragmentary form it contained the first nine stanzas, or 96 lines, out of the nineteen stanzas and 335 lines of the completed poem. The fragment thus contained less than one-third of the finished poem.

In the meanwhile, between the two parts of "Saul", Browning had published several longer poems and dramas, such as *Luria*, *A Soul's Tragedy*, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, as well as "Cleon" and "The Statue and the Bust", and had brought his earlier poems together in a new edition of two volumes in 1849. There seems to be no record of the time at which "Saul" was completed, and it might have a place anywhere among the many short poems of *Men and Women* that had been accumulating during the ten year interval since his last volume of miscellaneous poems.

The very interesting question arises, What was the reason for the delay in the completion of "Saul"? Browning was not accustomed to that method of composition. There seems to be no evidence that such a lapse of time occurred in the writing of any other of his poems. One of his poems, *In a Balcony*, which appeared in the same volume, 1855, might be taken as a fragment of a drama, but there seems no reason to believe that Browning regarded it as incomplete. Is there any significance, then, in the fact that the poet seems to have been unable to complete "Saul" at once?

The fragment of "Saul" first published (1845) appeared in the same year that he first met his future wife, Elizabeth Barrett. She had apparently read the poem before they met, and it must have been discussed in one of their early conversations, and is mentioned in several early letters. In Miss Barrett's letter of August 27, 1845, the first paragraph dis-



## BROWNING'S "SAUL"

cusses "Saul", and among other things she urges Browning "to go on with the rest . . . as directly (be it understood) as is not injurious to your health. The whole conception of the poem I like . . . and the execution is exquisite up to this point. . . . How could you doubt about this poem . . ." (*Letters*, I. 178-9).

In an undated letter, between Oct. 27 and Oct. 30, 1845, Miss Barrett wrote: "'Saul' is noble and must have his full royalty some day. Would it not be well, by the way, to print it in the meanwhile as a fragment confessed . . . sowing asterisks at the end. Because as a poem of yours it stands there and wants unity, and people can't be expected to understand the difference between incompleteness and defect, unless you make a sign."<sup>1</sup> Again, on Dec. 10, 1845, she wrote of "Saul", "And do *you* remember of the said poem, that it is there only as a first part, and that the next parts must certainly follow and complete what will be a great lyrical work—now remember."<sup>2</sup>

This means that the poem was still incomplete at least five months after the meeting of the poet and Miss Barrett, and that she became very insistent that Browning should complete the poem. It seems most likely, then, that it was her influence that made possible the completion of the poem, and that in two ways. It is generally conceded that she had a very great influence on the perfection of his literary art, especially upon his lyrical genius, and also upon the development of his religious views. It is in the latter respect, particularly, that Miss Barrett's influence may be traced on "Saul".

As "Saul" now stands completed, it is regarded as an almost perfect work of literary art, and there is general agreement about the real point of the poem. Corson calls it "one of Browning's grandest poems," and says that the climax is "a prophecy . . . of the God-Man who shall throw open to Saul the gates of that new life."<sup>3</sup> Lovett says that "structurally, technically, it is magnificent, a well-nigh flawless dramatic

<sup>1</sup>*Letters*, I. 261.

<sup>2</sup>*Letters*, I. 325.

<sup>3</sup>*Introduction to Browning*, pp. 140, 141.

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climax.”<sup>4</sup> Hodell remarks that the last “song is the culmination of the poem, and rises steadily to the words ‘See the Christ stand’.”<sup>1</sup> A brief review of the poem is necessary if we are to appreciate the nature of this grand climax, and understand the significance of Browning’s delay in the completion of the poem.

Apart from the Prologue and Epilogue, the poem consists, as generally understood, of four distinct movements, or four attempts on the part of David to rouse Saul, who, as the Scripture account gives it, is possessed of “an evil spirit from God.” The Scripture story is very brief and meagre, and Browning lets his imagination play on the incident until he has fashioned it into a vast drama of four scenes, rising clearly and nobly to the last grand climax.

The first movement consists of David’s attempt to rouse Saul by expressing on his harp what Hodell calls the “simple joy in the commonplace things of his common life.” He plays the music of the fields and the pastures, and of the activities of every-day life in and about the home and the temple, ending with the song of the Levites. The only effect on Saul is that “in the darkness Saul groaned,” and after a pause David could see even in the darkness of the tent that the “mighty Saul shuddered.” But Saul was not really aroused.

Having failed to arouse Saul with his harp alone, David now, in the second movement, sings and plays his wonderful song of the joy of living. He leads Saul in reminiscence through the joys of his young manhood, recalling his domestic life, and referring tenderly to his father, mother, brothers, and friends, until Saul reaches the high position of king, “Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch.” David follows this up by reminding Saul of his great power and dignity, culminating in the splendid climax:

“fame crowning them,—all  
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!”

At this point Browning left the poem, and there it remained for ten years. Apparently he was unable to see his

<sup>4</sup>*Selections from Browning*, p. 206.

<sup>1</sup>*Poems of Browning*, p. 180.



## BROWNING'S "SAUL"

way to any further movements or to any higher ideal by which David could attempt to rouse Saul. The ideal so far reached was purely human—Saul as a great King. Browning was wise enough to know that that was not sufficient to rouse a man in such a state of despondency. Such an ideal had no moral inspiration and no spiritual content. Saul needed to be taken out of himself. But the poet could not see the way to such an ideal.

It was at this juncture that Browning was married to Elizabeth Barrett. Then, with the encouragement and inspiration of his wife, already noticed in the letters that passed between them during their courtship, he seems to have found a way to complete the poem, and to make of it perhaps his masterpiece. What was the nature of Mrs. Browning's inspiration, or what was the influence she exerted upon him, and through him on this poem?

It should be observed that the grand climax finally reached in the poem, which constitutes a prophetic vision of the Christ on the part of Saul, called also for a recognition on the part of the poet of Christ as the Son of God and as the revelation of the love of God. But this was a state of mind the poet reached only after he was married to Elizabeth Barrett, and was brought about presumably through her influence. This was the nature of the influence that Mrs. Browning had upon Browning's religious development.

The various biographies record that Browning in his 'teens renounced the Evangelical Faith of his parents, and for a time professed himself an atheist. There is no direct record of the development of the mind of young Browning throughout these early years, for he later destroyed all the poems written during this period. It is on record, however, that Browning unsettled the faith of Sarah Flower, one of the two Flower sisters who were the warm friends of Browning in his youth. These estimable ladies were Unitarians, and introduced Browning to their minister, Rev. W. J. Fox, who became one of the poet's warmest early friends. There is reason to believe that under these influences Browning gave up his profession of atheism.

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By the time the poet published *Pauline* in 1833, when he was twenty-one years of age, it is quite clear that he had outgrown his atheism, and had become a pronounced theist. If, however, *Pauline* and the later poems are adequate evidence, Browning had not yet resumed his early Evangelical Faith, but had become virtually a Unitarian. In *Pauline* he wrote what had been called by Griffin and Minchin "a passionate address to Christ," but really is only what any Unitarian might utter, and contains no intimation of the Evangelical Faith in which he was reared:

"Do I not feel a love which only ONE . . .  
O thou pale form, so dimly seen, deep-eyed!  
I have denied thee calmly—do I not  
Pant when I read of thy consummate power,  
And burn to see thy calm pure truths out-flash  
The brightest gleams of earth's philosophy?  
Do I not shake to hear aught question thee?"

*Pauline*, ll. 837-843.

These words may be a confession of an earlier denial of Christ, but they do not contain the promise and potency of the grand climax of "Saul," "See the Christ stand!"

Mrs. Browning had been, like Browning, brought up in the Evangelical Faith of the Independents, and professed this faith very warmly throughout her life. She must be ranked as one of the most eminent Christians among all the English poets. It is very evident from the Letters that she and Browning often discussed religious questions during his visits, and several of the Letters read like a continuation of the discussion. To the readers of the Letters it soon becomes clear that in religious matters it was Miss Barrett that was the leader from the outset.

In her Letter of August 15, 1846, Miss Barrett gives Browning an outline of her faith, and twice refers to Rev. Mr. Fox, the Unitarian friend of Browning, and adds: "The Unitarians seem to me to throw over what is most beautiful in the Christian Doctrine."<sup>1</sup> This seems to be meant to correct Browning's leanings toward the Unitarians. In his reply to this, on August 17, 1846, Browning readily accepts her leadership in religious matters, and says, "What you express now, is for us both . . . those are my own feelings, my convictions beside—instinct confirmed by reason."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Letters, II. 427-8.

<sup>2</sup>Letters, II. p. 434.



## BROWNING'S "SAUL"

Having once more, then, embraced the Evangelical Faith, the faith of his wife, Browning was now ready to finish "Saul", and he had it ready for his next volume, *Men and Women*, 1855. On taking up the poem again, he proceeded to outline the effect on Saul of David's voice and harp, where he had left off at the end of the ninth stanza. David's call upon Saul to assume his great and dignified position as King is now seen to arouse Saul somewhat, and to make him conscious:

"One long shudder thrilled

All the tent till the very air tingled, then sank and was stilled  
At the King's self left standing before me, released and aware."

The next thing was "To sustain him where song had restored him." Presently, encouraged by the responses of Saul, David prepares for a further and greater effort to arouse his King.

In the third movement of the poem David commends Saul for not responding to the appeals to "the mere mortal life held in common by man and by brute," for he has himself come to see its inadequacy. David's efforts on behalf of Saul have been to himself also a blessing and a revelation of the truth. He proceeds, now, to build up his appeal to the spiritual life. Just as the true end of the palm tree is not stem, or branches, or leaves, but fruit and wine, so the true end of man's life is the spirit. And he proceeds to pour out before Saul what he calls "soul wine." Under this inspiration Saul "slowly resumed His old motions and habitudes kingly." David observes that he is once more the Saul as of old.

David's final and successful effort was to crouch before Saul's giant figure, "with my head just above his vast knees," and to pour out all the love with which his heart was filled for Saul. He now yearned toward Saul, and wanted only the way and means to help him:

"Could I help thee, my father, inventing a bliss,  
I would add, to that life of the past, both the future and this;  
I would give thee new life altogether, as good, ages hence,  
As this moment,—had love but the warrant, love's heart to dispense!"

And in this pouring out of his love David came suddenly to realize that no mortal power could help Saul, and that only the vision of the Divine Love could do so. "Then the truth came upon me."

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David is now himself ready for the supreme effort—no longer to help Saul, but to direct and commend him to the Infinite Care. It now flashed upon him that if he loved and was ready to help Saul, surely God loved him and was more ready to help him. He himself had a vision of Christ as the expression of Divine Love, and he suddenly exclaims to Saul:

“O Saul, it shall be  
A Face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me,  
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever: a Hand like this hand  
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!”

With this David succeeds in completely rousing Saul. But before this could be reached in the poem, Browning had to resume his early Evangelical Faith.

A. W. CRAWFORD.



## THE PROBLEM OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL

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### *Part I*

ONE does not progress far in a serious investigation of any one of the canonical Gospels without being made aware of the necessity of distinguishing between the figure of Christ himself and Christ as He is portrayed by the author of the Gospel. It is the same and yet not the same Person who appears in the pages of the Synoptic Gospels, the Fourth Gospel, the Pauline Epistles, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the Apocalypse. In essence it is the same. When one has penetrated beneath the individual differences he finds that fundamentally and in essence it is the one divine-human Christ that greets the view. And yet, to ignore the differences is to lose sight of a whole series of elements, personal and environmental, that give individuality to each of these New Testament writings that reflect as in a mirror the Person of Christ.

As Professor Deissmann has pointed out in the opening chapter of his admirable work on "The Religion of Jesus and the Faith of Paul", the ordinary methods of historical investigation are insufficient of themselves to cope with the tremendous problem of the understanding of Jesus. There is needed something more. We commonly think, when we have set down in tabular fashion the deeds and sayings of Jesus under this and that rubric, that we are now in a position fully to comprehend Jesus himself. The real problem, however, is found in the endeavour to go behind the words and the works to envisage the soul of the Person in His real life, the life of communion with God. The record of the sayings and deeds which has come down to us indirectly can at best give us an imperfect knowledge of that which we seek. In some sense the problem is insoluble. How can we know in its full extent the content and the character of that full rich inner life of perfect oneness with the Father out of which flower those healing streams of tender gracious ministry to sick and sinful men? The baptism of His spirit was upon the deed and the

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word. But the latter were an imperfect index of the depth and height of the inner life out of which they sprang.

To the understanding of the Person of Christ we have to bring to bear a kinship of thinking and feeling with the mind of Christ. The sharp-edged tools of historical method need supplementing with the instrument of love's quickened insight. Love and sympathy born of religious experience are a *sine qua non* for the understanding of the truths of religion. Personal sympathy is always a condition of a discerning interpretation. A sympathy, however, that looks out beyond the borders of race or creed or personal prejudice; that can speak the word with spontaneous sincerity *nihil humani a me alienum puto* (nothing human do I consider foreign to me). The catholic breadth of view of the lover of men when wedded to the spiritual nature of the lover of the things of God cannot but afford genuine faculty for the comprehension of the Person of One whose union of spirit with the Father was only equalled by the richness of his sympathy with His fellows.

In pursuing the difficult task of seeking to come face to face with the personality of the Christ of the Fourth Gospel we have first of all to take due account of the preliminary problem of authorship and purpose of the writer. It is a commonplace of New Testament criticism that the authorship of this Gospel presents one of the most intricate of problems. Scholars believe on good grounds that they have reached an approximation to the solution—much more decisive indeed than in the case of the Epistle to the Hebrews concerning which Origen on one occasion remarked that it was known to the Lord alone. And yet it has still to be admitted that finality has not been attained in this most fascinating question of who was the actual author of the "Gospel according to John."

There was discovered in an old cemetery at Rome in 1551 a statue of Hippolytus, the puritanical theologian of the third century, which is to be found at the present day in the Lateran Museum. Among the works inscribed by the side of the seated figure is that of his "Defence of the Gospel and Apocalypse of John." Evidently then in the early third century in Rome there was at least some question as to the authenticity of this Gospel. And the conflicting character of the evidence



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supplied by allusions in the Church Fathers down to Eusebius indicates that there was no clearly fixed tradition as to the authorship in the Early Church. The references found in the "Fragments of Papias" as preserved in the Church History of Eusebius are illuminating. (Eusebius, Church History, 3: 39).

"And again when a person came who had been a follower of the presbyters I would enquire about the sayings of the presbyters—as to what Andrew or Peter said, or Philip or Thomas or James or John or Matthew, or any other of the Lord's disciples, and as to what Aristion and the presbyter John, the Lord's disciples, say."

Irenaeus in his polemical work "Against Heresies" tells us that "John, the disciple of the Lord, who also leaned upon His breast, published a Gospel during his residence at Ephesus in Asia." (Irenaeus, "Against Heresies, 3: 1). Thus we have references to John, one of the original twelve; the presbyter (or elder) John; and John the disciple who leaned upon the Lord's breast,—presumably the "Beloved Disciple." The problem revolves about the identity and relationship of these figures.

Without entering upon a minute consideration of the problem in its numerous aspects, a thorough discussion of which may be found in Professor B. W. Robinson's recent book on "The Gospel of John" or in Canon Streeter's work, "The Four Gospels," attention may be called to certain conclusions which have been arrived at and the main arguments on which they rest.

The Fourth Gospel has been pretty conclusively shown to have sprung from Ephesus as its centre. Dr. Moffatt says: "The Ephesian locus of the Fourth Gospel in its present form is indicated, not only by the external evidence of tradition, but by converging lines of internal evidence, e.g. the fact that it springs from the same circle or school as the Apocalypse (itself undoubtedly an Asiatic document), the presence of the Ephesian Logos idea, and of the controversy with the Baptist's followers."<sup>1</sup> Whoever, then, the author may have been, he must fit in with this environmental setting. Unfortunately the Gospel itself does not tell us directly who was its actual author; but the several references in it to "the disciple whom

<sup>1</sup>Moffatt, *Literature of the New Testament*, p. 618.

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Jesus loved" are usually taken as implying either the person of the Apostle John, one of the original twelve, or the presbyter John referred to by Papias and others, and associated in the later years of his life with the city of Ephesus. The easiest solution of the problem would be simply to accept the authorship of the Apostle John, were it not for several items of evidence which inconveniently stand in the way. For instance, Papias tells us—and there is no good reason for rejecting the authoritative character of his statement—that the Apostles James and John were both martyred. Taken in conjunction with the corroborative character of the evidence of the Syriac Calendar with its recorded lists of martyrs, the plain implication is that the Apostle John met death early, certainly prior to the fall of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. And in the excerpt from Papias quoted above we may note that the author distinguished carefully between the members of the original apostolic group including James and John with reference to whom he used the past tense "said" and the group of those still living, including the presbyter John, regarding whom he used the present tense "say".

But more significant than these items is the fact that the entire setting of the narrative of the Gospel is in Jerusalem rather than in Galilee. The synoptic writers emphasized the Galilean ministry. They were familiar with its surroundings; they knew the territory of Capernaum and Chorazin and Bethsaida. They were at home in the Lake district. But the author of the Fourth Gospel confines himself to Jerusalem and its immediate environs. He is not at all concerned with the ministry in the northern territory. But he knows Jerusalem well. Moreover, he was evidently a man of standing in that city, who was acquainted with the high priest (John 18: 15), and with such prominent citizens as Nicodemus and others. The author was well known in Jerusalem and himself was thoroughly familiar with the City. It was evidently his home (19: 27) at the time of the Crucifixion. Thus the known facts concerning the Apostle John that he met martyrdom early, and that he was the brother of James, son of Zebedee the Galilean fisherman, do not harmonize with the evidence bearing on the person of the author of the Gospel.

That this person was, not indeed the original Apostle



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John but the Elder John mentioned by Papias, is at all events a much more likely hypothesis although finality of demonstration has not yet been and probably never will be attained in the matter. As likely a view of the authorship as any that has been advanced is that which assigns it to the Presbyter John of Ephesus referred to by Papias and Eusebius. The close similarities of style between the Gospel and the Johanne Epistles which specifically refer to "the Presbyter" as the author, lend strength to this view. Upon it then we may assume that "the disciple whom Jesus loved" was a young Jerusalemite, not one of the twelve, but a youth who was very dear to the heart of the Master, who had been present at the Last Supper, who had been singled out by the dying Christ upon the Cross as the one who should henceforth take the part of son to the Lord's mother, who had outrun Peter on that first Easter morning as they hurried together to the tomb, who at a later date had removed to Ephesus where for many years he preached the Evangel with vigor and power and came to be known as the "Veteran" or the "Elder", who exercised a wide and deep influence upon Christian circles and in the closing years of his life put together in simple colloquial Greek a book of reminiscences and pastoral addresses which represented the ripe fruit of his Christian experience.

It is usual to distinguish sharply between the historical interest of the synoptists and the theological interest of the author of the Fourth Gospel. We are all familiar with the line of differentiation according to which the writers of the Synoptic Gospels were concerned with narrating in orderly fashion the incidents of the life of Jesus, whereas the Fourth Evangelist was occupied with the endeavour to prove His divinity. In recent years, however, there has sprung up an increasing recognition of the profoundly religious interest which animated the writer.—"Many other signs therefore did Jesus in the presence of the disciples, which are not written in this book; but these are written that ye may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God; and believing ye may have life in His name." (20: 30, 31.) The author was moved by the intense practical desire to build up the souls of Christians in the love and knowledge of Jesus Christ. If he introduced theological ideas, it was for the sake of the ultimate

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missionary end of religion, to make Christians and to make them perfect in Christ.

The Fourth Evangelist was not primarily interested in history. Yet he made frequent and excellent use of historical incident when it served his purpose. Thus the events of the last week of our Lord's earthly life in Jerusalem are portrayed with a faithfulness that is unexcelled. In the words of Prof. E. F. Scott, "There are several historical questions of capital importance (e.g., the length of our Lord's ministry, the procedure followed at the trial, the date of the Crucifixion) in which the evidence of the Fourth Gospel seems preferable to that of the other three."<sup>1</sup> Thus at several points his historical references do not coincide with those of the synoptists. Inasmuch as Matthew and Luke both follow very closely the outline of Mark, the comparison between the synoptic writers and the Fourth Evangelist resolves itself largely into that between Mark and John. It is quite conceivable that inasmuch as there were according to the testimony of Papias several different traditions bearing upon the life of Christ afloat in the late first and early second centuries, that the Fourth Evangelist had access to important items which escaped the attention of Mark. Hence, we are justified in the a priori assumption that where the two authors differ on a given detail of history the author of John's Gospel may have been just as close to the original facts as the writer of the First Gospel. In Mark, for example, there is but one visit to Jerusalem, that of the last week of the Lord's life culminating in the trial and the Crucifixion. The ministry of Jesus was almost wholly a Galilean ministry. The narrative is divided by the memorable incident of the messianic confession at Caesarea Philippi, which in turn introduces the second and closing period in which the Messiah gives full public expression to his messianic dignity in the environs of Jerusalem. In the Fourth Gospel on the other hand there were at least five distinct visits to Jerusalem. Indeed the impression given is that the Galilean ministry was episodical in its nature; and that Jerusalem was the real base. Those lengthy discourses which comprise so large a portion of the Gospel's content were

<sup>1</sup>E. F. Scott, *The Historical and Relative Value of the Fourth Gospel*, p. 13.



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grouped by the writer about the Feasts of Passover, Dedication, Tabernacles, and Pentecost in Jerusalem.

Another interesting discrepancy between the two lines of tradition is seen in the date of the Crucifixion. In Mark the institution of the Supper was on the fourteenth Nisan and the Crucifixion on the fifteenth. Whereas in the Fourth Gospel these events are dated respectively one day earlier. In favor of the historicity of the Johannine account is the fact that for several centuries the Asiatic churches continued to celebrate the Lord's Passion on the fourteenth Nisan. We have, then, no right to assume that in points of historical detail the later Johannine account must necessarily refer to the earlier Marcan. The Fourth Evangelist was not primarily interested in history; and yet he was not so negligent of accuracy of detail but that in some instances at least his testimony is preferable to that of the synoptic tradition.

And yet, when this important concession on the historical side is admitted, it has always to be borne in mind that the chief interest for the reader in the Johannine Gospel which is the most popularly esteemed of all, lies in its character of "spirituality" which sets it off so distinctly. This is a fact that has been recognized from the earliest times. The interesting observation of Clement of Alexandria deserves attention: "After the other evangelists had imparted the *corporeal* Gospel, John at the instigation of his friends and in the might of inspiration, created a *spiritual* Gospel." It is supremely a spiritual Gospel; and in that character must be specifically studied. Its concern is supremely with the mind of Christ rather than imitation of the works of Christ; with mystical union rather than external conformity. It is these deep and true insights into the heart and soul of the Living Christ, begotten of a peculiarly intimate devotion to His Person, that gives this Gospel its own priceless worth. At the outset one is reminded of the similarities revealed to the witness of the Apostle Paul. The differences are very real, it is true, but the points of resemblance are much more obtrusive. We have a Pauline mysticism and a Johannine mysticism. They are both rooted deeply in a consciousness of personal oneness with the Living Exalted Christ.

Distinct evidences of close contact with Pauline thought

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are seen in such passages as the following: "This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent," which reminds of the Pauline conception of faith and works. "Jesus therefore said to those Jews that had believed Him, If ye abide in my word, then are ye truly my disciples; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. They answered Him, We are Abraham's seed, and have never yet been in bondage to any man; how sayest thou, ye shall be made free? Jesus answered them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, Every one that committeth sin is the bondservant of sin. And the bondservant abideth not in the house forever, the son abideth forever. If therefore the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." (John 8: 31-36). Here are seen clearly the familiar Pauline ideas of freedom versus bondage, sonship versus servitude, the old and the new dispensations, sin and salvation through saving faith in Christ. To the words of John 1: 3, "All things were made through Him; and without Him was not anything made that hath been made," suggest the similar statement of Col. 1: 16, "For in him were all things created." The unifying power of Christ in whom divisions of race and religion shall be done away is equally urged in the Johannine passage: "The hour cometh when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father . . . God is a Spirit and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and truth" (John 4: 21-24), and in the Pauline statement, "For through him we both have our access in one Spirit unto the Father. So then ye are no more strangers and sojourners, but ye are fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God" (Eph. 2: 18-19).

His is no slavish adherence to the forms of Pauline thought. He is less concerned with the categories of Paul than with the imperishable underlying religious values and experiences which the categories conveyed. But the central ideas of Paul regarding the Cross, the Return of Christ, the Holy Spirit, Mystical Union, Christ the medium of salvation, are also the central ideas of the Fourth Evangelist. Each has captured for himself by the way of the intimacies of a vital religious experience those imperishable truths which he proceeds to unfold each in his own manner. The result is seen in the differences of emphasis and of form.



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Both Paul and the author of the Fourth Gospel employ incidents of the earthly life of Jesus to subserve their ultimate theological purposes. Paul did this to a limited extent. His references were for the most part confined to the facts of the Incarnation, the Death, and the Resurrection, of which indeed he made the greatest use. Our author's employment of historical incident was much more extensive. But it is always linked up with the mere purpose of recording a fact. There is little doubt but that the author's interest in emphasizing the historicity of the life of Christ was linked up with the fact of incipient Gnosticism. The historian of the early church is well aware that from 150 A.D. forward the Church was engaged in a life and death struggle with various forms of Gnostic heresy. At the beginning of the second century, presumably the approximate date of the publication of our Gospel, those ideas which were later to assume characteristic Gnostic form, were already emerging on the horizon of the early Christian consciousness. In our twentieth century a characteristic heresy is that which tends to the undermining of the reality of our Lord's divinity. In the early second century it was the converse; the tendency of the prevailing forms of heresy was to magnify the divinity as to disparage the reality of His humanity. That the divine Person of Christ had not a real but only a seeming body, that He was not really born in the flesh, that He did not really suffer, were favorite heretical notions of the second century. Whilst we may not definitely say that the Fourth Evangelist was concerned with carrying on a positive polemic against these and kindred ideas, yet there is evidence to show that he was fully aware of their prevalence, and that at all events he was at pains to insist upon the full historical life of the man Christ Jesus.

Again and again there have to be noted those sharp vivid descriptive touches which taken in their cumulative effect strengthen the impression of the unmistakeable reality of the full humanity of Christ. John tells us that Jesus was from Nazareth of the family of Joseph (1: 45). In connection with the narrative of the raising of Lazarus he tells us that Jesus "groaned in his spirit" and that "he wept." In more than one passage He is referred to as "troubled in spirit." In the story of the trial, the crucifixion, and the

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resurrection, our author dwells upon details which point the attributes of the physical life. No reference is made as in the Synoptics to Simon of Cyrene as a bearer of the cross. It is Jesus himself who goes from the Praetorium to Golgotha bearing His own cross. In the hour of death He exhibits the evidences of pain, weariness, weakness, and intense thirst. To the doubting Thomas express attention is directed to the nail-prints and the wound in the side. What we have to see in this enumeration of details is an emphasis upon the full humanity of Christ. He was one of us; not an abnormal abstraction of divinity let down from the skies, but one who knew the feel and the taste of earthly sensations and experiences. That in this regard our author had the ulterior motive of making an attack upon Gnostic views is not substantiated by the evidence. At his time of writing Gnosticism had not yet assumed that clearly articulated and unified form by which it was later definitely recognized as a heretical movement in the Church. Rather its presence was felt as an atmosphere. Gnostic ideas were a part of the common fund of thought in Asia Minor. A thinker could not but be conscious of their influence and his writings were bound to reflect the consciousness. We do not expect references to the radio or the philosophy of Bergson in the writings of Martin Luther, but we are not surprised to find them in the works of Mr. H. G. Wells. Similarly, both the work of the Apostle Paul and of the Fourth Evangelist reflect the color and form of the common fund of thought of their time. It is curious, and yet not so strange after all, that Irenaeus should have spoken of the Gospel of John as the favorite Gospel of the Gnostic schools, and also that he should have quoted it as against the Gnostic position. The truth is that the Fourth Gospel was not so much an attack upon Gnosticism as it was an attempt to accommodate Christianity to the needs of those who were used to Gnostic ways of thinking, while at the same time to show them in what respects Christianity offered the true and superior gnosis.

As for Gnosticism it represented a system of belief wherein redemption was mediated by the way of knowledge. To the elect this redemption was guaranteed by their superior ability to comprehend the mystery of the divine



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saving plan. Gnosticism ramified through a great number of sects and came to be marked by highly grotesque features. Yet running like a thread through all there were certain elements in common. Matter was essentially evil and redemption could only be effected through the intervention of the spiritual divine aeons who themselves came down and became involved in the world of material things, attained the victory over it by reason of their divine origin, and succeeded in rescuing from the toils of their material involvement into the pure realm of light all those who were able to appropriate the knowledge of the redemptive plan. The idea of the essentially evil character of material things is foreign to the Johannine thinking, also the notion of a hierarchy of heavenly beings. Yet our author does emphasize the character of Christianity as a scheme of redemption by way of knowledge. "This is life eternal to know Thee the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." (17: 3.) Thus it was through the agency of a saving knowledge that the mystery of redemption was effected; and that souls were redeemed from the world of darkness into that light, from the lower to the higher nature, from commerce with the world of spiritual fellowship with Christ. Christianity is thus a doctrine to be known, believed and appropriated. Redemption is through knowledge. Primarily for Paul redemption was through faith interpreted in terms of mystical union. In John, too, as we shall see, the element of mystical union bulked large, but redemption was primarily through the medium of knowledge. In Paul the typical word is "For me to live is Christ"; in John "This is life eternal to know——."

Thus the Fourth Gospel stood in a peculiar relationship to that developing phenomenon of Gnosticism which at a later date was to be definitely recognized as heretical and distinctly repudiated by the Church, but which at the actual period of the composition of our Gospel flavored the atmosphere of Christian thought without calling down upon itself a distinctly positive attitude either favorable or hostile. On the one hand our author would seem to have been attracted by it. Many of his lines of emphasis suggest its influence. Christianity was a way of redemption from darkness to light, from lower to higher, through a Saviour, by the way of

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knowledge. The spiritualizing of the Person of the Saviour, his ideal character, his aloofness in an atmosphere of circumambient divinity are also suggestive. But on the other hand the full rounded emphasis on the reality of the humanity of the Saviour, as over against the Gnostic docetic tendency, the strong insistence on ethical commandments and obedience to the divine will, above all the aroma of moral and spiritual elevation in the character of the fellowship of the believer with the Christ of personal experience point the conclusion that while developing Gnostic ideas may have colored the thinking of the Evangelist, the real substance of his message was essentially produced outside the periphery of its influence. But it is of interest at this point to note that this stress upon the Christ who was at once divine and human, on the one hand the exalted heavenly Being aloof and remote, by whose *fiat* water was made wine and loaves mysteriously multiplied and dead flesh quickened to life, on the other the human who knew weakness, tears, groaning, hunger and thirst, this stress upon the divine-human Christ was an unconscious thrusting into the foreground of a problem which was to all but wreck the Church of a later day before even a *modus vivendi* by way of a solution could be reached. Who was this Being who was at once divine and human; how were the two sides of the nature to be related to each other; how was unity to be achieved? The Fourth Evangelist was not conscious of the theological problems involved; but he set out the elements of the problem.

(To be continued)

J. S. CORNETT.



## MEN AND BOOKS

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*History and Revelation*—the individuality of Israel. W. G. Jordan, B.A., D.D. James Clarke and Co., Ltd. 6s. (Ugnow & Co., Kingston: \$1.60 postpaid).

This latest production of Professor Jordan's pen will be welcomed by students of the Bible, not only because his books always present valuable contributions to Old Testament theology and exposition, but because it gives fresh evidence that in spite of years his industry and scholarly investigations continue unabated. For more than thirty years this distinguished *doyen* of Old Testament scholars with singular strength and skill as well as literary charm has demonstrated that the results of historical criticism so far from weakening the evidences of the Divine hand in the discipline of Israel, only serve to bring into greater relief the uniqueness and the wonder of the mission of Israel and her great men. Since the author's publication of *Biblical Criticism and Modern Thought* (1909), much has been added to our knowledge of the Ancient East, and old problems have been modified and absorbed in new ones. In *History and Revelation* the new alignments of historical criticism are discussed in such a way as to present the results rather than the details of recent discussions and investigations. After reminding us of the value of the historical method and the perils of an apotheosis of the letters of the Book, the author proceeds through a discussion of topics related to the history and the religion of Israel to show that Israel was a platform on which a spirit that is neither in its mountains nor in its men nor in its neighbours, Babylonians or Egyptians, rises superior to all environments physical and racial, and effects through her prophets the miracle in history. The religious history of Israel, its life, social, political and artistic, the land itself, and its relations to its neighbours, however assessed, persuade us that "Judaism was no accident but a Providence, and that the Hebrew people were, as they believed themselves to be, called by God to a place of unique distinction among the nations of the world." If we reject such a conclusion then we find ourselves confronted with a problem, "how did it come to pass that

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from this immense Semitic race, which had produced the refined civilizations of Nineveh, Babylon, Tyre and Carthage, there sprang a movement opposed as much to the mind of the Semite as of the Aryan."

Professor Jordan has chosen a good time for the issuance of such a book. There are some modern Marcions such as Harnack and Delitzsch and lesser men who think that the God of the Old Testament is some other deity than the God of the New. Even if their thought has not been so boldly formulated they have acted upon such an heretical assumption. Then in the field of Philosophy we have been delivering ourselves from a mechanistic view of the Universe or from Intellectualism, only to find ourselves confronted with a mechanistic Psychology and a negation of values in History. Behaviourism and Pragmatism under whatever forms they appear tend to resolve everything in human action into a sum of known or discoverable factors so that whatever is is best, because it could not be anything other. History becomes a squirt of events projected from what lies behind. But we need to be reminded that individuality or originality in religion as well as in art or in personality refuses to be embraced in such categories. In *History and Revelation* Professor Jordan in touching a variety of topics relative to the subject steadily maintains the purpose of "vindicating in the sphere of religion the individuality of the small nation which has contributed so much to the history of the world" and the distinctive rôle which it has played in the sphere of faith and of religion. The Old Testament thus gains fresh significance for students of philosophy as well as of religion and becomes more vivid and necessary than ever for Christian thought.

The book is provided with a double index of the writers quoted and of the Biblical texts to which reference is made. The index of the writers gives the student a good survey of recent literature in the field of Old Testament studies. The proof-reading has been excellent, though on page 93 (foot-note) Burton should be corrected to Barton, and on page 94 the number of the Tell-el-Amarna letters from regions outside the Egyptian Empire form an *eighth* rather than a *quarter* of the total.

W. R. TAYLOR.



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"Layman" wishes to make the following correction: By a slip of the pen in the review of Professor Van der Smissen's Translation of *Faust*, I wrote 'Porphyrion' for 'Euphorion.' When I discovered it, it was too late to overtake it in the proof.

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### GEORG BRANDES

The death of the great Danish Jew, Georg Morris Cohen Brandes, on February 19, 1927, removes a critic of large and careful learning, of sturdy independence of judgement and of international reputation. He was born in Copenhagen on February 4, 1842. Being a delicate child, he was at first instructed at home by a tutor. At the age of seven he entered the school which he attended for nearly ten years. In *Reminiscences of my Childhood and Youth* he has written freely of the gains, detriments and anxieties of those long schooldays. Between 1859 and 1864 he was a student at the University of Copenhagen, and essayed the study of law in deference to his parents' wishes. The lectures in Jurisprudence, however, he describes as appalling.

. . . they consisted of a slow, sleepy dictation. A death-like dreariness brooded always over the lecture halls. Aagesen was especially unendurable; there was no trace of anything human or living about his dictation. Gram had a kind, well-intentioned personality, but had barely reached his desk than it seemed as though he, too, were saying: "I am a human being; everything human is alien to me."

Feeling "an inward conviction that I should make my way as a writer" and anticipating an imminent revival in European literary creativeness, Brandes now turned to the study of philosophy and æsthetics. In philosophy he was influenced by his reading of the chief works of Søren Kierkegaard; in æsthetic criticism by his interest in the plays and essays of Johan Ludvig Heiberg. "I was not given," he writes, "to looking at life in a rosy light. My nature, one uninterrupted endeavour, was too tense for that." As a mere youth, he developed strongly liberal and even radical views in the criticism of art, politics and religion, and regarded life very

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earnestly. At the age of twenty, he won the academic gold medal for his essay, *The Idea of Nemesis among the Ancients*. After leaving the university, he travelled much abroad. In 1868 he published *Æsthetic Studies*, followed in 1870 by *The French Æsthetics of Our Days* and *Criticisms and Portraits*, Taine now becoming one of his heroes. Had it not been that the conservative administration of the university feared the influence of his radical views, he might have reached a high place on the staff. As it was, he became a junior member of the Department of Belles Lettres and achieved a brilliant success in the lecture-room. The first volume of his copious masterpiece, *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature*, appeared in 1872. The whole treatise in six volumes diligently (if not too accurately) reviews the movement of various forces in the contemporary European literatures and is a useful, capable piece of spade-work. After its completion Brandes published a number of notable essays in criticism dealing with the programmes and achievements of such thinkers, artists and governors as Sören Kierkegaard, Esaias Tegnér, Benjamin Disraeli, Ludvig Holberg, Henrik Ibsen, and Anatole France. He also wrote shorter studies of contemporaries in Denmark and in Europe at large, and helped to prepare the German edition of Ibsen. Between 1877 and 1883 he resided in Berlin, and, on his triumphal return to Copenhagen, entered upon the last period of his creative work. Although sometimes over-positive in its tone, his great book on Shakespeare (1897-'98) is a classic in criticism, deeply thoughtful in intention and excursion, and admirably clear and candid in manner. In 1923 he published *Creative Spirits*, translated by Rasmus B. Anderson from the earlier work, *Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century*, and from three later essays. To these able studies of Heyse, Mill, Renan, Flaubert, Björnson, Ibsen and others were added striking and stimulating chapters on Swinburne, Garibaldi, and Napoleon. In his first preface to this book Brandes explains how diversified his treatments must needs be, ranging from close portraiture or precise photography to variously psychological, æsthetic and historical modes of approach and revelation. In the final preface, it is interesting to note that, although he gives criticism its full due as an art, he feels that



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such studies, even at their best, "are glimpses of our own nature. . . While we are presenting other people, it is our own work, our admirations, our interests, our friendships, our youth" which "attract attention on the sea of time before it sinks to the bottom—the shadow of a dream."

These words suggest Brandes' own sense of his limitation. He portrays skilfully for us the lineaments of the empirical egos of his subjects. Through him we can learn much of their ways of living and thinking, of their habits of mind, of the patterning of their work, and even of what is called their personalities; but to their souls, to the men-in-themselves, Brandes does not enable us to approach closely, much as he longed and tried to do so. He is a thoughtful and painstaking student of the history of literature and even in no small measure its philosophic critic, but he is hardly the inspired prophet of his subject or its intimate priest. His last work is called *Jesus: A Myth*.

Ibsen, whose correspondence with Brandes throws much light on the characters of both men, once hinted that his friend was not unlike the forthright Doctor Thomas Stockmann in *An Enemy of Society*, and no doubt (despite the discovery that Harald Thaulow is the original), there is some relationship. For Brandes was a man of great force of character—honest, determined, fearless, eloquent. Besides this, he was a persistent student of men and of books, who organized the results of his studies in an often original and nearly always workmanlike way. In power and perseverance alike he was a stalwart, whose books have the dignity of self-imposed task-work faithfully accomplished, as also the charm of a lucid, flexible style.

"We become sad when we gather the results of many hours of work at different times, and realize how little they all, collected, weigh on the scales of time." So wrote Brandes but a few years before his death. Perhaps he had come to feel that his field had been too expansive, his didacticism too anxious, his style too fluent. Or perhaps he had attained sufficient largeness of vision to realize that a contribution is but a contribution, that nothing is ever fixed and finished, and that "the best in this kind are but shadows."

G. H. C.

## NOTES AND COMMENTS

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### *Church Union and After.*

With the publication of the report of the findings of the Commission on Church Property, the controversy that has lasted for many years reaches its natural close. The conflicting parties within the Presbyterian Church appealed to the various Parliaments, the best legal talent of the country was called into play and where the knots could not be untied they were cut. This chapter of modern Church History is closed; the report, upon which so much time and labour has been spent, is accepted by if not acceptable to all. The result is the large "United Church of Canada," including the former Methodist Church, about two-thirds of the Presbyterians and most of the Congregational Churches which, as a matter of fact, are comparatively few. The Congregational body has disappeared, leaving the independent principle to be represented by the Baptists who have had to appeal to Parliament against a troublesome minority. There lies before me a bulky volume of about 1,000 pages, The Year Book, and Record of the Second General Council of The United Church, and alongside of it a volume about a quarter of the size which claims to give "The Acts and Proceedings of the Fifty-Second General Assembly of The Presbyterian Church in Canada." According to the summary statement, at the end of 1925 there were in connection with this church 1,140 preaching stations, consisting of 434 self-supporting charges (625 congregations), 162 augmented charges (303 congregations, and 30 mission fields (212 congregations); families, 77,308; communicants, 154,243, the total revenue for all purposes being \$3,219,112. This shows that out of the strife and confusion a Presbyterian Church has emerged small, but in the centre of the country strong and compact. Its future will depend, to a large extent, on the wisdom of the leaders and the faithfulness and enthusiasm of its members. The larger church also will have its temptations and dangers which result in part from its size and the nature of its organization.



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It is beginning to be recognized that the period of controversy is coming to a close and that difference of opinion as to church policy should not altogether destroy old friendships. There is room for both denominations in this growing country and on many subjects need for the co-operation of all Christian men. We are glad to note that Dr. D. R. Drummond of Hamilton, one of the leaders in the Presbyterian Church, is back to his work and was able to attend the last Trustee meeting of Queen's University. In this connection it is pleasant to note that when Dr. Drummond was attacked by serious illness at the time of the Assembly in Montreal, the General Council of the United Church passed a resolution of sympathy and offered earnest prayers for his recovery. So in the heat of the controversy brotherly kindness was not completely forgotten.

One of the most striking and surprising results is the disposition of the Colleges in Toronto and Montreal. On this point a statement by Professor R. Davidson, acting Principal of Knox in the absence of Dr. Gandier, may be quoted. It bears the heading "Union Theological College." "Two years ago the legislature assigned Knox College building to the non-concurring Presbyterians; now the commission awards them the endowments and gives them the charter and the name. The United Church retains the principal's house and is to receive a sum equal to one-third of the endowments."

"The college held approximately one-eighth of the common property of the Presbyterian Church. She has to pay one-third of the share due to the non-Concurrents. On May 1st there will be left to us barely fifteen per cent. of what we had two years ago. A similar blow has fallen on Montreal College." This is regretted because a very large proportion of Knox graduates have entered the Union. But Dr. Davidson adds: "We lost the name but the fellowship of professors, students and alumni, the high fellowship of sacred learning, of common loss and common purpose, remains. We take a new name, Union Theological College, but it will be the same old institution," etc. This will involve legislation, the fusion of the Theological Faculties of Knox and Victoria and a new building. "But the concentration at this point of the losses involved in union is sure to draw about the college the loyalty of the whole church."

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Queen's Theological College as part of the general arrangement, passes into the hands of the United Church; it has in recent years had to face trying experiences and in the future its success will depend upon its power to draw students from its own constituency, that is from the Bay of Quinte Conference and the students at Queen's University. How far it may be overshadowed by the large "Union College" remains to be seen. A number of Queen's graduates declined to enter the Union and so Dr. Davidson's phrase about "a disinheritance and a bereavement" may in a measure apply to them. But that kind of thing is part of the "fortunes of war," and time will, to some extent, heal the wounds. Queen's University has had, during a great part of its existence, close connection with the Presbyterian Church but now it has no direct affiliation with any church. But it is still recognized that it is important to have Theology represented at any great seat of learning. It is not well that all the higher learning should be concentrated in Toronto. We are not able to predict the future course of events but we trust that the traditions of Kingston, where the University was founded by the Scottish Church, will not be lost on account of the changed conditions.

W. G. J.

### *The Temperance Question in Ontario.*

If an impartial history of the "Temperance" movement in Ontario during the last fifty years could be written it would be an interesting story yielding many useful lessons. The word "temperance" originally meant self-control, and then came to be defined as moderation in the use of things that are good and abstinence from things that are harmful or dangerous, and finally it tends to be applied to "prohibition" as a social and political programme. The writer of this note has been an interested observer, during the past thirty-five years, and can claim to have been, in his own way, a temperance worker though not taking an active part on the political side of the question. From his limited experience it at the first seemed to him that Ontario was comparatively a sober country. There were evils connected with the use of intoxicants, there were a certain number of people impoverished by their indulgence, and some promising young men whose usefulness was destroyed. But great advances had been made



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largely through the influence of example and moral suasion. Since that time it has become more and more a political question and it is the opinion of some well qualified to judge that, whether necessary or not, this has led to a lessening of the emphasis on the personal and spiritual side. It is not necessary to say that "spiritual" here does not mean ecclesiastical. There has been much talk about taking and keeping it out of politics, but the result has been that it has got more deeply into the political sphere. Long ago there were referendums, but with no direct results on legislation. Sir James Whitney made no promises so he could not break any, but he is credited with seeking to have the law, as it then existed, administered well. The election on Mr. Rowell's cry, "Abolish the Bar," did not as an election issue achieve any real success. But later it was seen that there were many people prepared to vote for prohibition, if it did not mean voting against their party. Premier Hearst, in whose term the Ontario Temperance Act was passed, did not receive any reward at the polls. The reign of the Farmers' party came to an end that, to put it mildly, was not glorious. But the O. T. A. continued in force with the slight modification of the 4.4 liquid which provoked much discussion but itself seems to have had no stimulating power. Finally, we come to the point where the leader of the Conservative party concludes that the O. T. A. is a failure and throws his weight on the side of Government Control.

It became a serious thing for Prohibition when, with a few brilliant exceptions, the Conservative party threw it over and made this the chief issue of the election. The complete manner in which Mr. Ferguson was sustained by the electors was a surprise to many. The verdict showed that, in the opinion of the majority, it was "time for a change." Previous votes had shown that generally the cities had voted "wet" and the rural districts "dry," but in the election there was not the same difference, at any rate not to the same extent. Whatever views one may hold on the subject the new system must have a fair trial. It will take some time to bring it into full operation and to learn whether it fulfils one of its main purposes, that is to stop or lessen very materially the illegal traffic in intoxicants. The two systems are certainly different:

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the aim of the O. T. A. was to prohibit the use of wine, beer and spirits, as beverages; the purpose of the new act is to regulate the sale of the same, admitting that respectable citizens have a right to their use.

Just as the new system comes into force we have before us the reports of investigations into the dealings of brewers and distillers. These enquiries are difficult and costly but toil and money will be well spent if real results are obtained. No wonder that many people reading these revelations wish that the manufacture and sale could be swept completely away. That being at present impossible, the problem is to secure observance of the law. We are reminded of the fact that the greed of gain plays a powerful part in social affairs. The drastic form that prohibition in the U.S.A. has taken complicates matters for a smaller nation with 3,000 miles of frontier. The fact that there are a large number of people who are prepared to pay high prices and to run great risks makes the problem of government, in this respect, no simple matter. But whatever the circumstances may be these scandals are a shame and disgrace to the community.

When we come to consider the defeat of the O. T. A., the fact that the leaders of the Government had come to regard its enforcement as extremely difficult was no doubt an important factor, but there were other reasons. Quite a number of intelligent people looked upon it as too great an encroachment on personal liberty. Others were disgusted with some of the methods used to enforce it. It was admitted that much good had been done in removing temptation from the path of the weak but it was contended that too great a price was paid for this in the secret drinking and illegal traffic. It is not necessary to discuss these points in detail, they played their part in creating the new situation.

Much discussion has arisen around the position of "the Church." We had Father Minehan on the one side and Canon Cody on the other, but these gentlemen represented only their own personal opinions. The nearest approach to dogmatic decrees has been made by the United Church. One cannot indict a whole church but one may, without presumption, question the infallibility of its leaders. It may seem to some like quibbling but it is possible for a man to be an abstainer,



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to be in favour of all possible legal restriction of the traffic and yet disbelieve in direct action of the church on the immediate political situation, and this for two reasons: (1) it is not according to the genius of Evangelical Protestantism, and (2) it does not get the results as surely as by the indirect method. The relation of law and reason in the region of politics and of law and grace in the religious sphere is too large to be discussed here. And what we suggest does not mean "muzzling preachers" or any one else; liberty of thought and speech must be preserved for all. If we can lead our young men to an intelligent Christian faith they will learn that they are not dependent on government control but may control themselves. The foolish idea that it is clever to do things simply because they are forbidden will be laid aside and men will learn that the real test of character is our positive influence for good on the lives of our fellow-men. The legal aspect of the question, in this Province, is settled for a while, but we all have our share of responsibility for the moral life of the community.

W. G. J.

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### *Educational Reforms in Canada.*

This number of the *Quarterly* contains a very interesting article on Junior High Schools by Professor Sandiford of the Ontario College of Education. It is an article which should be read by all educational bodies in the province. Professor Sandiford calls attention to several anomalies in our educational system. He says (1) That the elementary school period is too long. (2) That the graduating age at Toronto University is 23+, which is the highest in the world, (Queen's is probably about the same for its Intra-mural graduates). (3) That Junior High Schools where they exist save a year in the educational career of the average pupil. These are three very significant facts, and if duly considered should make some impression or what Professor Sandiford describes as the undue conservatism of educational bodies. Undoubtedly the average parent wishes his children to go through the schools in the minimum time and with the maximum of efficiency. The immediate question is whether a change in the system will cost more. In Ontario apparently the Junior High School will

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cost more in cash to the municipality and the Junior College may be considered a luxury by most of these. But in both cases if it is a slightly increased burden to the taxpayer, it is a saving to the individual parent, and a gain all round in efficiency.

Mr. Ferguson seems to be contemplating some reduction on the money spent on universities in the province and the devoting the proceeds to Junior Colleges, at any rate in an experimental way. The ambitious city will have its Junior College, the saving city will do without. It will be interesting to see what will be the ultimate type of these Junior Colleges. Will they be Collegiates with a two years extension added on? In this case will the Specialist instructors concentrate on the higher work and leave the lower work to their less highly trained assistants, or will there emerge a junior specialist and a senior specialist? Will schools of the type of Upper Canada College, Ridley, etc., aim at being Junior Colleges, and will their aim be admitted? Will R.M.C. rank as a Junior College? In practise it does for its graduates are excused two years of university work. If these institutions are accorded this status will instructors from them be transferable to other Junior Colleges? In wider terms, what will be the recruiting ground of the staff of Junior Colleges? Will it be exclusively from the collegiates, in which case obviously the collegiate type of education will be perpetuated and the Junior College will tend to be treated rather as "school", or will university instructors be eligible? The ideal condition for a Junior College would undoubtedly be that a Junior High School already existed in the municipality in question. A further advantage would be that the Junior College were the 'ward' let us say of the Supreme Educational Authority so that the experiment would be in the hands of the expert rather than the amateur. In fact, the success of a Junior College may depend largely on its principal. For there is no doubt new problems, social and otherwise, will arise in connexion with the establishment in Exville of a Junior College. There will be a large group of adolescents, some from the town itself, some from outside, instead of the comparatively small class of old "Honour Matric" collegiate pupils. Professor Sandiford says that Ontario is unconsciously copying Quebec with its twenty-one



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Junior Colleges in this new development. There is, however, this difference. The Quebec Colleges are predominantly boarding colleges. A reading of their time-table makes one quake; 5.15 is the normal time at which the day begins! Even on holidays it is no later, but in compensation the pupils are allowed to go to bed an hour earlier at eight instead of nine. The whole day is surveyed and occupied. Recreations (and meditations) are sown at intervals through the day. There is daily attendance at religious services (Mass and Benediction). The whole regime seems semi-monastic to Anglo-Saxon eyes, although the English public school approximates loosely to a like principle. But one is struck with the influence such a disciplinary system must exercise on the pupils. Nothing of the kind is contemplated in the Junior Colleges apparently: no control whatever outside of hours of class. One does not even know whether any provision will be made for a hostel for students from out of town. It is for this reason that the Principal of such an institution needs to be of a new and special type.

Another question in regard to Junior Colleges is the nature of the work. The argument has been advanced that students coming from Collegiate and High Schools find difficulty in adapting themselves to the lecture method at universities and lose time in consequence. But it is a question whether the lecture system does prevail in the first two years of university work, e.g. in Languages or Mathematics. Again, if the University is identified with the lecture method, will the Junior College continue the 'school' method, in which case its students will come fresh to the lecture system, or will the Junior College adopt the lecture system in part? In this latter case will the lecture system be embodied in the Pedagogic work of the Training college? University experience is probably that the lecture method has to be acquired; not that there is any difficulty in talking for an hour on a question, or in giving say thirty lectures on a subject, but that the presentation of the matter in digestible form is an art slowly acquired and varying with the type of student involved.<sup>1</sup> Here probably all university teaching has behind it a glorious tradition of amateurishness, with results varying from the high-

<sup>1</sup>It is here one may say that university teaching connects with the universal.

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est inspirational teaching to the lowest dry-as-dust. One has a demi-vision that all that is to be swept away, that pedestrian efficiency will replace both the modes indicated, and the Watsons, the Cappons, the MacNaughtons, the Dupuis, the Skeltons will be no more. For Professor Sandiford looks forward to a time when the University will be confined to post-graduate work: this he says will be after his lifetime. We trust that it will be after ours as well.

### *Americana.*

There has just been a recrudescence of Debt discussion between Britain and the United States. It may be true that Mr. Baldwin when he visited America did not get quite as good terms as he expected, but when one will get nothing out of protest or recrimination it is as well to suffer in silence and dignity. One phase of the discussion has been a message broadcasted to the United States from a Verein of European bankers and financiers in favour of lowered Tariffs. Now though it be true that great are the uses of propaganda, it is very doubtful whether this will make much impression on American public opinion, for it runs counter to the interests of Big Business, which can arrange its own counter-propaganda. Thus the mission of Sir George Paish to the United States to preach universal Free Trade must have experienced some of the difficulties of Christian missions among Brahmins. Some results have been accomplished among university professors who have memorialized Mr. Mellon's expressing their views. This has called forth a very tart comment from the *Saturday Evening Post* on the interference of Professors in what they do not understand, and the Post is undoubtedly one of the best means of distributing propaganda. But Mr. Mellon is fairly thick skinned and he retorted to the professors with the statement that Britain was collecting its war-debt from Europe any how. Now it is true that Mr. Churchill in his Budget speech held out the prospect that if all went well by 1928, the payments of the Allies added to Britain's receipts under the Dawes agreement, would equal the payments to America. But the British government took umbrage at Mr. Mellon's statement because it was said to be making a bad impression in Europe, and resorted to the rather unusual



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course of sending Mr. Kellog in Washington a long detailed statement of the true facts of the case. This statement left Washington with nothing to say and wisely enough they said it. Mr. Kellog was "not at home" and a deputy gave a reply that the United States Government considered Mr. Mellon's letter to the professors as a 'domestic matter' and did not wish to discuss the question. The statement, however, contained so many paragraphs beginning "Mr. Mellon is incorrect in stating"—which of course comes near saying Mr. Mellon is in the class of 'Paget M.P.'—that that gentleman felt he must make some reply. He made two points: (1) That the balance between Britain's payments and receipts in the matter of debts was virtually admitted. It is admitted theoretically for 1928, "all being well." (2) That the note of the British Government used the language and method of accounting and so wrote off various amounts which it declared it did not receive, whereas they were certainly paid by Europe. Among these Mr. Mellon included payment of a loan in gold made by the Bank of England to the Bank of France. He also ignored the difference between Great Britain and the British Empire. Evidently he has not read the results of the last Imperial Conference. Mr. Mellon however made one *amende honorable*, if my newspaper is correct. He said that the British Government had obviously not allowed for an evident typographical error; in a certain paragraph of Mr. Mellon's statement, the phrase, "except the British Empire," was accidentally omitted. Mr. Churchill was entitled to his final comment, "Public opinion will judge between us."

But there is something in Mr. Mellon's remark about "bookkeeping and accounting." The experts who prepared the material of the British note sought to prove too much. It was as if they were presenting a case for a retraction. In the abundance of their figures and statements Mr. Mellon (or his secretary) found an occasion to slip out. But according to the showing of the British Government itself its ultimate aim was to correct a misapprehension of facts in Europe. In that case it would have been better to have confined its statement to broader lines or fewer issues. You can get an apology where you cannot obtain a public retraction. And finally the Foreign Office seems to have missed its most telling argument.

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Britain led the way in the repayment of debts—certainly no one else would have taken the first step—and for several years she has been paying the colossal sum of £400,000,000 annually at a time when receipts, Dawes and otherwise, were negligible, while it has been this terrific *corvée* which has weighed most heavily on Britain at a time when she has been striving to recover her industrial strength. Bleeding is not good treatment for a convalescent, and it is the fact that all debt settlements look for a cumulative increase in the later years, when the countries affected have regained their prosperity, which is the final ground for the persistent talk of Debt Revision. Some day there will be a proposal that these debt payments be pooled for the common weal.

*Mr. Thompson and King George.*

The notorious Mayor Thompson has been re-elected Mayor of Chicago, in spite of a strenuous fight put up by ex-Mayor Dever, the official democratic candidate, who received backing widely beyond the limits of his party. What Mayor Thompson's previous record was everyone knows and consequently every one knows the form of municipal government, which has been endorsed by the majority of the city at the polls; in fact when the new mayor promised a clean up of gangsters and gunmen in six weeks it must have been some kind of objective genitive that he had in his head. But the most curious feature of the election has been the form which Mayor Thompson's campaign has taken. One expects a municipal election to have municipal issues. Not so Mr. Thompson. He knows what will get votes, and what will get votes is Mr. Thompson's election slogan. In his wisdom he decided that 'Down with King George' was the most profitable appeal that could be made to the heavy alien vote in Chicago. Seemingly many of these voters have not finished their study of the history of the United States, or their children coming home from school have reported the facts wrongly, and they are of opinion that the War of Independence is still on. So the new Americans have rallied to the cry and defeated Mr. Dever, 'the champion of King George.' Apparently to celebrate his victory Mayor Thompson has knocked the bung out of Lake Michigan and New Orleans is experiencing the most disastrous flood in its history! But there is one touch which



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adds something to the gaiety of nations. Mayor Thompson has outdone himself and asserts that since the result of his election the Guards at Buckingham Palace have been doubled and King George is trembling in his shoes. This of course is well nigh a quotation from a classic, or else it is history repeating itself—

“Well,” said Mr. LaFayette Kettle, “how’s Queen Victoria?” “In good health, I believe,” said Martin.

“Queen Victoria won’t shake in her royal shoes at all, when she hears to-morrow named?” observed Mr. Kettle. “No, not that I am aware of. Why should she?”

“She won’t be taken with a cold chill when she realizes what is being done in these diggings?” “No, no,” said Martin; “I think I could take my oath upon that.”

“The strange gentleman looked at him, as if in pity for his ignorance or prejudice, and said: ‘Well, sir, I tell you this—there ain’t a engine with its biler bust, in God A’mighty’s Free United States, so fixed, and nipped, and frizzled to a most e-tarnal smash, as that young critter in her luxurious location in the Tower of London will be when she reads the next double-extra Watertoast Gazette.’ ”

Mayor Thompson, however, has been to England and knows that the correct “location” of King George is Buckingham Palace. In fact, unless Mayor Thompson is travelling under an *alias*, some way back he must have a Scotch or English forbear, who owed allegiance to a British King and who may well turn in his unknown grave to think that a descend-of his is vilifying his original native soil not in genuine hostility nor even in honest prejudice, but simply because he is appealing to those sections of the populace with whom this clap-trap pays—and no doubt Mayor Thompson will now make it pay.

W. M. C.

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